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CHAPTER XV.

ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS.

MYRTLE HAZARD sat in stony stillness, like an Egyptian statue, long after the steps of Master Byles Gridley had ceased to be heard, as he descended the stairs and walked in his emphatic way through the long entry of the old mansion. She could not doubt his sincerity, and there was something in her own consciousness which responded to the suspicions he had expressed with regard to the questionable impulses of the Rev. Joseph Bellamy Stoker.

It is not in the words that others say to us, but in those other words which these make us say to ourselves, that we find our gravest lessons and our sharpest rebukes. The hint another gives us finds whole trains of thought which have been getting themselves ready to be shaped in inwardly articulated words, and only awaited the touch of a burning syllable, as the mottoes of a pyrotechnist only wait for a spark to become letters of fire.

The artist who takes your photograph must carry you with him into

his "developing" room, and he will give you a more exact illustration of the truth just mentioned. There is nothing to be seen on the glass just taken from the camera. But there is a potential, though invisible, picture hid in the creamy film which covers it. Watch him as he pours a wash over it, and you will see that miracle wrought which is at once a surprise and a charm, — the sudden appearance of your own features, where a moment before was a blank without a vestige of intelligence or beauty.

In some such way the grave warnings of Master Byles Gridley had called up a fully shaped, but hitherto unworded, train of thought in the consciousness of Myrtle Hazard. It was not merely their significance, it was mainly because they were spoken at the fitting time. If they had been uttered a few weeks earlier, when Myrtle was taking the first stitch on the embroidered slippers, they would have been as useless as the artist's developing solution on a plate which had never been exposed in the camera. But she had been of late in training for her lesson in ways that neither she nor any-

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body else dreamed of. The reader who has shrugged his (or her) shoulders over the last illustration will perhaps hear this one which follows more cheerfully. The physician in the Arabian Nights made his patient play ball with a bat, the hollow handle of which contained drugs of marvellous efficacy. Whether it was the drugs that made the sick man get well, or the exercise, is not of so much consequence as the fact that he did at any rate get well.

These walks which Myrtle had taken with her reverend counsellor had given her a new taste for the open air, which was what she needed just now more than confessions of faith or spiritual paroxysms. And so it happened that, while he had been stimulating all those imaginative and emotional elements of her nature which responded to the keys he loved to play upon, the restoring influences of the sweet autumnal air, the mellow sunshine, the soothing aspects of the woods and fields and sky, had been quietly doing their work. The color was fast returning to her cheek, and the discords of her feelings and her thoughts gradually resolving themselves into the harmonious and cheerful rhythms of bodily and mental health. It needed but the timely word from the fitting lips to change the whole programme of her daily mode of being. The word had been spoken. She saw its truth; but how hard it is to tear away a cherished delusion, to cast out an unworthy intimate! How hard for any!—but for a girl so young, and who had as yet found so little to love and trust, how cruelly hard!

She sat, still and stony, just as Master Gridley had left her. Her eyes were fixed on the chair in which he had been sitting. It was a very singular and fantastic old chair, said to have been brought over by the first emigrant of her race. The legs and arms were curiously turned in spirals, the suggestions of which were half pleasing and half repulsive. Instead of the claw-feet common in furniture of a later date, each of its legs rested on a misshapen reptile, which it seemed to flatten by

its weight, as if it were squeezing the breath out of the ugly creature. Over this chair hung the portrait of her beautiful ancestress, her neck and arms, the specialty of her beauty, bare, except for a bracelet on the left wrist, and her shapely figure set off by the ample folds of a rich crimson brocade. Over Myrtle's bed hung that other portrait, which was to her almost as the pictures of the *Mater Dolorosa* to trustful souls of the Roman faith. She had longed for these pictures while she was in her strange hysteric condition, and they had been hung up in her chamber.

The night was far gone, as she knew by the declining of the constellations which she had seen shining brightly almost overhead in the early evening, when she awoke, and found herself still sitting in the very attitude in which Master Gridley had left her. Her lamp had burned out, and the starlight but dimly illuminated her chamber. She started to find herself sitting there, chilled and stiffened by long remaining in one posture; and as her consciousness returned, a great fear seized her, and she sprang for a match. It broke with the quick movement she made to kindle it, and she snatched another as if a fiend were after her. It flashed and went out. O the terror, the terror! The darkness seemed alive with fearful presences. The lurid glare of her own eyeballs flashed backwards into her brain. She tried one more match; it kindled as it should, and she lighted another lamp. Her first impulse was to assure herself that nothing was changed in the familiar objects around her. She held the lamp up to the picture of Judith Pride. The beauty looked at her, it seemed as if with a kind of lofty recognition in her eyes; but there she was, as always. She turned the light upon the pale face of the martyr-portrait. It looked troubled and faded, as it seemed to Myrtle, but still it was the same face she remembered from her childhood. Then she threw the light on the old chair, and, shuddering, caught up a shawl and flung it over the

spiral-wound arms and legs, and the flattened reptiles on which it stood.

In those dead hours of the night which had passed over her sitting there, still and stony, as it should seem, she had had strange visitors. *Two women* had been with her, as real as any that breathed the breath of life,—so it appeared to her,—yet both had long been what is called, in our poor language, *dead*. One came in all the glory of her ripened beauty, bare-necked, bare-armed, full dressed by nature in that splendid animal equipment which in its day had captivated the eyes of all the lusty lovers of complete muliebrity. The other,—how delicate, how translucent, how aerial she seemed! yet real and true to the lineaments of her whom the young girl looked upon as her hereditary protector.

The beautiful woman turned, and, with a face full of loathing and scorn, pointed to one of the reptiles beneath the feet of the chair. And while Myrtle's eyes followed hers, the flattened and half-crushed creature seemed to swell and spread like his relative in the old fable, like the black dog in Faust, until he became of tenfold size, and at last of colossal proportions. And, fearful to relate, the batrachian features humanized themselves as the monster grew, and, shaping themselves more and more into a remembered similitude, Myrtle saw in them a hideous likeness of—No! no! it was too horrible! Was that the face which had been so close to hers but yesterday? were those the lips, the breath from which had stirred her growing curls as he leaned over her while they read together some passionate stanza from a hymn that was as much like a love-song as it dared to be in godly company? A shudder of disgust—the natural repugnance of loveliness for deformity—ran all through her, and she shrieked, as she thought, and threw herself at the feet of that other figure. She felt herself lifted from the floor, and then a cold thin hand seemed to take hers. The warm life went out of her, and she was to herself as a dimly

conscious shadow that glided with passive acquiescence wherever it was led. Presently she found herself in a half-lighted apartment, where there were books on the shelves around, and a desk with loose manuscripts lying on it, and a little mirror with a worn bit of carpet before it. And while she looked, a great serpent writhed in through the half-open door, and made the circuit of the room, laying one huge ring all round it, and then, going round again, laid another ring over the first, and so on until he was wound all round the room like the spiral of a mighty cable, leaving a hollow in the centre; and then the serpent seemed to arch his neck in the air, and bring his head close down to Myrtle's face; and the features were not those of a serpent, but of a man, and it hissed out the words she had read that very day in a little note which said, "Come to my study to-morrow, and we will read hymns together."

Again she was back in her little chamber, she did not know how, and the two women were looking into her eyes with strange meaning in their own. Something in them seemed to plead with her to yield to their influence, and her choice wavered which of them to follow, for each would have led her her own way,—whither, she knew not. It was the strife of her "Vision," only in another form,—the contest of two lives her blood inherited for the mastery of her soul. The might of beauty conquered. Myrtle resigned herself to the guidance of the lovely phantom, which seemed so much fuller of the unextinguished fire of life, and so like herself as she would grow to be when noon should have ripened her into maturity.

Doors opened softly before them; they climbed stairs, and threaded corridors, and penetrated crypts, strange yet familiar to her eyes, which seemed to her as if they could see, as it were, in darkness. Then came a confused sense of eager search for something that she knew was hidden, whether in the cleft of a rock, or under the boards of a floor, or in some hiding-place

among the skeleton rafters, or in a forgotten drawer, or in a heap of rubbish, she could not tell; but somewhere there was something which she was to find, and which, once found, was to be her talisman. She was in the midst of this eager search when she awoke.

The impression was left so strongly on her mind that, with all her fears, she could not resist the desire to make an effort to find what meaning there was in this frightfully real dream. Her courage came back as her senses assured her that all around her was natural, as when she left it. She determined to follow the lead of the strange hint her nightmare had given her.

In one of the upper chambers of the old mansion there stood a tall, upright desk of the ancient pattern, with folding doors above and large drawers below. "That desk is yours, Myrtle," her uncle Malachi had once said to her; "and there is a trick or two about it that it will pay you to study." Many a time Myrtle had puzzled herself about the mystery of the old desk. All the little drawers, of which there were a considerable number, she had pulled out, and every crevice, as she thought, she had carefully examined. She determined to make one more trial. It was the dead of the night, and a fearful old place to be wandering about; but she was possessed with an urgent feeling which would not let her wait until daylight.

She stole like a ghost from her chamber. She glided along the narrow entries as she had seemed to move in her dream. She opened the folding doors of the great upright desk. She had always before examined it by daylight, and though she had so often pulled all the little drawers out, she had never thoroughly explored the recesses which received them. But in her new-born passion of search, she held her light so as to illuminate all these deeper spaces. At once she thought she saw the marks of pressure with a finger. She pressed her own finger on this place, and, as it yielded with a slight click, a small mahogany pilaster sprang forward, revealing its

well-kept secret that it was the mask of a tall, deep, very narrow drawer. There was something heavy in it, and, as Myrtle turned it over, a golden bracelet fell into her hand. She recognized it at once as that which had been long ago the ornament of the fair woman whose portrait hung in her chamber. She clasped it upon her wrist, and from that moment she felt as if she were the captive of the lovely phantom who had been with her in her dream.

"The old man walked last night, God save us!" said Kitty Fagan to Biddy Finnegan, the day after Myrtle's nightmare and her curious discovery.

CHAPTER XVI.

VICTORY.

It seems probable enough that Myrtle's whole spiritual adventure was an unconscious dramatization of a few simple facts which her imagination tangled together into a kind of vital coherence. The philosopher who goes to the bottom of things will remark that all the elements of her fantastic melodrama had been furnished her while waking. Master Byles Gridley's penetrating and stinging caution was the text, and the grotesque carvings and the portraits furnished the "properties" with which her own mind had wrought up this scenic show.

The philosopher who goes to the bottom of things might not find it so easy to account for the change which came over Myrtle Hazard from the hour when she clasped the bracelet of Judith Pride upon her wrist. She felt a sudden loathing of the man whom she had idealized as a saint. A young girl's caprice? Possibly. A return of the natural instincts of girlhood with returning health? Perhaps so. An impression produced by her dream? An effect of an influx from another sphere of being? The working of Master Byles Gridley's emphatic warning? The magic of her new talisman?

We may safely leave these questions

for the present. As we have to tell, not what Myrtle Hazard ought to have done, and why she should have done it, but what she did do, our task is a simpler one than it would be to lay bare all the springs of her action. Until this period, she had hardly thought of herself as a born beauty. The flatteries she had received from time to time were like the chips and splinters under the green wood, when the chill women pretended to make a fire in the best parlor at The Poplars, which had a way of burning themselves out, hardly warming, much less kindling, the fore-stick and the back-log.

Myrtle had a tinge of what some call superstition, and she began to look upon her strange acquisition as a kind of amulet. Its suggestions betrayed themselves in one of her first movements. Nothing could be soberer than the cut of the dresses which the propriety of the severe household had established as the rule of her costume. But the girl was no sooner out of bed than a passion came over her to see herself in that less jealous arrangement of drapery which the Beauty of the last century had insisted on as presenting her most fittingly to the artist. She rolled up the sleeves of her dress, she turned down its prim collar and neck, and glanced from her glass to the portrait, from the portrait back to the glass. Myrtle was not blind nor dull, though young, and in many things untaught. She did not say in so many words, "I too am a beauty," but she could not help seeing that she had many of the attractions of feature and form which had made the original of the picture before her famous. The same stately carriage of the head, the same full-rounded neck, the same more than hinted outlines of figure, the same finely-shaped arms and hands, and something very like the same features startled her by their identity in the permanent image of the canvas and the fleeting one of the mirror.

The world was hers then,—for she had not read romances and love-letters without finding that beauty governs it in all times and places. Who was this

middle-aged minister that had been hanging round her and talking to her about heaven, when there was not a single joy of earth that she had as yet tasted? A man that had been saying all his fine things to Miss Susan Posey, too, had he, before he had bestowed his attentions on her? And to a dozen other girls, too, nobody knows who!

The revulsion was a very sudden one. Such changes of feeling are apt to be sudden in young people whose nerves have been tampered with, and Myrtle was not of a temperament or an age to act with much deliberation where a pique came in to the aid of a resolve. Master Gridley guessed sagaciously what would be the effect of his revelation, when he told her of the particular attentions the minister had paid to pretty Susan Posey and various other young women.

The Rev. Mr. Stoker had parted his hair wonderfully that morning, and made himself as captivating as his professional costume allowed. He had drawn down the shades of his windows so as to let in that subdued light which is merciful to crow's-feet and similar embellishments, and wheeled up his sofa so that two could sit at the table and read from the same book.

At eleven o'clock he was pacing the room with a certain feverish impatience, casting a glance now and then at the mirror as he passed it. At last the bell rang, and he himself went to answer it, his heart throbbing with expectation of meeting his lovely visitor.

Myrtle Hazard appeared by an envoy extraordinary, the bearer of sealed despatches. Mistress Kitty Fagan was the young lady's substitute, and she delivered into the hand of the astonished clergyman the following missive:—

"TO THE REV. MR. STOKER.

"REVEREND SIR,—I shall not come to your study this day. I do not feel that I have any more need of religious counsel at this time, and I am told by a friend that there are *others* who will be glad to hear you talk on this subject.

I hear that Mrs. Hopkins is interested in religious subjects, and would have been glad to see you in my company. As I cannot go with her, perhaps *Miss Susan Posey* will take my place. I thank you for all the good things you have said to me, and that you have given me so much of your company. I hope we shall sing hymns together in heaven some time, if we are good enough, but I want to wait for that awhile, for I do not feel quite ready. I am not going to see you any more alone, reverend sir. I think this is best, and I have good advice. I want to see more of young people of my own age, and I have a friend, Mr. Gridley, who I think is older than you are, that takes an interest in me; and as you have many *others* that you must be interested in, he can take the place of a *father* better than you can do. I return to you the hymn-book, — I read one of those you marked, and do not care to read any more.

“Respectfully yours,

“MYRTLE HAZARD.”

The Rev. Mr. Stoker uttered a cry of rage as he finished this awkwardly written, but tolerably intelligible letter. What could he do about it? It would hardly do to stab Myrtle Hazard, and shoot Byles Gridley, and strangle Mrs. Hopkins, every one of which homicides he felt at the moment that he could have committed. And here he was in a frantic paroxysm, and the next day was Sunday, and his morning's discourse was unwritten. His savage mediæval theology came to his relief, and he clutched out of a heap of yellow manuscripts his well-worn “convulsion-fit” sermon. He preached it the next day as if it did his heart good, but Myrtle Hazard did not hear it, for she had gone to St. Bartholomew's with Olive Eveleth.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAINT AND SINNER.

IT happened a little after this time that the minister's invalid wife improved

somewhat unexpectedly in health, and, as Bathsheba was beginning to suffer from imprisonment in her sick-chamber, the physician advised very strongly that she should vary the monotony of her life by going out of the house daily for fresh air and cheerful companionship. She was therefore frequently at the house of Olive Eveleth; and as Myrtle wanted to see young people, and had her own way now as never before, the three girls often met at the parsonage. Thus they became more and more intimate, and grew more and more into each other's affections.

These girls presented three types of spiritual character which are to be found in all our towns and villages. Olive had been carefully trained, and at the proper age *confirmed*. Bathsheba had been prayed for, and in due time startled and *converted*. Myrtle was a simple daughter of Eve, with many impulses like those of the other two girls, and some that required more watching. She was not so safe, perhaps, as either of the other girls, for this world or the next; but she was on some accounts more interesting, as being a more genuine representative of that inexperienced and too easily deluded, yet always cherished, mother of our race, whom we must after all accept as embodying the creative idea of woman, and who might have been alive and happy now (though at a great age) but for a single fatal error.

The Rev. Ambrose Eveleth, Rector of Saint Bartholomew's, Olive's father, was one of a class numerous in the Anglican Church, a cultivated man, with pure tastes, with simple habits, a good reader, a neat writer, a safe thinker, with a snug and well-fenced mental pasturage, which his sermons kept cropped moderately close without any exhausting demand upon the soil. Olive had grown insensibly into her religious maturity, as into her bodily and intellectual developments, which one might suppose was the natural order of things in a well-regulated Christian household, where the children are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Bathsheba had been worried over and perplexed and depressed with vague apprehensions about her condition, conveyed in mysterious phrases and graveyard expressions of countenance, until about the age of fourteen years, when she had one of those emotional paroxysms very commonly considered in some Protestant sects as essential to the formation of religious character. It began with a shivering sense of enormous guilt, inherited and practised from her earliest infancy. Just as every breath she ever drew had been malignantly poisoning the air with carbonic acid, so her every thought and feeling had been tainting the universe with sin. This spiritual chill or *rigor* had in due order been followed by the fever-flush of hope, and that in its turn had ushered in the last stage,—the free opening of all the spiritual pores in the peaceful relaxation of self-surrender.

Good Christians are made by many very different processes. Bathsheba had taken her religion after the fashion of her sect; but it was genuine, in spite of the cavils of the formalists, who could not understand that the spirit which kept her at her mother's bedside was the same as that which poured the tears of Mary of Magdala on the feet of her Lord, and led her forth at early dawn with the other Mary to visit his sepulchre.

Myrtle was a child of nature, and of course, according to the out-worn formulæ which still shame the distorted religion of humanity, hateful to the Father in Heaven who made her. She had grown up in antagonism with all that surrounded her. She had been talked to about her corrupt nature and her sinful heart, until the words had become an offence and an insult. Bathsheba knew her father's fondness for young company too well to suppose that his intercourse with Myrtle had gone beyond the sentimental and poetical stage, and was not displeased when she found that there was some breach between them. Myrtle herself did not profess to have passed through the technical stages of the customary spiritual

paroxysm. Still, the gentle daughter of the terrible preacher loved her and judged her kindly. She was modest enough to think that perhaps the natural state of some girls might be at least as good as her own after the spiritual change of which she had been the subject. A manifest heresy, but not new, nor unamiable, nor inexplicable.

The excellent Bishop Joseph Hall, a painful preacher and solid divine of Puritan tendencies, declares that he prefers good-nature before grace in the election of a wife; because, saith he, "it will be a hard Task, where the Nature is peevish and froward, for Grace to make an entire Conquest whilst Life lasteth." An opinion apparently entertained by many modern ecclesiastics, and one which may be considered very encouraging to those young ladies of the politer circles who have a fancy for marrying bishops and other fashionable clergymen. Not of course that "grace" is so rare a gift among the young ladies of the upper social sphere; but they are in the habit of using the word with a somewhat different meaning from that which the good Bishop attached to it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VILLAGE POET.

It was impossible for Myrtle to be frequently at Olive's without often meeting Olive's brother, and her reappearance with the bloom on her cheek was a signal which her other admirers were not like to overlook as a hint to recommence their flattering demonstrations; and so it was that she found herself all at once the centre of attraction to three young men with whom we have made some acquaintance, namely, Cyprian Eveleth, Gifted Hopkins, and Murray Bradshaw.

When the three girls were together at the house of Olive, it gave Cyprian a chance to see something of Myrtle in the most natural way. Indeed, they all became used to meeting him in a brotherly sort of relation; only, as he

was not the brother of two of them, it gave him the inside track, as the sporting men say, with reference to any rivals for the good-will of either of these. Of course neither Bathsheba nor Myrtle thought of him in any other light than as Olive's brother, and would have been surprised with the manifestation on his part of any other feeling, if it existed. So he became very nearly as intimate with them as Olive was, and hardly thought of his intimacy as anything more than friendship, until one day Myrtle sang some hymns so sweetly that Cyprian dreamed about her that night; and what young person does not know that the woman or the man once idealized and glorified in the exalted state of the imagination belonging to sleep becomes dangerous to the sensibilities in the waking hours that follow? Yet something drew Cyprian to the gentler and more subdued nature of Bathsheba, so that he often thought, like a gayer personage than himself, whose divided affections are famous in song, that he could have been blessed to share her faithful heart, if Myrtle had not bewitched him with her unconscious and innocent sorceries. As for poor, modest Bathsheba, she thought nothing of herself, but was almost as much fascinated by Myrtle as if she had been one of the sex she was born to make in love with her.

The first rival Cyprian was to encounter in his admiration of Myrtle Hazard was Mr. Gifted Hopkins. This young gentleman had the enormous advantage of that all-subduing accomplishment, the poetical endowment. No woman, it is pretty generally understood, can resist the youth or man who addresses her in verse. The thought that she is the object of a poet's love is one which fills a woman's ambition more completely than all that wealth or office or social eminence can offer. Do the young millionnaires and the members of the General Court get letters from unknown ladies, every day, asking for their autographs and photographs? Well, then!

Mr. Gifted Hopkins, being a poet,

felt that it was so, to the very depth of his soul. Could he not confer that immortality so dear to the human heart? Not quite yet, perhaps, — though the "Banner and Oracle" gave him already "an elevated niche in the Temple of Fame," to quote its own words, — but in that glorious summer of his genius, of which these spring blossoms were the promise. It was a most formidable battery, then, which Cyprian's first rival opened upon the fortress of Myrtle's affections.

His second rival, Mr. William Murray Bradshaw, had made a half-playful bet with his fair relative, Mrs. Clymer Ketchum, that he would bag a girl within twelve months of date who should unite three desirable qualities, specified in the bet, in a higher degree than any one of the five who were on the matrimonial programme which she had laid out for him, — and Myrtle was the girl with whom he meant to win the bet. When a young fellow like him, cool and clever, makes up his mind to bring down his bird, it is no joke, but a very serious and a tolerably certain piece of business. Not being made a fool of by any boyish nonsense, — passion and all that, — he has a great advantage. Many a woman rejects a man because he is in love with her, and accepts another because he is not. The first is thinking too much of himself and his emotions, — the other makes a study of her and her friends, and learns what ropes to pull. But then it must be remembered that Murray Bradshaw had a poet for his rival, to say nothing of the brother of a bosom friend.

The qualities of a young poet are so exceptional, and such interesting objects of study, that a narrative like this can well afford to linger awhile in the delineation of this most envied of all the forms of genius. And by contrasting the powers and limitations of two such young persons as Gifted Hopkins and Cyprian Eveleth, we may better appreciate the nature of that divine inspiration which gives to poetry the superiority it claims over every other form of human expression.

Gifted Hopkins had shown an ear for rhythm, and for the simpler forms of music, from his earliest childhood. He began beating with his heels the accents of the psalm-tunes sung at meeting at a very tender age,—a habit, indeed, of which he had afterwards to correct himself, as, though it shows the same sensibility to rhythmical impulses which is beautifully illustrated when a circle join hands and emphasize by vigorous downward movements the leading syllables in the tune of Auld Lang Syne, yet it is apt to be *too* expressive when a large number of boots join in the performance. He showed a remarkable talent for playing on one of the less complex musical instruments, too limited in compass to satisfy exacting ears, but affording excellent discipline to those who wish to write in the simpler metrical forms,—the same which summons the hero from his repose and stirs his blood in battle.

By the time he was twelve years old he was struck with the pleasing resemblance of certain vocal sounds which, without being the same, yet had a curious relation which made them agree marvellously well in couples; as *eyes* with *skies*; as *heart* with *art*, also with *part* and *smart*; and so of numerous others, twenty or thirty pairs, perhaps, which number he considerably increased as he grew older, until he may have had fifty or more such pairs at his command.

The union of so extensive a catalogue of words which matched each other, and of an ear so nice that it could tell if there were nine or eleven syllables in an heroic line, instead of the legitimate ten, constituted a rare combination of talents in the opinion of those upon whose judgment he relied. He was naturally led to try his powers in the expression of some just thought or natural sentiment in the shape of verse, that wonderful medium of imparting thought and feeling to his fellow-creatures which a bountiful Providence had made his rare and inestimable endowment.

It was at about this period of his life,

that is to say, when he was of the age of thirteen, or we may perhaps say fourteen years, for we do not wish to overstate his precocity, that he experienced a sensation so entirely novel, that, to the best of his belief, it was such as no other young person had ever known, at least in anything like the same degree. This extraordinary emotion was brought on by the sight of Myrtle Hazard, with whom he had never before had any near relations, as they had been to different schools, and Myrtle was too reserved to be very generally known among the young people of his age.

Then it was that he broke forth in his virgin effort, “Lines to M——e,” which were published in the village paper, and were claimed by all possible girls but the right one; namely, by two Mary Annes, one Minnie, one Mehitable, and one Marthie, as she saw fit to spell the name borrowed from her who was troubled about many things.

The success of these lines, which were in that form of verse known to the hymn-books as “common metre,” was such as to convince the youth that, whatever occupation he might be compelled to follow for a time to obtain a livelihood or to assist his worthy parent, his true destiny was the glorious career of a poet. It was a most pleasing circumstance, that his mother, while she fully recognized the propriety of his being diligent in the prosaic line of business to which circumstances had called him, was yet as much convinced as he himself that he was destined to achieve literary fame. She had read Watts and Select Hymns all through, she said, and she did n’t see but what Gifted could make the verses come out jest as slick, and the sound of the rhymes jest as pooty, as Izik Watts or the Selectmen, whoever they was,—she was sure they could n’t be the selectmen of this town, wherever they belonged. It is pleasant to say that the young man, though favored by nature with this rarest of talents, did not forget the humbler duties that Heaven, which dresses few singing-birds in the golden plumes of fortune, had laid upon

him. After having received a moderate amount of instruction at one of the less ambitious educational institutions of the town, supplemented, it is true, by the judicious and gratuitous hints of Master Gridley, the young poet, in obedience to a feeling which did him the highest credit, relinquished, at least for the time, the Groves of Academus, and offered his youth at the shrine of Plutus, that is, left off studying and took to business. He became what they call a "clerk" in what they call a "store" up in the huckleberry districts, and kept such accounts as were required by the business of the establishment. His principal occupation was, however, to attend to the details of commerce as it was transacted over the counter. This industry enabled him, to his great praise be it spoken, to assist his excellent parent, to clothe himself in a becoming manner, so that he made a really handsome figure on Sundays and was always of presentable aspect, likewise to purchase a book now and then, and to subscribe for that leading periodical which furnishes the best models to the youth of the country in the various modes of composition.

Though Master Gridley was very kind to the young man, he was rather disposed to check the exuberance of his poetical aspirations. The truth was, that the old classical scholar did not care a great deal for modern English poetry. Give him an Ode of Horace, or a scrap from the Greek Anthology, and he would recite it with great inflation of spirits; but he did not think very much of "your Keateses, and your Tennysons, and the whole Hasheesh-crazy lot," as he called the dreamily sensuous idealists who belong to the same century that brought in ether and chloroform. He rather shook his head at Gifted Hopkins for indulging so largely in metrical composition.

"Better stick to your ciphering, my young friend," he said to him, one day. "Figures of speech are all very well in their way; but if you undertake to deal much in them, you'll figure down your prospects into a mighty small sum.

There's some danger that it will take all the sense out of you, if you keep writing verses at this rate. You young scribblers think any kind of nonsense will do for the public, if it only has a string of rhymes tacked to it. Cut off the bobs of your kite, Gifted Hopkins, and see if it does n't pitch, and stagger, and come down head-foremost. Don't write any stuff with rhyming tails to it that won't make a decent show for itself after you've chopped all the rhyming tails off. That's my advice, Gifted Hopkins. Is there any book you would like to have out of my library? Have you ever read Spenser's Faery Queen?"

He had tried, the young man answered, on the recommendation of Cyprian Eveleth, but had found it rather hard reading.

Master Gridley lifted his eyebrows very slightly, remembering that some had called Spenser the poets' poet. "What a pity," he said to himself, "that this Gifted Hopkins has n't got the brains of that William Murray Bradshaw! What's the reason, I wonder, that all the little earthen pots blow their covers off and froth over in rhymes at such a great rate, while the big iron pots keep their lids on, and do all their simmering inside?"

That is the way these old pedants will talk, after all their youth and all their poetry, if they ever had any, are gone. The smiles of woman, in the mean time, encouraged the young poet to smite the lyre. Fame beckoned him upward from her templed steep. The rhymes which rose before him unbidden were as the rounds of Jacob's ladder, on which he would climb to a heaven of glory.

Master Gridley threw cold water on the young man's too sanguine anticipations of success. "All up with the boy, if he's going to take to rhyming when he ought to be doing up papers of brown sugar and weighing out pounds of tea. Poor-house, — that's what it'll end in. Poets, to be sure! Sausage-makers! Empty skins of old phrases, — stuff 'em with odds and ends of old

thoughts that never were good for anything, — cut 'em up in lengths and sell 'em to fools ! And if they ain't big fools enough to buy 'em, give 'em away ; and if you can't do that, pay folks to take 'em. Bah ! what a fine style of genius common-sense is ! There 's a passage in the book that would fit half these addle-headed rhymesters. What is that saying of mine about 'squinting brains' ? ”

He took down “Thoughts on the Universe,” and read :—

“Of Squinting Brains.

“Where there is one man who squints with his eyes, there are a dozen who squint with their brains. It is an infirmity in one of the eyes, making the two unequal in power, that makes men squint. Just so it is an inequality in the two halves of the brain that makes some men idiots and others rascals. I know a fellow whose right half is a genius, but his other hemisphere belongs to a fool ; and I had a friend perfectly honest on one side, but who was sent to jail because the other had an inveterate tendency in the direction of picking pockets and appropriating æs alienum.”

All this, talking and reading to himself in his usual fashion.

The poetical faculty which was so freely developed in Gifted Hopkins had never manifested itself in Cyprian Eveleth, whose look and voice might, to a stranger, have seemed more likely to imply an imaginative nature. Cyprian was dark, slender, sensitive, contemplative, a lover of lonely walks, — one who listened for the whispers of Nature and watched her shadows, and was alive to the symbolisms she writes over everything. But Cyprian had never shown the talent or the inclination for writing in verse.

He was on the pleasantest terms with the young poet, and being somewhat older, and having had the advantage of academic and college culture, often gave him useful hints as to the cultivation of his powers, such as genius often requires at the hands of humbler intelligences. Cyprian was incapable of jeal-

ousy ; and although the name of Gifted Hopkins was getting to be known beyond the immediate neighborhood, and his autograph had been requested by more than one young lady living in another county, he never thought of envying the young poet's spreading popularity.

That the poet himself was flattered by these marks of public favor may be inferred from the growing confidence with which he expressed himself in his conversations with Cyprian, more especially in one which was held at the “store” where he officiated as “clerk.”

“I become more and more assured, Cyprian,” he said, leaning over the counter, “that I was born to be a poet. I feel it in my marrow. I must succeed. I must win the laurel of fame. I must taste the sweets of—”

“Molasses,” said a bareheaded girl of ten who entered at that moment, bearing in her hand a cracked pitcher, — “ma wants three gills of molasses.”

Gifted Hopkins dropped his subject and took up a tin measure. He served the little maid with a benignity quite charming to witness, made an entry on a slate of .08, and resumed the conversation.

“Yes, I am sure of it, Cyprian. The very last piece I wrote was copied in two papers. It was ‘Contemplations in Autumn,’ and—don't think I am too vain— one young lady has told me that it reminded her of Pollok. You never wrote in verse, did you, Cyprian ? ”

“I never wrote at all, Gifted, except school and college exercises, and a letter now and then. Do you find it an easy and pleasant exercise to make rhymes ? ”

“Pleasant ! Poetry is to me a delight and a passion. I never know what I am going to write when I sit down. And presently the rhymes begin pounding in my brain, — it seems as if there were a hundred couples of them, paired like so many dancers, — and then these rhymes seem to take possession of me, like a surprise party, and bring in all sorts of beautiful thoughts, and I write

and write, and the verses run measuring themselves out like — ”

“Ribbins, — any narrer blue ribbins, Mr. Hopkins? Five eighths of a yard, if you please, Mr. Hopkins. How’s your folks?” Then, in a lower tone, “Those last verses of yours in the Bannernoracle were sweet pooty.”

Gifted Hopkins meted out the five eighths of blue ribbon by the aid of certain brass nails on the counter. He gave good measure, not prodigal, for he was loyal to his employer, but putting a very moderate strain on the ribbon, and letting the thumb-nail slide with a contempt of infinitesimals which betokened a large soul in its genial mood.

The young lady departed, after casting upon him one of those bewitching glances which the young poet — let us rather say the poet, without making odious distinctions — is in the confirmed habit of receiving from dear woman.

Mr. Gifted Hopkins resumed: “I do not know where this talent, as my friends call it, of mine, comes from. My father used to carry a chain for a surveyor sometimes, and there is a ten-foot pole in the house he used to measure land with. I don’t see why *that* should make me a poet. My mother was always fond of Dr. Watts’s hymns; but so are other young men’s mothers, and yet *they* don’t show poetical genius. But wherever I got it, it comes as easy to me to write in verse as to write in prose, almost. Don’t you ever feel a longing to send your thoughts forth in verse, Cyprian?”

“I wish I had a greater facility of expression very often,” Cyprian answered; “but when I have my best thoughts I do not find that I have words that seem fitting to clothe them. I have imagined a great many poems, Gifted, but I never wrote a rhyming verse, or verse of any kind. Did you ever hear Olive play ‘Songs without Words’? If you have ever heard her, you will know what I mean by unrhymed and unversed poetry.”

“I am sure I don’t know what you mean, Cyprian, by poetry without rhyme

or verse, any more than I should if you talked about pictures that were painted on nothing, or statues that were made out of nothing. How can you tell that anything is poetry, I should like to know, if there is neither a regular line with just so many syllables, nor a rhyme? Of course you can’t. I never have any thoughts too beautiful to put in verse: nothing can be too beautiful for it.”

Cyprian left the conversation at this point. It was getting more suggestive than interpenetrating, and he thought he might talk the matter over better with Olive. Just then a little boy came in, and bargained with Gifted for a Jew’s-harp, which, having obtained, he placed against his teeth, and began playing upon it with a pleasure almost equal to that of the young poet reciting his own verses.

“A little too much like my friend Gifted Hopkins’s poetry,” Cyprian said, as he left the “store.” “All in one note, pretty much. Not a great many tunes, — ‘Hi Betty Martin,’ ‘Yankee Doodle,’ and one or two more like them. But many people seem to like them, and I don’t doubt it is as exciting to Gifted to write them as it is to a great genius to express itself in a poem.”

Cyprian was, perhaps, too exacting. He loved too well the sweet intricacies of Spenser, the majestic and subtly interwoven harmonies of Milton. These made him impatient of the simpler strains of Gifted Hopkins.

Though he himself never wrote verses, he had some qualities which his friend the poet may have undervalued in comparison with the talent of modelling the symmetries of verse and adjusting the correspondences of rhyme. He had kept in a singular degree all the sensibilities of childhood, its simplicity, its reverence. It seemed as if nothing of all that he met in his daily life was common or unclean to him, for there was no mordant in his nature for what was coarse or vile, and all else he could not help idealizing into its own conception of itself, so to speak.

He loved the leaf after its kind as well as the flower, and the root as well as the leaf, and did not exhaust his capacity of affection or admiration on the blossom or bud upon which his friend the poet lavished the wealth of his verse. Thus Nature took him into her confidence. She loves the men of science well, and tells them all her family secrets, — who is the father of this or that member of the group, who is brother, sister, cousin, and so on, through all the circle of relationship. But there are others to whom she tells her *dreams*; not what species or genus her lily belongs to, but what vague thought it has when it dresses in white, or what memory of its birthplace that is which we call its fragrance. Cyprian was one of these. Yet he was not a complete nature. He required another and a wholly different one to be the complement of his own. Olive came as near it as a sister could, but — we must borrow an old image — moonlight is but a cold and vacant glimmer on the sundial, which only answers to the great flaming orb of day. If Cyprian could but find some true, sweet-tempered, well-balanced woman, richer in feeling than in those special imaginative gifts which made the outward world at times unreal to him in the intense reality of his own inner life, how he could enrich and adorn her existence, — how she could direct and chasten and elevate the character of all his thoughts and actions!

"Bathsheba," said Olive, "it seems to me that Cyprian is getting more and more fascinated with Myrtle Hazard. He has never got over the fancy he took to her when he first saw her in her red jacket, and called her the fire-hang-bird. Would n't they suit each other by and by, after Myrtle has come to herself and grown into a beautiful and noble woman, as I feel sure she will in due time?"

"Myrtle is very lovely," Bathsheba answered; "but is n't she a little too — flighty — for one like your brother? Cyprian is n't more like other young men than Myrtle is like other young

girls. I have thought sometimes — I wondered whether out-of-the-way people and common ones do not get along best together. Does n't Cyprian want some more every-day kind of girl to keep him straight? Myrtle is beautiful, — beautiful, — fascinates everybody. Has Mr. Bradshaw been following after her lately? He is taken with her too. Did n't you ever think she would have to give in to Murray Bradshaw at last? He looks to me like a man that would hold on desperately as a lover."

If Myrtle Hazard, instead of being a half-finished school-girl, hardly sixteen years old, had been a young woman of eighteen or nineteen, it would have been plain sailing enough for Murray Bradshaw. But he knew what a distance their ages seemed just now to put between them, — a distance which would grow practically less and less with every year, and he did not wish to risk anything so long as there was no danger of interference. He rather encouraged Gifted Hopkins to write poetry to Myrtle. "Go in, Gifted," he said, "there's no telling what may come of it," — and Gifted did go in at a great rate.

Murray Bradshaw did not write poetry himself, but he read poetry with a good deal of effect, and he would sometimes take a hint from one of Gifted Hopkins's last productions to recite a passionate lyric of Byron or Moore, into which he would artfully throw so much meaning that Myrtle was almost as much puzzled, in her simplicity, to know what it meant, as she had been by the religious fervors of the Rev. Mr. Stoker.

He spoke well of Cyprian Eveleth. A good young man, — limited, but exemplary. Would succeed well as rector of a small parish. That required little talent, but a good deal of the humbler sort of virtue. As for himself, he confessed to ambition, — yes, a great deal of ambition. A failing, he supposed, but not the worst of failings. He felt the instinct to handle the larger interests of society. The village would perhaps lose sight of him for a time; but he meant to emerge sooner or later in

the higher spheres of government or diplomacy. Myrtle must keep his secret. Nobody else knew it. He could not help making a confidant of her, — a thing he had never done before with any other person as to his plans in life. Perhaps she might watch his career with more interest from her acquaintance with him. He loved to think that there was one woman at least who would be pleased to hear of his success if he succeeded, as with life and health he would, — who would share his disappointment if fate should not favor him. — So he wound and wreathed himself into her thoughts.

It was not very long before Myrtle began to accept the idea that she was the one person in the world whose peculiar duty it was to sympathize with the aspiring young man whose humble beginnings she had the honor of witnessing. And it is not very far from being the solitary confidant, and the single source of inspiration, to the growth of a livelier interest, where a young man and a young woman are in question.

Myrtle was at this time her own mistress as never before. The three young men had access to her as she walked to and from meeting and in her frequent rambles, besides the opportunities Cyprian had of meeting her in his sister's company, and the convenient visits which, in connection with the great lawsuit, Murray Bradshaw could make, without question, at The Poplars.

It was not long before Cyprian perceived that he could never pass a certain boundary of intimacy with Myrtle. Very pleasant and sisterly always she was with him; but she never looked as if she might mean more than she said, and cherished any little spark of sensibility which might be fanned into the flame of love. Cyprian felt this so certainly that he was on the point of telling his grief to Bathsheba, who looked to him as if she would sympathize as heartily with him as his own sister, and whose sympathy would have a certain

flavor in it, — something which one cannot find in the heart of the dearest sister that ever lived. But Bathsheba was herself sensitive, and changed color when Cyprian ventured a hint or two in the direction of his thought, so that he never got so far as to unburden his heart to her about Myrtle, whom she admired so sincerely that she could not have helped feeling a great interest in his passion towards her.

As for Gifted Hopkins, the roses that were beginning to bloom fresher and fresher every day in Myrtle's cheeks unfolded themselves more and more freely, to speak metaphorically, in his song. Every week she would receive a delicately tinted note with lines to "Myrtle awaking," or to "Myrtle retiring," (one string of verses a little too Musidora-ish, and which soon found itself in the condition of a cinder, perhaps reduced to that state by spontaneous combustion,) or to "The Flower of the Tropics," or to the "Nymph of the River-side," or other poetical alias, such as bards affect in their sieges of the female heart.

Gifted Hopkins was of a sanguine temperament. As he read and re-read his verses, it certainly seemed to him that they must reach the heart of the angelic being to whom they were addressed. That she was slow in confessing the impression they made upon her, was a favorable sign; so many girls called his poems "sweet pooty," that those charming words, though soothing, no longer stirred him deeply. Myrtle's silence showed that the impression his verses had made was deep. Time would develop her sentiments; they were both young; his position was humble as yet; but when he had become famous through the land — O blissful thought! — the bard of Oxbow village would bear a name that any woman would be proud to assume, and the M. H. which her delicate hands had wrought on the kerchiefs she wore would yet perhaps be read, not Myrtle Hazard, but Myrtle Hopkins!

THE CITY OF ST. LOUIS.

ST. LOUIS is an immense surprise to visitors from the Eastern States, particularly to those who come round to it from furious and thundering Chicago. It has stolen into greatness without our knowing much about it. If Chicago may be styled the New York, St. Louis is the serene and comfortable Philadelphia, of the West. Having passed through its wooden period to that of solid brick and stone, it has a refined and finished appearance, and there is something in the aspect of the place which indicates that people there find time to live, as well as accumulate the means of living. Chicago amuses, amazes, bewilders, and exhausts the traveller; St. Louis rests and restores him.

The railroad ride of two hundred and eighty miles from Chicago does not promise much for the city at the end of it. At Springfield, the capital of Illinois, the train bleeds civilization at every pore. Away goes the lawyer who has been solacing himself with Mr. Bancroft's last volume, and away goes every one else almost who appears to be capable of a similar feat. After Springfield, the cars fill with another kind of people, — rough, candid, round-faced simpletons, the sport of politicians, who, on one side of an imaginary line, make them elect Democrats to Congress, and, on the other, fight to destroy their country. What is this we hear? "Give Pemberton as many men as Grant had, and he 'd whip him before breakfast." And again, "That Stonewall Jackson of yours was a mighty smart fellow." To which the flattered Southern brother modestly replies, as if to waive the compliment, "He was a very pious man."

It is a strange state of things in a country, when a day's ride transports us to a region which reveres what we laugh at, and loathes what we adore. It is strange to travel in one morning, without change of cars, from the nine-

teenth century to the eighteenth. It is strange to be at 9 A. M. at Abraham Lincoln's tomb and see pilgrims approach it with uncovered head, and at 12 M. to find yourself surrounded by people who affect to hold in contempt all that he represented, without having the slightest understanding of it. Nor less startling is it, after a long ride over unpeopled prairies, attired in the dismal hue of November, to be shot out upon the shore of the Mississippi, in view of a scene so full of novelty and wonder as that which St. Louis presents on the opposite bank. The three railroads which connect St. Louis with the Northern, Southern, and Eastern States, as well as the short lines which run back a few miles to the mines that supply the city with coal, all terminate here; so that the river severs the city from all the noise and litter of the railroads. The bridge, however, will soon send the trains screaming through the town. At present, it requires seven hundred horses, two or three hundred men, and a dozen large and powerful ferry-boats, to convey across this half-mile of swift and turbid water the passengers and merchandise brought to the eastern bank by the railroads.

There is no Brooklyn here. Except a few shanties, there are no signs of human residence in "East St. Louis," as the newer maps term it, or "Illinois Town," as the people name it. There is nothing to be seen there but railroad tracks raised high above the possible swelling of the river, with pools of water between the embankments; a long, tidy station-house of painted wood; and the broad, roughly paved "Levee," steeply slanting to the river. The Mississippi, like Shakespeare, Niagara Falls, the Pyramids, the unteachable ignorance of an original Secessionist, and many other stupendous things in nature and art, does not reveal its greatness all at once. When, however, the stranger is informed, and sees himself

the evidence of the fact, that the river, which now appears so insignificant, sometimes creeps up that steep, wide Levee, and fills all that broad "American Bottom" miles back to the "bluffs," he begins to suspect that the Father of Waters may, after all, be equal to its reputation. Such ferries as those by which we cross the Hudson and the Delaware are impossible upon a river so swift and so capricious as this. The ferry-boat is built like other steamboats, except that it is wider and stronger. With its head up the stream, it lies alongside of a barge to receive its enormous freight of coal-wagons, omnibuses, express-wagons, mail-wagons, carts, and loose mules enough to fill the interstices. Being let go, the boat, always headed to the impetuous flood, swings across,—the engine merely keeping the huge mass from being carried away down the stream.

Seen from the top of the ferry-boat, St. Louis is a curved line of steamboats, a mile and a half long, without a single mast or sail among them. The whole number of steamboats plying between this city and other river towns is two hundred and sixty-five, of which one hundred may frequently be seen in port at once, ranged along the Levee in close order, with their sterns slanting down the stream, and their bows thrust against the treacherous sand of the shore, each boat presenting a scene of the third act of "The Octoroon." Any one who has witnessed Mr. Bourcicault's excellent play of that name has only to imagine the steamboat scene stretched out a mile and a half, and throw in a few hundred mules and colored men,—the latter driving the former by means of the voice and whip,—and he will have before him a correct view of the St. Louis Levee. Chicago smiles at the necessity under which St. Louis labors of carrying its merchandise up and down that very wide, rough, and steep bank, and contemplates with fine complacency its own convenient river, which brings the grain, the cattle, the boards, and every box and bale to the precise spot where it is wanted, from

which it is hoisted to the warehouse without the agency of human muscle. Chicago laughs at the idea of such a town competing for the trade of the prairies with a city of seventeen elevators. But let Chicago take note: St. Louis, which for many years supposed an elevator impossible on the banks of the Mississippi, now *has* an elevator in most successful operation. The difficulty caused by the ever-changing height of the river is overcome in the simplest manner. When the river is low, the huge spout which connects the elevator with the boat is lengthened, and as the river rises it is shortened. Such success had the elevator, that, during the first forty days of its existence, it received six hundred thousand bushels of grain. It only needs a few more Yankees along the St. Louis Levee to apply similar devices to the "handling" of other merchandise, and abolish the mules and their noisy drivers.

Twenty-five years ago, Charles Dickens landed upon this Levee, and was driven up to the summit of it into the oldest part of the city, which he thus described:—

"In the old French portion of the town, the thoroughfares are narrow and crooked, and some of the houses are very quaint and picturesque,—being built of wood, with tumble-down galleries before the windows, approachable by stairs, or rather ladders, from the street. There are queer little barbers' shops, and drinking-houses too, in this quarter; and abundance of crazy old tenements with blinking casements, such as may be seen in Flanders. Some of these ancient habitations, with high garret gable-windows perking into the roofs, have a kind of French shrug about them; and, being lop-sided with age, appear to hold their heads askew, besides, as if they were grimacing in astonishment at the American improvements."

There is nothing of this now to be seen in St. Louis, except that the ancient streets along the river are narrower than the rest. All is modern, Amer-

ican, Philadelphian, — especially Philadelphian. No daughter is more like her mother than St. Louis is like Philadelphia. From 1775 to 1800, Philadelphia was the chief city of the country, to which all eyes were directed, and to which the leaders of the nation annually repaired. So dazzling was this plain and staid metropolis to the eyes of Western members and merchants, that, in laying out the cities of the West, they could not but copy Philadelphia, even in the minutest particulars. The streets of Philadelphia running parallel to the river are numbered; so are those of St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other Western towns. The cross-streets of Philadelphia were named after the trees, plants, and bushes that grew upon its site, such as Sycamore, Vine, Cherry, Walnut, Chestnut, Pine, and Spruce. Accident changed some of these appellations in the course of years, so that we find such names as "Race" and "Arch" mingled with those of the trees. So infatuated were the Western men of the early day with the charms of Philadelphia, a visit to which must have been the great event of their lives, that they not only named their streets at home Sycamore and Chestnut, but used also the accidental ones, such as Race and Arch. Nearly every street in Nashville has a Philadelphia name. Half the streets of Cincinnati have Philadelphia names. In St. Louis, too, we are reminded of the Quaker City at every turn, both in the names and the aspect of the streets. Those old-fashioned, square, roomy brick mansions, — the habit of tipping and pointing everything with marble, — the brick pavements, — the chastened splendor of the newer residences, — the absence of any principal thoroughfare, such as Broadway, — the prodigious extent of the city for its population, — the general quiet and neatness, — all call to mind comfortable Philadelphia. They have even adopted, of late, the mode of numbering the houses practised in the Quaker City, — the system which makes a person live at 1418 Washington Street, merely because his

house is the eighteenth above the corner of Fourteenth Street.

St. Louis enjoys the tranquillity which strikes every stranger with so much surprise, because nature has placed no obstacle in the way of its growth in any direction, and therefore there is no crowded thoroughfare, no intense business centre, no crammed square mile. New York is cramped in a long, narrow island, between two wide and rapid rivers, as yet unbridged. Cincinnati a mile and a half from the Ohio encounters an almost precipitous hill, four hundred and sixty feet high. Chicago had to be raised bodily in the air, while twelve feet of earth was thrown under it to keep it there. Boston cannot grow without making ground to grow upon. But fair St. Louis, the future capital of the United States, and of the civilization of the Western Continent, can extend itself in every direction back from the Mississippi, without meeting any formidable obstacle. The ground is high enough to lift the city above the highest floods of the river, but nowhere so high as to require expensive grading. The prairie behind the city is neither level nor inconveniently undulating. North of the city there are some bluffs of slight elevation, which have been turned to excellent account as the sites of the two chief cemeteries. The highest hill, however, which we remember about the city, is that lofty Mound on the bank of the river, supposed to have been thrown up for a look-out station by the Indians, ages ago, from which St. Louis derives its name of the "Mound City." It was with a cutting pang of regret that we observed the partial destruction of this most curious monument of the past, and heard of the supposed necessity for its removal. We could not see the necessity. Though St. Louis should grow to be a greater and more imperial city than Rome (which it will), the time will never come when that Mound, if perfectly preserved, would not be one of its most interesting objects. It was originally, and could easily be again, a well-shaped mound, about as high and

about as large as the State-House in Boston.

There being no hindrance to the natural growth of the city, it has arranged itself in a natural manner. Along the river, as far back as Third Street, the wholesale business of the town is done. Here are rows of tall brick stores and warehouses; here are the post-office, the exchange, the court-house; here are the mills and the factories, which must be near the river. All the bustle and clatter of the place are confined to these three or four streets nearest the water, and to the streets crossing them,—a strip of the town three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide. Fourth Street contains the principal retail stores, many of which are on the scale of Broadway. Here the ladies of St. Louis replenish at once and exhibit their charms, flitting from store to store. Fifth Street is also a street of retail business; but beyond that line the city presents little but a vast extent of residences, churches, public institutions and vacant lots; these last being so numerous that the town could double its population without taking in much more of the prairie. From the cupola of the court-house, the city appears an illimitable expanse of brick houses, covered always with a light smoke from forty thousand fires of bituminous coal. The two principal hotels are the largest in the United States, and among the best. The nearness of the city to the wilderness and the uninhabited prairie fills the markets with game. Venison is cheaper than mutton, wild turkeys, than tame. The markets of St. Louis probably furnish a greater variety and profusion of delicious food than any others in the world, and the art of cookery seems never to have been lost there.

The resemblance of this highly favored city to Philadelphia is only external. It has a character of its own, to which many elements have contributed, and which many influences have modified. The ball-clubs, playing in the fields on Sunday afternoons, the

billiard-rooms open on Sunday, the great number of assemblies, balls, and parties, the existence of five elegant and expensively sustained theatres in a town of two hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, the closing of all the stores by sunset in winter, and before sunset in summer, and an indefinable something in the tone and air of the people, notify the stranger that he is in a place which was not the work exclusively of the Puritan, nor even of the Protestant. It is, indeed, a town of highly composite character. The old and wealthy families, descendants of the original French settlers, still speaking the French language and maintaining French customs, give to the place something of the style of New Orleans. As the chief city of a State that shared, and deliberately chose to share, the curse of slavery, it has much of the languor and carelessness induced by the habit of being served by slaves. The negro, too, has imparted his accent to the tongue of the people. Nearly one half of the population being Catholic, and the Catholic Church being by far the wealthiest denomination of the place, and much the most active, enterprising, and wise, the civilization of the town is essentially Catholic; and even the imitative negroes turn out on Sundays and play matches of base-ball in costume. The city being midway between the Northern Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico, and offering opportunities to men of enterprise, has attracted a few thousands of Northern people, who have been, and are now, a powerful propelling force in St. Louis and in the wondrous State of Missouri. Add to these various elements sixty thousand Germans, whom the Secessionists of St. Louis compliment with the title of the "Damned Dutch,"—uttering the words with that ferocious emphasis which they usually reserve exclusively for the "Damned Yankees." Our placid and good-natured German friends are not apt to excite the ire of their fellow-citizens; but at St. Louis they have contrived to make themselves most intensely abhorred by the "aristocracy"

of the place, nine in ten of whom were Secessionists. Reason: It was the loyal and democratic Germans who, in 1861, saved the city from falling into the hands of the Rebels, and it is the Germans who, to-day, constitute the strength of the United States in the State of Missouri. Let us drink, at all future Union banquets, in foaming lager, to the "Damned Dutch of St. Louis," for truly we owe them honor and gratitude.

The many evidences which meet the eye, in this city, of solid and ancient wealth, are a constant marvel to visitors accustomed to the recentness of other Western cities. How was the money gained which built those hundred-thousand-dollar residences, these numerous and spacious churches, colleges, convents, hospitals, and filled them with pictures, books, and apparatus? The capital which has created, renewed, and adorned this city was gained *here*, upon the spot, by her own people; not borrowed from abroad.

St. Louis is just one hundred and four years old. In the summer of 1763, Pierre Laclède Liguest, a vigorous and enterprising Frenchman, led from New Orleans a large party of French trappers and traders, for the purpose of founding at the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri a depot for the furs of the vast region watered by those rivers. In December, after five months of toil, he saw the mouth of the muddy Missouri, but preferred for the site of his settlement the fine bend of the Mississippi, twenty miles below, which he had observed on his way up. Landing there, he marked the spot by "blazing" some of the trees, and, in the following February, sent, from his winter quarters below, a party of thirty young fellows to build sheds and cabins for the settlement. The 15th of February, 1764, the day on which this little band landed, was the birthday of St. Louis. In the course of the year, the main body of adventurers arrived, the Indians were conciliated, cabins of upright poles were built, a little corn was planted, trade was

begun, and the settlement fairly established.

A Frenchman was a popular personage with the Indians in those days. He had no conscientious scruples against taking a squaw; and his religion had much in it that was imposing to the savage mind. There was usually a fiddle in French settlements, and it was not idle on festive days. The Frenchman of that day had not familiarized his mind with the history of Joshua, and it did not give him much concern to know that the Indians were heathen. He took the business of settling the new country lightly, and accommodated *himself* to the wild life of the prairie and the river, instead of attempting to subdue *them*, and found upon them a Christian state, "to the glory of God." He did not even take the trouble to build a good solid log-house, such as the men of our race built, but was content to stick poles in the ground, and cover the roof with bark and skins,—a slight improvement upon the wigwam. Never, never would those gay and pleasant Frenchmen have conquered the continent from savage man and savage nature; but they got along very peaceably with the Indians, had a dance on Sunday afternoons, and made the best of their lot. It is quite true, as the good people of St. Louis often say, that, if the English had settled St. Louis, there would have been massacres and wars without end. Yes; the white men who do not hate and exterminate Indians, the white men who can find solace in the arms of squaws, and build wigwams instead of houses, may possess delightful qualities of head and heart, but they are not the men who found empires.

European politics, strange to say, had a powerful influence upon this little settlement of fur-traders. The peace of 1763 gave all the country east of the Mississippi to the English. As soon as tidings of this dreadful event reached the Frenchmen who had settled upon the Illinois, they made haste to remove to St. Louis, so as to avoid the infamy of living under the rule of their

"natural enemy." No sooner had they arrived, than news still more terrible reached them: Louis XV. had ceded all his possessions west of the Mississippi to Spain! For the next thirty years the village was an outpost of Spanish Louisiana, in whose broad extent no one could own land who was not a Catholic. The Frenchmen submitted to the easy sway of the Spanish commandant, and the settlement slowly increased in numbers and wealth. To go to New Orleans and return was a voyage of ten months. Furs, lead, and salt were sent down the river in barges; which, returning in the following year, brought back the beads, tomahawks, and trash coveted by the Indians, as well as the few articles required by the settlers. As the village grew, the range of its business extended, and parties of trappers and of traders ascended the Missouri, and laid its upper waters under contribution. From the Mississippi to the Pacific, there was a territory two thousand miles broad, all alive with Indians, with buffalo, beaver, deer, bears, and every kind of game. From 1764 down to the year 1815, when the first steamboat ascended the river, St. Louis gained the chief part of its livelihood by hunting, trapping, and trading over that wondrous, illimitable park, of which it was the principal entrance. There was no fur-producing region, between the river and the Rocky Mountains, which was not embraced in the system of which St. Louis was the controlling power. St. Louis was the metropolis of the hunting-shirt.

Slow is the growth of cities which have no civilized population behind them. The following table shows the population of St. Louis at different periods:—

1764	.	.	.	.	.	120
1780	.	.	.	.	.	687
1785	.	.	.	.	.	897
1788	.	.	.	.	.	1,197
1799	.	.	.	.	.	925
1811	.	.	.	.	.	1,400
1820	.	.	.	.	.	4,928
1828	.	.	.	.	.	5,000
1830	.	.	.	.	.	5,852

1833	.	.	.	.	.	6,397
1835	.	.	.	.	.	8,316
1837	.	.	.	.	.	12,040
1840	.	.	.	.	.	16,469
1844	.	.	.	.	.	34,140
1850	.	.	.	.	.	74,439
1852	.	.	.	.	.	94,000
1856	.	.	.	.	.	125,200
1859	.	.	.	.	.	185,587
1866	.	.	.	.	.	204,327
1867	.	.	.	.	.	220,000

The great event in the history of St. Louis was its transfer, with all that was once called Louisiana, to the United States. This occurred in 1804, forty years after Pierre Laclede Liguist had blazed the trees on the site of St. Louis. The entire province of "Upper Louisiana" then contained nine thousand and twenty whites and one thousand three hundred and twenty blacks. St. Louis consisted of one hundred and eighty houses, nearly all of which were one-story cabins made of upright hewn logs, roofed with shingles. Many of the inhabitants had married squaws, and some of the trappers had an Indian wife in the town, and another in the hunting-grounds. On one occasion, a Frenchman and his Indian wife presented their eight children for baptism all at once. The old records contain various indications that, in this French village of St. Louis, neither the wife nor the community saw anything very censurable in a married man having illegitimate children. There is a joint will, for example, in the archives, in which husband and wife express the utmost fondness for one another, and beg to be buried as near one another as possible. The clause following these affectionate expressions bequeaths five thousand francs to an illegitimate daughter of the fond and beloved husband. There was one Catholic church in the place, built of logs; of course, no other than a Catholic church would have been permitted by the Spanish bigots who ruled the province. The people were gay, good-humored, and polite, but totally destitute of the force, the spirit, the ambition, the enterprise, which made the people of cold and bar-

ren New England fish for cod off Newfoundland, and open a profitable commerce with the West Indies, while they were still warring with the Indians. A St. Louis merchant of 1790 was a man who, in a corner of his cabin, had a large chest which contained a few pounds of powder and shot, a few knives and hatchets, a little red paint, two or three rifles, some hunting-shirts of buckskin, a few tin cups and iron pots, and perhaps a little tea, coffee, sugar, and spice. There was no post-office, no ferry over the river, no newspaper. No one could post a bill in the town for a lost horse without a permit from the Governor; no Protestant could own a lot. But, as we have before observed, the people enjoyed existence in their way. There was a pleasant, social life in the place. On occasions of festivity, each family brought its quota of provisions, paid its share of the fiddler's fee, came together in some convenient place, and danced till the sun went down. And thus they would have lived and danced to the present hour, but for the cession of the province to the United States.

That glorious event changed everything. See how the system of freedom works when it supplants the system of restriction. The post-office was, of course, immediately established. The laws forbidding Protestant worship, and requiring owners of land to profess the Catholic faith, being abolished, vigorous men (not many, but enough for propelling force) moved in from the East and South, and began the work of creating what we now call St. Louis. In 1808, there was a newspaper. In 1809, there were fire-companies. In 1810, there were road masters, who had power to compel the requisite labor on the highways. In 1811, there were two schools in the town, one French and one English. In the same year a market was built; and already the streets had changed their names from *La Rue Principale*, *La Rue Royale*, *La Rue des Granges*, to such as Walnut and Chestnut; and *La Place d'Armes* had also become plain Centre Square.

In 1812, by the formation of the great Missouri Fur Company, the power of combined capital and labor was brought to bear upon the hitherto wild, precarious business of collecting furs, and expeditions were sent out upon a scale and with resources that insured success. The trappers and hunters were organized, disciplined, and directed by able men, who could stay at home and form part of a stable community. The lead mines began to be worked to better advantage on a larger scale. Above all, agriculture, which the French settlers had only regarded as a means of obtaining food, assumed increasing importance. In 1815, the era of the steamboat began.

But though there was enough vigorous brain in the town, after the cession, to give it impetus and organization, there was not enough to prevent its falling into an error that retarded its progress for forty-five years. In 1820, after a long and most animated discussion, St. Louis cast its vote for slavery, and led Missouri to the same decision. The population then was 4,928. In 1830, it had increased to 5,852! An increase of 924 inhabitants in ten years! If Missouri had chosen the better part in 1820, St. Louis would at this moment be a city of a million inhabitants, and Missouri a State of four millions.

The rapid growth of St. Louis dates from 1833, when the prairie world began to attract the attention of emigrants. Every family that settled upon the banks of the Missouri, the Mississippi, or upon their tributaries, contributed its quota of business to a city which is the natural capital of the Mississippi Valley, and which is the natural centre of the great steamboat interest of all that wonderful system of rivers. From 1830 to 1860, the population of St. Louis trebled every ten years, and, from being the narrow and ill-favored town described by Charles Dickens, expanded into the spacious, elegant, tranquil, and solid metropolis we find it now.

Who can describe how bitterly St.

Louis expiated, during the Rebellion the mistake of 1820? The wealth, the social influence, the planting interest, and much of the cultivated brain of the city and the State, were in the fullest sympathy with the Secessionists. The Governor of the State was a Secessionist, and nearly every other man whose official position would render him important in a crisis. In all Missouri, there were in 1860 about 20,000 Republicans, but nowhere in the State was there any considerable body of them in one place, except at St. Louis among the "Damned Dutch." The United States Arsenal in the city, filled with arms and ammunition, was commanded by an officer bound to the South by every tie that usually influences men. And yet the arsenal and the city were promptly saved from the clutch of treason.

We talk of erecting monuments to the saviours of the country, but we shall never erect a monument to its real saviours,—the Secessionists themselves, whose madness came so often to the rescue of the gasping Union. If they had only been, at critical moments, a little less foolish, a little less blindly arrogant, ignorant, cruel, or ridiculous,—just a little,—how could we, with so many enemies among us, and with every power in Christendom except one on their side,—how could we have put them down? They lost St. Louis by their headlong precipitation. When Frank Blair and his friends returned from nominating Mr. Lincoln at the Chicago Convention of 1860, a ratification meeting was held at St. Louis, which was assailed and broken up by a mob of "Democrats." Some of the speakers were struck with stones, all were insulted by blasphemous yells and hellish imprecations. That riot saved St. Louis, for it led to the formation of the Wide-Awake Club, which issued, in due time, in sixty-six regiments of loyal Missouri volunteers. Readers remember the Wide-Awakes of 1860. With us, they were only the decoration of the "campaign,"—the material of which its torchlight processions were com-

posed; but at St. Louis they were necessary for the maintenance of freedom and order. They attended every Republican meeting, armed with a loaded club and a flaming lamp of camphene, and assailed disturbers of the peace with club and fire. Disbanded after the election, they reorganized in the following February, when traitors began to cast inquiring eyes upon the arsenal; but now they appeared in another guise, as regiments of militia, armed through the exertions of Frank Blair, and led, at length, by that alert and valiant soldier, Nathaniel Lyon. These were the men who saved the arsenal, broke up the traitors' camp in the suburbs, and kept the enemy's troops always a hundred miles from the city.

We in the North can but faintly realize the desolation and misery of the war in Missouri and St. Louis. The blockade of the river reduced the whole business of the city to about one third its former amount; and yet nothing could prevent refugees from the seat of war from seeking safety and sustenance in the impoverished town. Families were terribly divided. Children witnessed daily the horrid spectacle of their parents fiercely quarrelling over the news of the morning, each denouncing what the other held sacred, and vaunting what the other despised. In the back counties, whole regions were absolutely depopulated. "No quarter," was the word on both sides. "In counties," says a well-informed writer, "where the Rebels had control, no Union man dared to remain; in counties where Union men were dominant, no Rebel was permitted to reside. As the wave of war flowed or ebbed across the State, it carried on its surface the inhabitants in one direction or the other. As the Rebel armies advanced, Union citizens retired, taking with them their families and household goods; when the enemy retrograded, followed up by the Federal armies, the Union men returned and the Rebel families receded. The whole population was at war. There was no neutrality, and

could be none. In this way those sections of the State which were debatable ground became uninhabitable, were depopulated, and turned into a wilderness."

During the last two years of the war, the prodigious expenditures of the government in the Southwest enriched many citizens of St. Louis, and employed some thousands of them. It is, nevertheless, a decisive proof of the solidity of the business men of the city, that they bore the long stagnation so well, and came out of the war generally prepared to resume business at the point and on the scale at which the interruption occurred. St. Louis is, in every sense, herself again, with the absence of the black incubus that weighed her down. All is hopefulness and energy there now. It is but two years since the war ended, and yet the city did more business in 1866 than in any other year of its existence. The article of corn may be considered as representative in those Western cities. In 1850, St. Louis received and disposed of a little less than four and a quarter millions of bushels of corn. In 1863, the quantity was less than one million and a half of bushels. In 1865, it was a little more than three millions. In 1866, the quantity mounted to the unprecedented number of 7,233,671 bushels! An examination of Mr. George H. Morgan's "Statement of the Trade and Commerce of St. Louis," for 1866, will show that there is scarcely any branch which did not do a larger amount of business in 1866 than in any other year since the foundation of the city.

The war inflicted wounds which are not so easily healed. We heard much in St. Louis of the ill-temper of the defeated Secessionists; but they seemed to us more sad than bitter, more anxious than resentful. If, in their intercourse with strangers, they were reserved, it appeared to be because the only topic upon which they have been accustomed to converse is utterly exhausted. And really, after thirty years of talk, and four of war, they may well

pause, fatigued, and try a little meditation. In mingling with those polite and reticent men, we could feel for them nothing but good-will. We could not but remember that for thirty years they had been severed, intellectually and morally, from the rest of the human race, and had not shared in the new light and better feeling of recent times. We could not but remember, that, during the war, they were as *sure* that they were right as we were sure that we were right. We could not but remember, that they dared more, sacrificed more, suffered more than we did.

And then these Southern brethren of ours are, in all intellectual matters, such children, that it is impossible, while you are among them, to feel otherwise than tenderly towards them. Judging from the Southern literature that may be found in great variety on the counters of St. Louis bookstores, we should say that the reading people of the South are still subsisting upon the novels and poems of Sir Walter Scott. They appear to have taken Scott *seriously*, as though Sir Walter had really thought Ivanhoe was a more admirable personage than James Watt, and wanted people to stop making steam-engines and go back to chivalry! Let the middle-aged reader recall the time when he read Scott's novels with the passion so proper and natural to youth, then let him endeavor to imagine what sort of person he would now be if he had read nothing else since; and he will be able to form a conception of the kind of people who litter the bookstores of St. Louis with "Cavalier" newspapers and "Southern Lyrics." Nothing is so amusing as the gravity, nay, the solemnity, with which they treat the most trivial topics. While we were at St. Louis, a band of negro minstrels performed a burlesque of a "tournament" which had been recently held in the city. One of these amiable writers discoursed on this topic in a manner to draw tears.

"This sooty band of harmonists, who have stolen their complexion from the negro and their character from

the same individual, — if, indeed, they have any, — are engaged just now in entertaining the public with a burlesque of the Tournament lately held at the Fair Grounds. These mountebanks, emboldened by the laugh of the crowd, and having no knowledge of the proprieties of social life to restrain them, have presumed to push their insolence beyond all limit of reason or decency, and to present the actions of private persons in scenes of the broadest caricature upon the stage. They have gone further, and made, as well, the incidents and personages of the social gathering that followed that event the subject of their noisy mirth and coarse buffoonery."

Imagine two columns of this eloquence, — all on the subject of a little piece of harmless fun by a "sooty band of harmonists." A heap of such clippings lies before us, cut from all sorts of periodicals; but in the heap there are one or two that contain a gleam of sense. The following is more than a gleam: it is a burst of light: it solves the whole problem of reconstruction. The conversation is supposed to have taken place on board of a Red River steamboat, among a group of Arkansas planters: —

"*First Planter.* I have made up my mind to sell half of my farm, and I shall sell it to a Yankee.

"*Second Planter.* You are joking. You could n't endure a Yankee neighbor.

"*First Planter.* No, I am not joking; I swear I am in earnest. I want an enterprising Yankee neighbor. I think he can teach me a good many things, and that I can teach him a good many things, and that together we can double the value of my lands, and improve the condition of my county. We have n't a school in the county, — not one. We have good water power, but no machinery. Our lands are as rich as the banks of the Nile, but they will not bring to-day twenty-five dollars an acre, and we are head over ears in debt. Gentlemen, we need a Yankee element to develop Arkansas.

"*Second Planter.* But his politics.

"*First Planter.* Damn politics! We have followed abstractions until we are wellnigh ruined."

We greatly fear that this conversation originated in the inventive mind of a Yankee; but its publication in a Southern newspaper was something. Would that it could be "cut out" and stuck up in every Southern post-office! At present the Yankee is usually spoken of in the South as per specimen, copied from the opening lines of "The Saints' Jubilee, a Satire," published recently at St. Louis: —

"To Saints and Pilgrims now we bawl,
Who worship in old Fan'il Hall, —
Old Fan'il Hall, that glorious spot,
Where saints so oft blow cold and hot,
And launch abroad their wordy thunder
To fill th' astonished world with wonder;
The 'cradle' this of revolution,
From whence doth spring such wild confusion,
That saints are sometimes in a pother,
To know if *this* is *that* or *t' other*."

Consider the feelings of a people saturated with Scott, and regarding Hudibras as a classic model, at being "conquered," as they delight to term it, by the saints of Faneuil Hall.

One of the many surprises of St. Louis is the smallness of the negro population, — not more than three thousand in all. At Chicago and other Northern cities, the waiters at the hotels are generally colored men; at St. Louis, generally white. Most of the coachmen, grooms, porters, and female servants are white. Along the Levee there is a fringe of negroes, loading and unloading the steamboats, and negroes are employed in other rough work; but they play as unobtrusive a part in the life of the city, as in that of Boston or New York. There is a vast difference between a Chicago negro and a St. Louis negro. At St. Louis the shadow of slavery rests still upon their countenances, and crows their souls. So imitative and sympathetic is man, that the negroes will never believe much in themselves, until white men believe a little in them; and the Southern portion of the St. Louis people are still

very far from this. How impossible to convey to the Northern mind the faintest idea of the wild, incredulous, speechless amazement of the Southern woman on being informed that negroes were to vote! It was as though a Northern lady were to read in a newspaper, that rats and mice were to be counted in the election of the next President. But these traits of immaturity will disappear—are disappearing—now that no artificial obstacle exists to the free growth of the Southern mind. We doubt if to-day one hundred disinterested votes could be obtained in St. Louis for the re-establishment of slavery in Missouri. The Southern editors, however, flatter their readers by publishing paragraphs like the following:—

“The time was when the honest old darky got up and went to work at break of day, with a full stomach, good comfortable clothing on his back, good shoes on his feet, a heart as light and happy as the lark, and making the welkin ring with his merry songs. When the day’s work was over, he ‘laid down the shovel and the hoe,’ went to his comfortable log-cabin, ate the wholesome supper furnished him by his kind old master, and then lighted his pipe, took down his banjo, and played, sung, and danced until the bell rang for him to go to bed. Good, kind old master furnished him with everything necessary for his comfort, and, as he had no cares, he could sleep soundly. ‘Alas! he cannot sing and dance with the same zest’ now. He has no old master to furnish him with food and raiment. No kind mistress to take care of him when he gets sick. No comfortable cabin to live in. No thick clothing to shield him from the storms. No banjo to pick, and his heart is so heavy he cannot sing and dance. Candidly, we have not heard of a real old-fashioned negro frolic since the poor darky was set free.”

Very likely: people are never so merry as when they are extremely uncomfortable and know they cannot help it. Southern editors delight to print

this kind of sentimental lie, but there is hardly one of them who is foolish enough to be taken in by it.

Has the reader ever taken the trouble to observe what a remarkable piece of this earth’s surface the State of Missouri is? Surface, indeed! We beg pardon; Missouri goes far enough under the surface to furnish mankind with one hundred million tons of coal a year for thirteen hundred years! Think of 26,887 square miles of coal-beds, — nearly half the State, — and some of the beds fifteen feet thick. With regard to iron, it is not necessary to penetrate the surface for that. They have iron in Missouri by the mountain. Pilot Knob, 581 feet high, and containing 360 acres, is a mass of iron; and Iron Mountain, six miles distant from it, is 228 feet high, covers 500 acres, and contains 230,000,000 tons of ore, without counting the inexhaustible supply that may reasonably be supposed to exist below the level. There is enough iron lying about loose in that region for a double track of railroad across the continent. The lead districts of Missouri include more than 6,000 square miles, and at least five hundred “points” where it is known that lead can be profitably worked. In fifteen counties there is copper, and in seven of these counties there is copper enough to pay for working the mines. There are large deposits of zinc in the State. There is gold, also, which does not yet attract much attention because of the dazzling stores of the precious metal farther west. In short, within one hundred miles of St. Louis, the following metals and minerals are found in quantities that will repay working: gold, iron, lead, zinc, copper, tin, silver, platinum, nickel, emery, cobalt, coal, limestone, granite, pipe-clay, fire-clay, marble, metallic paints, and salt. The State contains forty-five million acres of land. Eight millions of these acres have the rich soil that is peculiarly suited to the raising of hemp. There are five millions of acres among the best in the world for the grape. Twenty million acres are good farming lands, adapted

to the ordinary crops of the Northern farmer. Two million acres are mining lands. Unlike some of the prairie States, Missouri possesses a sufficiency of timber land, and most of her prairies are of the rolling variety.

We have often tried to decide the great question, which of the States of the Union is the fittest and richest dwelling-place for man. It is easy to come to a conclusion on the subject, but difficult to adhere to it. Often, while sailing on the broad and brimming Hudson, and thinking of the various charms and advantages of the State through which it flows, we have been quite certain that New York is the fairest and noblest province of the earth. In this opinion we remain fixed, until we find ourselves surveying the outward beauty, and contemplating the hidden wealth, of Pennsylvania. Then we throw New York over, and assign to its great neighbor the palm of superiority. But, anon, we are lost in wonder at the unknown but inexhaustible resources of Virginia, its happy situation, its favorable climate, the tranquil picturesqueness of its winding streams, its romantic and accessible mountains. Then we give Pennsylvania the go-by, and yield our allegiance to Virginia. In the same way we have found our unstable affections straying off to noble Ohio, beautiful Iowa, bountiful Illinois, delightful Tennessee, various Minnesota, — each of which, when the other dear charmers are forgotten, seems the unique and unapproachably lovely. At the present moment, great Missouri has our profoundest homage. There is nothing which man needs, and there are few things which it is rational for him to desire, that this imperial State does not furnish in rich abundance. There is grain for his sustenance, tobacco for his solace, gold for his decoration, iron for his use, wine for his exhilaration, cotton and wool for his garments, and hemp for his morals. Held back for forty years by slavery, desolated for four years by civil war, it has gone forward since the return of peace by strides and bounds. Governor

Fletcher, in his recent Message, mentions that the taxable property of the State, which was something less than two hundred millions of dollars in 1863, was four hundred millions of dollars at the close of 1866. Missouri bonds, depressed during the suspended existence of the State, promise to be above par before these lines can see the light.

If St. Louis were nothing more than the chief city of such a State, it would be a place of all but the first importance. But it is far more than that; it is the centre and natural metropolis of the Valley of the Mississippi. Above it, the great river is navigable for 800 miles; below it, for 1,345 miles. Twenty miles above the city, the Missouri pours in its turbid flood, navigable to a point nearly three thousand miles from St. Louis. Two hundred miles below the city is the mouth of the Ohio, which gives St. Louis river communication with Pittsburg, twelve hundred miles distant, and with the oil and coal regions of Pennsylvania, above Pittsburg. The navigable tributaries of the Mississippi and Missouri, eleven thousand miles in length, place within reach of the city every town of much importance in a valley of twelve hundred thousand square miles, destined to contain a population of two hundred millions of people. Those ship canals which Chicago is so set upon speedily creating, will give St. Louis also access to the Great Lakes and a short cut to the Atlantic Ocean. A thousand miles of railroad in the State connect the city with the Western system of roads, chief among which is the railroad to the Pacific. When that greatest work of man is finished, in 1870, St. Louis — which is 1,065 miles from New York and 2,300 miles from San Francisco — will be as manifestly the natural capital of the United States as it now is of the richest portion of it. It will not be, in a geographical sense, the central city; but considering the superior importance to us of Europe over Asia, and other obvious facts, it will be central in every sense except the geographical one, — it

will be the centre of politics, of business, and of distribution.

There is always a certain agreeable freshness, heartiness, and simplicity in a community which deals chiefly in the natural products of the earth ; and this is one reason why it is so pleasant to a Northern traveller to reside for a while in the Southern States. He feels like a lawyer out in the hay-fields, or like city children in the country. Agriculture is there conducted on a scale which invests it with a dignity not so easily discerned in a region of little farms, each worked by one poor, anxious, overtasked man, assisted by one poor, anxious, overtasked woman. St. Louis, from the time when it laid the foundation of its fortune in the fur trade, has always been a depot and market for grain, flour, hemp, and tobacco ; and, although the manufactures of the city are important and increasing, St. Louis still gains the chief part of its livelihood by dealing in natural products. The great Exchange room, where the twenty-five hundred ruling business men of the place daily meet for an hour and a half, is a refreshing scene to the worn slave of the desk who may chance to witness it. Here, along the sides of the long room, are tables covered with little tin pans, containing samples of corn, wheat of all grades and colors, flour, meal, oats, barley, beans, bran, seeds, apples, dried apples, salt ; on other tables are hams, samples of hemp, wool, and cotton, bottles of coal oil, lard, lard oil, lubricating oil, currying oil, specimens of rope, and many other such commodities. What fine, fresh, hearty-looking men ! Here are the millers, with their ruddy faces and light-colored clothes, who superintended the grinding of those 820,000 barrels of flour in 1866, and whose honesty and good sense have made the St. Louis brands the favorites in all the flour marts of the country. Here are the buyers of grain, each in his accustomed place, to whom come sellers bearing pans of wheat, which the buyer runs his hand through, asks the price and the quantity, and indicates, by a shake

or a nod of the head, whether he takes or declines it. These men of the St. Louis Exchange do not know as much, do not think and read as much, do not push and advertise and vaunt as much, as those who frequent the Exchange of Chicago ; but they have that something about them which makes the charm of the farmer and the country gentleman. Evidently they take life more easily than their rivals farther north. Much of their talk is in an unknown tongue. When they are speaking of tobacco, they describe the varieties of that article in such terms as the following : " scraps," " lugs," " factory lugs," " planters' lugs," " medium shipping leaf," " choice manufacturing," " dark fillers," " bright fillers," " black wrappers," " fancy leaf." We must not omit to record that the standard of commercial honor has always been high at St. Louis, and that its merchants have rather inclined to an excess of caution than to an excess of enterprise. As the brand of " St. Louis " upon a barrel of flour adds to its commercial value, so the name of St. Louis upon a merchant's card facilitates his way to confidence and credit in other cities.

What, then, of the reckless steamboating ? St. Louis has at least the candor to publish every year a catalogue of all the steamers and barges sunk, burnt, and exploded on the rivers. During the year 1866 the explosions were seven in number ; twenty-two steamboats were burnt ; forty-nine were sunk and lost ; twelve were sunk and raised ; twenty-nine barges were sunk ; — one hundred and nineteen casualties in all. Judging from our intercourse with the manly and agreeable fellows who command and pilot the St. Louis steamboats, we should not suppose that they had any very decided taste for being blown a hundred feet in the air, nor any marked inclination to have their property and credit submerged in the thick waters of the Mississippi. Such is the competition among owners for competent pilots, that the best pilots now command seven hun-

dred dollars a month, and each boat must have two. For the explosions there is no excuse; for the conflagrations, there is some; for the sinkings, there is enough. A Western steamboat is as combustible as a theatre; there is in the midst of it a raging volcano; and the whole mass of fire and fuel is rushing through the air at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. One stray spark, unobserved for ten minutes, suffices to kindle a blaze which nothing can quench but the river's rolling flood. These fires can be prevented only by a systematic and sleepless vigilance, which the Southwestern man does not take to easily. But learn it they must and will.

Recently, they have introduced upon the great rivers of the West the tow-boat and barge system, as we have it upon the Hudson. Tow-boats of immense power, which carry no freight, draw after them and around them, like a duck surrounded by her family, five, ten, or fifteen spacious barges, loaded with grain, cotton, and passengers. On arriving at a town, the fleet stops only long enough to let go one barge, and take on another. Nor is there any stopping for fuel, for the tow-boat is large enough to contain a supply for the voyage. Such is the saving of time, by avoiding hours' delay at each of the principal landings and the frequent stoppings for fuel, that the tow-boats, with ten loaded barges attached to them, make the trip from St. Louis to New Orleans in six days, which is just the time usually taken by the fastest passenger boats. In this way such commodities as grain can be conveyed in bulk, — a great economy, — and the voyage on the Mississippi is rendered almost as safe as upon the Delaware. It is the tow-boat, in the van of the floating mass, that incurs most of the perils of the river, and all those of the boiler. The system is a prodigious economy. One of those large passenger boats on the Mississippi is run at an expense of a thousand dollars a day, and it wastes half its time in waiting for freight. A tow-boat capable

of towing ten barges expends but two hundred dollars a day, and wastes fewer hours than a passenger boat wastes days.

That Mississippi River, dull and harmless as it usually looks, is one of the most unmanageable things in nature, and supplies the towns upon its banks with that element of peril that is a universal concomitant of human life. It never knows its own mind two years together, and rolls about in its soft bed like a sick hippopotamus. One year it floods a town, or slices off a few acres of it; the next, it threatens to leave it and seek another channel. Even St. Louis, though safe from floods, has been obliged to use considerable compulsion to keep the river from floundering over toward the Illinois shore, and leaving the Levee a dry joke to the Chicagonese forever. Every ten or fifteen years, too, the river rises high enough to pour in at the front doors of the stores at the top of the Levee, which are needlessly near the channel. The elders of the town remember the time when the flood was threatening, and Edwin Forrest was acting, both on the same evening; and, as often as the curtain went down, the men would rush out of doors to hear the last news from the river, and when the play was over, the entire audience hurried pellmell to the Levee to see for themselves whose cellars were flooded, and into whose second-story windows the water was pouring.

The ice, too, is a thing of terror at St. Louis. It does no harm while it is forming, nor as long as it remains firm. On the contrary, it furnishes a convenient bridge, over which, for a month sometimes, the heaviest loads are safely drawn. It is the breaking up that does the mischief. Along the gently curving edge of the Levee, a hundred steamboats have their noses in the sand, and their hulls fixed aslant in the thickest ice. Ropes and cables fasten some to the shore; others, for experiment's sake, are held by light ropes, or by none. In the middle of the river a few boats are anchored, — also as an

experiment, — and others line the opposite shore. The ice gives no warning of the coming change, and, by degrees, the vigilance of the thousands who have reason to contemplate its breaking up with dread is relaxed. Suddenly, when no one is thinking of the river, a voice is heard crying, "IT MOVES!"

All eyes are turned to the ice. It is a horrid circumstance of the breaking up, that, when the ice begins to go, it moves in an entire mass, so slowly and so silently that, for several minutes, no inexperienced person can discern the motion. The boy that first noticed the movement of the ice in 1866 was scolded by the by-standers for making a false alarm. As soon as it becomes certain that the ice has started, the fire-bells ring, and all the city hurries to the Levee, to prevent or witness the destruction of the steamboats. The broad sheet of ice, two or three feet thick, as it glides along, soon begins to bring a fearful strain upon the line of boats. *Something* must give way. Nothing can stop the motion of the ice, that has hundreds of miles of ice behind it, pressing it on. Suddenly the silence is broken; the ice cracks; fissures yawn; some boats are crushed like paper; others are drawn bodily under the sheet; others are thrown violently against one another; some are forced partly upon the ice. Meanwhile the owners and officers of the boats, aided by the firemen and citizens, are making desperate exertions to save their property, and the whole Levee, as far as the eye can reach, is a scene of excitement and consternation. At the breaking up of the ice in 1866, seventeen steamboats were crushed and sunk in a few minutes. It is within the compass of human ability to provide a remedy for this annual danger. St. Louis must put on its thinking-cap and consider it.

If there is any one who regards the Roman Catholic Church as an institution that has nearly played its part in this world, a short residence at St. Louis will dispel the delusion. The Catholics, French, German, and Irish, are

nearly one half the population; and the property of the Church, in buildings and lands, is estimated at fifteen millions of dollars. From the single tent in which the mass was first celebrated on the site of the city one hundred years ago, succeeded soon by a small church of logs, the number of places of worship has increased, until now there are twenty-nine Catholic churches and chapels, while no other sect has more than nine. Nor have the Catholics there wasted their resources in the erection of churches prematurely splendid. The force of the church in St. Louis is expended in the education of youth, in the care of the sick, in reclaiming the fallen, in providing refuge for the unfortunate. The following catalogue of the Roman Catholic institutions of the city tells a story that may well excite reflection in the Protestant mind.

St. Louis University. 25 professors; 322 students; libraries, 21,000 volumes.

Convent and Academy of the Sacred Heart. Community, 52; number of pupils, 140; pupils in the parish school, 140.

Convent and Academy of the Visitation. Community, 64; number of boarders in Academy, 107.

Ursuline Convent and Academy. Community, 42; candidates, 5; number of boarders, 70.

Mother House and Academy of Sisters of St. Joseph. Community, 66; pupils, 135.

Convent and Academy of Sisters of St. Joseph. Pupils, 250; number in schools for colored pupils, 50.

College of the Christian Brothers. 40 brothers; 500 pupils.

St. Louis Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Number in community, 28; 400 patients.

Orphan Asylum of St. Philomena, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Community, 11; orphans, 85.

St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Community, 12; orphans, 150.

Biddle Infant Asylum and Lying-in Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of

Charity. Community, 13; women in asylum, 20; infants, 70.

Widows' House. Number of widows, 30.

St. Vincent's Institute for the Insane, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. 100 patients.

House of the Angel Guardian for Females, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. 83 girls.

Mulanphy Orphan Asylum for Females, conducted by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Orphans, 24.

Male Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. Orphans, 350.

St. Vincent's German Male and Female Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. 100 orphans.

St. Bridget's Half-Orphan Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. 125 orphans.

Female School of St. Vincent, conducted by the Sisters of Charity. 13 in community; 100 pupils.

House of the Good Shepherd, St. Louis, to which is attached the House of the Third Order of St. Theresa, for penitents. 100 penitents; 36 Magdalen; 43 in community.

St. Joseph's Convent. 8 professed; 5 novices; 2 postulants; 4 lay sisters.

House of Protection (40 inmates), and Free School, 150 children, conducted by Sisters of Mercy.

La Salle Institute, Reformatory for Boys, conducted by the Christian Brothers. 7 brothers; 30 pupils.

Convent of the Carmelite Nuns.

Deaf and Dumb Asylum, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Add to these, seventeen parish schools, of which the smallest has 165 pupils, and the largest, 1,000.

This does not look like exhaustion. A very large number of the pupils in the convent schools — fully one third, it is thought — are children of Protestant parents; and an impression is made upon their minds in those pleasant and serene abodes, under that still, but effective discipline, and in the total absence of the repellent Sabbatarian

spirit, which often ends in their "conversion." We shall not soon forget a delightful hour spent in one of the great convent schools of St. Louis. How clean, how bright, how tranquil the place! We Protestants, who only see nuns passing along the streets, with their ugly bonnets, their black dresses, and their downcast eyes, are apt to conclude that a nun must be a forlorn and melancholy being. They do not appear such in their convent homes. We found the Sisters of the "Visitation" witty, high-bred, well-informed ladies, full of pleasant badinage and innocent fun. How could they, indeed, be other than very happy women, with their future secure, with an arduous, noble employment, and with that tide of young and joyous life streaming in every morning at the doors of their abode? The Catholic priests, too, — they really do not appear to be the terrible creatures that some of us think them to be.

But come, reader, let us visit one of them together. It will do us good who never before spoke with a Catholic priest, still less entered a Catholic parsonage. The house is not as large nor as elegantly furnished as the residences of the Protestant preachers; but it is sufficiently comfortable. A robust and middle-aged housekeeper shows us into a library arranged for work rather than enjoyment. We notice all the familiar books, and there is nothing in the room peculiar, except a crucifix before the writing-desk and a few engravings of a Catholic cast. And what is this yellow-covered pamphlet on the table? Can it be? It is the last number of the Westminster Review! Enter, a stout, handsome, healthy-looking gentleman, in the house attire of a priest, evidently a gentleman and man of the world. The yellow-covered Review is a convenient subject of conversation, and we soon discover that the "Church" reciprocates the friendly feeling of the "Rationalists," and is duly sensible of the fairness and candor of the Westminster when it treats of the Catholic Church. Extremes meet. The intelligent and thinking portion of the Catho-

lic clergy appear to be of opinion that there are but two consistent persons in the world; namely, the Roman Catholic who surrenders his reason, and the Rationalist who uses it. They are perfectly aware, also, of the immense advantage which the Catholic Church derives from the restraints imposed by the narrower Protestants upon the enjoyment of such innocent pleasures as dancing and the drama. Here again extremes meet. This excellent priest remarked upon the demoralizing influence of ascetic Protestantism and of the "moral strait-jacket" of the Evangelical school, just as Theodore Parker did in Boston, and as Robert Collyer does at Chicago.

"Does the Catholic Church expect again to rule Christendom, and absorb at length all the sects, and the Westminster Review as well?"

"The Catholic Church will never cease to claim that she is the sole divinely appointed and infallible teacher of God's will to men."

"But these Western men will never surrender their understandings."

"Nor will I mine. The Church says, Use your reason so far as to examine her credentials. Nor then does she require blind submission. The Church gives a reason for all that she demands, and leaves nothing unexplained, except the unexplainable. In the teachings of the Catholic Church I find nothing contrary to my reason, though I find much that is above and beyond my reason; nor can I see any halting-place between the Catholic faith and utter unbelief."

A long and most instructive conversation with this gifted and genial clergyman confirmed us in the impression that certain Protestant practices and beliefs are giving the Catholics a considerable advantage in the Western country. The great free West, however, will never be Catholic; since the incredible doctrines of that Church neutralize the power of its exquisite organization, and its organization is so interwoven with its doctrines that the Church cannot revise its creed without destroying itself. The Western man will never

abdicate his right to think. The priest may indeed convert the howling dervishes of the camp-meeting into orderly worshippers, and may allure the negro by the splendor of his vestments and the pomp of his ceremonies. But the intelligent and ruling minds of the West will be forever beyond his reach.

The basis of the civilization of St. Louis, then, is Catholic. But the progressive and propelling institutions are well rooted there, and no one need fear for the future of the city. The public-school system is in vigorous operation, and is sustained by the public opinion of the State. Governor Fletcher, who presides with so much ability over the interests of Missouri, is its devoted friend. The Washington University, founded on the principle of absolute and entire toleration, has already a considerable endowment, a handsome edifice, and a most enlightened and patriotic corps of professors. It is destined to play a leading part in the higher education of the Southwest. One of the largest and most respectable of the Protestant churches in St. Louis is the Unitarian, the pastor of which, Dr. William G. Eliot, is the ally and champion of everything that makes for the good of the Southwest. For many years there has been a Mercantile Library in the city, which has now nearly thirty thousand volumes. Its principal room, which is more a gallery than a library, contains sixty-eight works of art, all of which are interesting, and many excellent. It was at St. Louis that Harriet Hosmer found her most liberal patron, Mr. Wayman Crow, under whose auspices she studied and practised her art in the city; and it is in this Library that the largest collection of her works is to be found. St. Louis is proud of Miss Hosmer, and claims a kind of property in her fame. The chief newspapers of the city are the "Missouri Democrat," of Republican politics, and the "Missouri Republican," of Democratic politics, both conducted with much spirit and at great expense. The Democrat is fighting the fight of the Union in the Southwest ably and gallantly, and

in circumstances which entitle it to the special favor of Northern advertisers. To Unionize the South, all we need is a wise, kind, moderate, but thorough-going Union daily newspaper in each of the large towns. The medical profession, in which many of the calomelists still linger in all the Western cities, is undergoing at St. Louis that revolution to common sense which has been progressing all over the civilized world during the last twenty years. The leader of the new school is that brilliant young surgeon, William Tod Helmuth, who, from his habit of enlivening the banquet with humorous poems, is sometimes styled the Oliver Wendell Holmes of St. Louis. It is comforting to know that so powerful an enemy of drugs has

the largest practice west of the Alleghany Mountains, and that under his patronage a Medical School for the inculcation of anti-calomel principles has been founded.

How interesting the spectacle of those rising cities of the West! How cheering to discover that the ruling minds in them all are alive to the fact that posterity, to the remotest ages, will be affected by what the men do who control the cities that they are now forming! Why this rage to visit the Old World? Since we are assured that good Americans when they die go to Paris, why not defer Paris till then, and see in this life the seats of future empire in the West? Nothing could so cheer and expand an American citizen.

THE RED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I PASSED it yesterday again,
The school-house by the river,
Where you and I were children, Jane,
And used to glow and shiver,
In heats of June, December's frost,
And where, in rainy weather,
The swollen road-side brook we crossed
So many times together.

I felt the trickle of the rain
From your wet ringlets dripping;
I caught your blue eye's twinkle, Jane,
When we were nearly slipping;
And thought, while you in fear and glee
Were clinging to my shoulder,
"O, will she trust herself to me,
When we are ten years older?"

For I was full of visions vain,
The boy's romantic hunger:
You were the whole school's darling, Jane,
And many summers younger.
Your head a cherub's used to look,
With sunbeams on it lying,
Bent downward to your spelling-book,
For long and hard words prying.

The mountains through the window-pane
Showered over you their glory :
The awkward farm-boy loved you, Jane, —
You know the old, old story !
I never watch the sunset now
Upon those misty ranges,
But your bright lips and cheek and brow
Gleam out from all its changes.

I wonder if you see that chain
On memory's dim horizon.
There 's not a lovelier picture, Jane,
To rest even your sweet eyes on.
The Haystacks each an airy tent ;
The Notch a gate of splendor ;
And river, sky, and mountain blent
In twilight radiance tender.

I wonder — with a flitting pain —
If thoughts of me, returning,
Are mingled with the mountains, Jane :
I stifle down that yearning.
A rich man's wife, on you no claim
Have I, lost dreams to rally :
Yet Pemigewasset sings your name
Along its winding valley ; —

And once I hoped that for us twain
Might fall one calm life-closing ;
That Campton Hills might guard us, Jane,
In one green grave reposing.
They say the old man's heart is rock :
You never thought so, never !
And, loving you alone, I lock
The school-house door forever.

A VENETIAN EXPERIENCE.

"AND now for Venice," I exclaimed, as we caught up our carpet-bags and umbrellas, and walked down the sloping way that led from the depot to the Canal Grande. "What will become of us? Shall we be seized upon bodily and put into a coffin-like gondola, to be carried off nobody knows where by horrible-looking men who will talk a *patois* which my poor Italian will never aid me in comprehending?"

"My dear," remarked my husband, solemnly, "depend upon it, we shall meet a commissioner."

And there he was, the inevitable commissioner, with his, "The Hotel Europa, signora, — yes, monsieur, I am the commissioner of the Hotel, — this way, signora, — your checks for the luggage, — all safe, — take the cover off that gondola, — a few soldi, signore, for the old man with the hook."

I made a quiet grimace under my veil, looked compassionately at my fellow-traveller, who hates to be taken care of, but whose ignorance of Italian renders him helpless, and then tried to realize the fact that I was in a gondola, black, coffin-like, as I had pictured it to myself, and that these were gondoliers, stooping to their oars with the strange motion I had tried to imagine, as I looked at the pictures of Venice. And their language, — could I understand it? I shut my eyes and listened. *Victoria!* it was no more difficult than what I had heard from our *conduttori* in Florence, or from our beggars in Rome. I looked well at our gondoliers. One was a fine-looking young fellow, whose good looks, however, were strangely at variance with my preconceived ideas of Italian beauty, — light brown hair and small blue eyes, and a figure like a youthful Hercules. The other was far more like my notion of a gondolier, — a dark, lithe form, and sharp, Italian features; but then he was forty years old, and remarkably dirty. I determined to employ that gondola during our stay in

Venice. Number seventy, — I should speak about it. And here we were at the hotel, an old palazzo, with circular blocks of bright marbles let into the walls, making them glorious with indestructible color; the carved and fluted balconies projecting over the canal; and, strangest of all, the everyday doorsteps which led down into the water, and which received us like old friends as we stepped out of the gondola.

"But where are St. Mark's and the Piazza?" I exclaimed, after I had stood gazing from the window some minutes, in a silence interrupted only by woman-like exclamations of "Beautiful! exquisite! charming!" to the evident delight of our landlord, who stood by, proud, as he had a right to be, of his beautiful city.

"It is within a few minutes' walk of the hotel, signora."

"Walk! Can you walk in Venice?"

"Si, signora; I'll send a porter with you when you like to go."

"I shall go at once, while we are waiting for dinner."

My husband shrugged his shoulders, and I followed my porter through narrow, paved streets, by sharp turnings, past a half-dozen beggars, whose laughing lips belied their sad eyes, into the Ducal Square, and there before me stood St. Mark's, glorious with the coloring of a Venetian sunset in spring-time, more like a heathen temple than a place of Christian worship.

"What is the cathedral like?" my husband deigned to inquire, after he had finished his soup.

"Like nothing I ever saw before. No more like a cathedral than like a cotton factory. A long, low building, rich with color; red and purple marbles, strange Byzantine mosaics of virgins, saints, and prophets, I suppose; but they look more like monstrous Indian idols than anything else; then there are domes, such as you see in

pictures of Mohammedan mosques and queer caryatides of porphyry, holding heavy columns on their heads, and low arches of no use at all, that I can see, and spires that stretch into the sky for nothing, and horrible faces that grin at you, and flocks of pigeons that fly in and out among the carvings, and dazzle your eyes; but still the whole is beautiful as a jewel set in the golden sunshine."

"Did you go in?"

"O yes; and saw the same thing inside. It was like a dream of some far-off Eastern country; all strange and bewildering; the chanting for vespers sounded different from the Romish chants; the priests looked strange in the dim light, and there were the same uncouth figures and wild carvings and bright colorings all round me. I stood back behind the railing, where the church was lighted only by a chandelier, which made a Greek cross every way you looked at it, (the lamp, I mean,) and do you know the floor is all in waves, up and down, enough to make you sea-sick. The porter said it was to represent the waves of the sea, but I believe the piles on which the church was built have given way."

"Bless me! I must go and see it," said my husband, whom a hard fact always interested.

"Certainly, we must go a great many times, and don't you think it would be a good thing to engage the gondola that brought us here for all the time we are in Venice? People always do that."

"What for? There are plenty of gondolas."

"But you know if we changed boatmen I might not be able to understand them, and then we should need a commissioner. Now, I shall soon get used to the voices of these men; and then they look intelligent, and can explain everything to us as well as a *valet de place*. It would be cheaper too," added I, clinching the nail after I had driven it in.

I gained my point, and we took number seventy.

It is strange how communicative the

lower class of Italians are. In half an hour I had learned to call our young fair-haired gondolier Antonio; I knew that Pietro was his uncle; that they were both for Victor Emanuel; that they were not certain how to feel towards Garibaldi; that they had but one political wish, one hope, one certainty, indeed, that the day would come when *il Re Galantuomo* would come to Venice.

"Signora," said Antonio, "if I see that day, the saints may take me to themselves the next; and I *shall* see it," continued he.

"But would you not rather see Garibaldi?" persisted I.

"*Non so, signora*; the Neapolitans like Garibaldi, but we of Venice are not sure that he is a good friend to Vittore Emmanuele."

"And you are sure that the king will come?"

"Sure, signora! Venice will not belong to Austria long."

"But is not the Emperor kind to you? has he not done something for Venice?"

"Signora, no. He does everything for Trieste. They tell me that Trieste has bigger ships now than Venice,— Venice that was so great. And he sends our soldiers far away to the north, while the Tedeschi are here in our streets. If the signora will listen to the soldiers as they pass, she will know that they are all *forestieri*."

"What would you do," said I to Antonio, "if Victor Emanuel should come?"

"I, signora? I would go and fight under him, as long as I had a drop of blood in my veins. And," continued he, changing his tone and gestures of enthusiasm to a shrug of the shoulders and a merry laugh, "my uncle Pietro would pray for him."

After two days of sight-seeing, my husband gave in his adhesion to number seventy.

"You seem to have hit upon very intelligent gondoliers; but, my dear, were you not talking to them about Victor Emanuel, this morning? I

would not talk politics, if I were you."

"Why, what possible harm can it do? And if they talk freely, how can I help it?"

"Well, well, I don't know; these people seem in such an excited state that you might get into trouble."

"O, I'll take good care of myself," said I, determined to go on, with that rashness in real dangers by which women make up for their timidity in imaginary ones. "Never mind what I talk about, it is all good for my Italian; and, thanks to my Italian, I have found a washerwoman. Antonio promises to send me one; and do you know he blushed so when he spoke, and looked so bashfully at Pietro, that I imagine there must be some tender feeling at the bottom of his praise of Giulietta's washing. 'She will make the clothes as white as the lady's hands,' was the pretty way in which he put it. Really, these Italians are poets and gentlemen by nature."

"Especially the beggars you meet in the streets," laughed my husband. "Don't expect me to fall into all your enthusiasms about these lazy people."

This was so provoking that I made a merit to myself of holding my tongue, and fell to weaving a romance about Antonio and Giulietta, which lasted till the chambermaid opened my door, introducing "La lavandera, signora." Nor was my romance overwrought, as far as the beauty of the heroine was concerned. Giulietta had the lovely face that I had seen in some of the Tuscan peasants, and among the contadine who come to Rome on a *festa*, making the streets bright with their gay costume. I was half in love myself, and was sure that Antonio was quite so. I could not rest without an attempt at investigation.

"It was our gondolier, Antonio, who recommended you," I began, after we had translated into Italian my English list.

"Si, signora," said the soft, Venetian voice.

"He is a brother, perhaps?"

"No, signora."

"Then a cousin?"

"No, signora."

My heart misgave me as I looked at the blushing face and remembered how little right I had to interrogate; but chance and time did for me what I was too shy to do for myself. Giulietta grew more confiding as weeks passed on, and as she became more familiar with the bad Italian in which I asked her innumerable questions about the ways of living, the business, the amusements of the Venetian people, about herself and her home; and one day the whole story came, with a gush of words which proved how ready she was to pour her troubles into any sympathizing ear.

"I know, signora, how kind you have been to Antonio, and may the Blessed Mother of Heaven reward you for your goodness to me; but all your kindness, nobody's kindness, can make us happy now, for Franz says —"

"But who is Franz? I never heard of Franz before"; — for Giulietta had talked to me often of her mother, who worked so hard at the washing every day; of her little brothers, who gave her so much trouble by hiding among the boats, and going off with the boatmen, when they were under her charge; of her little sister Agnese, who was like an angel in heaven for goodness, and who was as lovely as Saint Agnes herself; but Franz was a new name.

"I will tell you all, signora. I know I have been a very foolish girl, and deserve to suffer something, but not all this misery. Antonio's father and mother have a little garden on the island of Lido. You saw it, you know, the day you walked across the island to the great water on the other side. Ebbene, signora, they are great friends of ours, and when I was little, there was no treat like going to Lido on a feast-day; and the fathers and mothers would sit in the little arbor with the bottle of wine and the dish of polenta, while Antonio and I were by the sea-shore gathering such lovely little shells. The signora saw the net I wore last Sunday when I brought the clothes? Well, Antonio made that out of the shells we gathered

in those happy times. But that was long ago; and when I grew older, — yes, I will say it, — I liked better to go to the regattas and to see the Policinello on the Riva dei Schiavoni, and to dance at the festa, and to talk from our windows with the young gondoliers, than to spend all my Sundays at Lido, where all was so quiet, and old Pietro — you know him — was always questioning me about my religious duties, and had I been to confession and to early prayers. So I think that was what made Antonio a gondolier, *cosa terribile* for his parents, who wanted him to take the little garden from them; for they made money in raising vegetables for the hotels in Venice. And I don't know why, signora, but his going against his parents to please me, instead of making me love him more, as it ought to have done, only made me cross and proud. And then came Franz. Franz is a kind, good fellow; I ought to say that; but no more like Antonio! He is a sergeant in one of the Austrian regiments, and at first I liked his fine clothes, so gay, with the white tunic; and he used to hire a boat and take mother and me to see the regattas, and land us at the public garden, and give us ices; and I laughed when Antonio said he was an Austrian and one of our tyrants, and that no true Venetian girl would even look at him; but I did not laugh when *la mare* said I should marry him because he could give me a good home far away in that cold German land, where I should never see Venice again, and where I and my children would really be Austrians. No, indeed, I would rather starve to death in Venice than live like a princess there. And mother was very angry, and told old Lisa, Antonio's mother, how badly I had behaved when I had such a chance of making them all comfortable; for Franz is really well off, and would leave the army and do something for the boys. And I was very unhappy, — no, not very," she continued, blushing to her hair; "for that trouble brought me back Antonio. Old Lisa told him that night, to prove, she said, how ungrateful all

children are to their parents, who have done so much for them; and the next morning, signora, as I was going to morning mass at the cathedral, before mother went to her washing, there, under the column of the lion, — there was Antonio. And I have not been so unhappy since then. But Franz, he will not listen to anybody but mother, and lately — Does the signora know that they talk about war in Austria, — war with some country at the far north, and *then*, Antonio says, *il Re Galantuomo* will come. O, if he did not care so much about Italy, — if he did not hate the Tedeschi so fiercely! And, signora, last night Franz came in and said that war was really to begin, and that his officers said the Emperor would fill up his army here and send the men far off to the north to fight with the enemy. Antonio would never fight under the Austrians; he would kill himself first," said poor Giulietta, breaking down into a passion of tears.

I could give her very little comfort, for I knew that all she said of the war was only too true. Nay, I knew more than she did. I knew that the first decided step of the Kaiser König towards war with Prussia would rouse all Italy to arms, and that, in such a case, Venice might be the scene of a fearful struggle. It had been only the night before that my husband and myself had held a long and anxious conversation as to how much longer we could venture to stay in Venice; but the business which brought my husband here threw him constantly in contact with the Austrian authorities, and this contact, he argued, would make it easy for him to leave at any time.

"All this intercourse of mine, my dear, ought to make us more careful not to show any active sympathy with these discontented Italians: it would be a sort of breach of hospitality. Don't you think so?"

My difficulty was that I did not want to think so, so I left him to his business and betook myself to my gondola, in which I floated for glorious days and weeks, and learned to know Venice

well. I learned more, as my gondoliers gained confidence in me. I learned to interpret aright the ominous silence that hung over Venice, — learned to listen to the rumors that went before the fact, which told of Victor Emanuel's preparations for war, of the calls for Garibaldi which rose through Italy, — learned the meaning of the various signs made by the gondoliers as they passed each other, — learned that the great heart of the common people was roused again, and that hope had taken the place of despair. I believe I betrayed no confidence, told no political news that my husband's position enabled him to hear before others; but all information that I gained legitimately, through the newspapers, through letters, through conversation, I felt I had the right to repeat to my humble friends; so that our gondola was marked as the boat of "*la signora che ama l'Italia.*" Ah! beautiful Venice, that I love so much, how often have I drifted through thy streets of palaces, — streets whose echoes are never wakened by vulgar noise of commerce, rumbling cart, or tramp of heavy draught-horse, — where I met kindly eyes turned towards me, and heard blessings and prayers uttered for me in the soft dialect of the lagoons!

It was on a bright Sunday morning that I fulfilled a promise I had often made Antonio, to take a lunch of macaroni and fresh salads at his mother's garden at Lido, "with such cheese, signora! Ah, there is nobody like old Lisa for macaroni!" and cheese! Notwithstanding all I knew of her causes for anxiety, I was not prepared for the air and tone of deep depression with which old Lisa greeted me, nor could I understand the warning glance which Antonio gave his mother.

"You need not look so at me, Toni," she burst out; "*la signora* is a good friend, and knows what a mother feels. The saints themselves and the Blessed Mother of God have pity on a mother when her son is headstrong, and thinks of anything rather than of staying at home and taking care of those that be-

long to him. Yes, signora mia, I have thanked the saints each night on my knees, the saints who put it into Antonio's head to be a gondolier against his father's will and my prayers, because I know the gondoliers will not be drafted by the Emperor, who is a good Emperor enough, if the people of Venice would think so. And now Antonio declares he will not stay; he will join the Italians; he will join that Garibaldi, with the red shirt, that I thought was safe at Caprera; he will do anything, except his duty to his mother. Oime, signora!" — and she ended with a great sob, which shook her fat frame as she leaned over the fire to give the required stir to the macaroni.

Pietro whispered to me, "We hear — we heard last night at a meeting, I cannot tell you where — that Italy was arming, that Garibaldi was to leave Caprera; and, signora, so many have left Venice, and Antonio declares he will go; he told old Lisa last night, but she would not listen to him." He raised his voice. "Lisa must go to the blessed San Teodoro for comfort. He will help her when her son is fighting for Venice. — But the lady will not come here again, if she gets only sobs and groans instead of a welcome."

"The signora is always welcome," said Lisa, with the ready courtesy of an Italian peasant. "She knows how her gracious face makes our house happy. And here is the macaroni; and look at the salad, Pietro, — it is only our garden through all the island that grows such salad."

I ate a luncheon hearty enough to bring back the smiles to Lisa's broad face, and then ventured to say, "You love Italy, I am sure, Lisa; you are not an Austrian; you would not have Antonio stay at home like a coward, whilst the other young men are fighting for Italy; you would not have him dressed in a white coat like the Tedeschi?"

"No, signora, no; but he might stay quietly with his gondola that he was so fond of when I wanted him to work at home in the garden."

"But, Lisa, we old people must not

expect young ones to be as reasonable as we are."

"The signora who calls herself old! It is old Lisa who should do that,—not the signora, who is young yet," said she as I passed through the little gate.

Antonio stood respectfully waiting. "Might I go with the signora? There are so many people on Sunday."

He walked by my side silent for a longer time than ever before. At last the rapid words came. "Yes, signora, I must go; even Pietro says so. What my mother says is true,—that the gondoliers will not be drafted till the last; but could I stay here? The signora cannot know, nobody knows but ourselves, how many have gone already,—the young nobles, the tradespeople's sons, *i poveri giovani*, everybody,—and I cannot stay."

"But Giulietta," I was cruel enough to say.

"Ah, Giulietta mia! And then there is that hateful Franz to be near her. But Giulietta would despise me if I stayed; she loves Venice as well as I do."

"You cannot go, Antonio; you will be missed from your gondola. Did you not tell me they were all numbered and registered?"

"But Pietro can find a man to take my place,—a poor man with a wife and children, who is trembling now lest he should be drafted; and no one would know the difference, if he keeps quiet a little. And quiet enough the gondoliers will soon be, with no strangers here. The signora herself will soon go."

That was true enough. We were to go in a week or two.

"But can you go? How do these young men get away?"

"They disappear, signora," said Antonio, with a meaning look. "But I will tell you how I can go, with your help, signora,—you who are so good to the poor Italians. Il Signore Giusti,—he is the oldest son of the house,—he goes on Tuesday; he has a passport,—one left him by an English signor; and no one speaks English like the noble Giusti; he can pass the officials, and he will take me with him as his servant.

I need not open my lips. I know that English servants never open their lips before their masters. They only sit with their arms crossed and with white gloves on, and I can do that," he continued, laughing,— "only," his face changed, "I have no English clothes. If the noble lady would let me have a suit from il signore! Giulietta would pay for them in the washing."

"You shall have them, of course. No matter for that. I will not listen to Giulietta's working for them,—certainly not."

Antonio's rapid flow of thanks, in which my name was coupled with all the Italian wealth of grateful epithet, fell heavily upon my ears as we walked rapidly back to the gondola. In my eagerness to repel the thought of taking any of Giulietta's hard-earned wages, I had committed myself to Antonio; nor, with all my sympathies awake for him, could I be sorry that I had done so; yet had I not promised my husband to take no active steps in regard to the political troubles, or, if I did not promise in words, was not my silent listening to his charge an implied promise? Yet I was doing nothing, only giving away a suit of old clothes,—a thing I had done a hundred times before. I would tell him as soon as I got home. No, I would not tell him, men are so queer, so unreasonable; he might say it was interfering with what we had no right to touch; he might even begin to talk that nonsense about a breach of the laws of hospitality,—I was stealing a soldier from Francis Joseph. 'And I will do it,' continued I, roused by the thought. 'I will do my little to help Italy,—I can only take the scolding afterwards.' We were nearing the hotel.

"Giulietta will come for the washing to-night, and you will be in the gondola to-morrow; perhaps the signora will go to the Armenian Convent to-morrow, Pietro."

Antonio's eyes looked very beseechingly at me. "Yes, yes, I will go," and I ran up the stairs rapidly, hoping to rid myself of the troublesome questions which conscience kept proposing to me.

Conscience was put quietly down by evening; the clothes, a gray suit which I detested, were folded closely, and laid with the soiled linen; everything was there, — hat, gloves, neck-tie, the best outfit for an English valet that could be found in an American gentleman's wardrobe, — and I awaited Giulietta's coming with a determination to do my best to comfort her. Poor thing, she needed comfort. She had so constrained herself to look as usual during her walk through the streets, and her passage through the crowd of waiters at the hotel, that the shutting of my chamber door was a signal for a burst of tears and suppressed sobs that shook her frame all over as she sank down by my bedside.

"It is not that I would keep him, *signora mia*; he must go. But oh! what will become of us all? And my mother scolds me because I will not look at Franz, — but I never will, never, — and when Antonio is safe away, I shall tell Franz everything. He is not bad, Franz is not, and he will not be hard upon me; but Antonio — if I never should see him again — if he is killed —" and her sobs burst out afresh.

I tried to comfort her. I told her of my own home, of the terrible war that had raged there, of the women who had given up their nearest and dearest for their country, of the happy return of the soldiers. I said nothing of those who never came back, of the mothers whose weeping had torn my heart; but I told her of my own blessing in receiving back my loved ones, and Giulietta's sobs ceased, and her eyes shone out again with something like hope as she rose from her seat. I almost made her laugh as I poured out some cologne in the basin, in which she might bathe her eyes, and she quite laughed at my admiration of the wealth of black hair which must all come down to be braided again smoothly over her face.

Then we packed the clothes, and put the tall stove-pipe hat in the middle of the basket, and piled it in and around with small articles, while I thought a little of Falstaff, and a little more of Vene-

tian conspiracies and the Lion's Mouth and the Council of Ten, and Giulietta talked almost merrily of Antonio's handsome curls crowned by that civilized ugliness.

It was Wednesday, and Antonio had gone. I had spent all Tuesday morning in the gondola; we had gone to the Armenian Convent, where I had been shown Lord Byron's books, the room in which he studied, the chapel, the library with its wonderful books in all languages, the printing-office and its polyglot fonts of type; we had taken the whole length of the Canal Grande, and the Giudecca, and Antonio had exchanged his jest with every gondolier he met, until I felt that all Venice must be thoroughly aware of his presence. He had borne himself bravely too; there had been but one allusion to Giulietta, — it was when we parted, — parted with simply a friendly nod of good morning on my part, and a bow, with "*Addio, signora; non, a rivederla,*" on his. Still I had found time to say, as he was helping me out of the gondola, "Don't be afraid for Giulietta; I will do my best for her," — and to receive a grateful look from his blue eyes as I entered the hotel.

The Wednesday morning had found me again in the gondola, but in Antonio's place stood an awkward young fellow who needed all Pietro's teachings to enable him to guide the long black gondola through the narrow turnings. I think I ran some little risk of being upset that day, but I am not naturally timid, and I considered that my risk was run for Italy!

Next morning I had more to endure for Italy. The first words that greeted my sleepy senses were "My dear, where have you put my gray clothes? I can't find them in the wardrobe nor in the trunk."

"The gray suit? — you don't mean to put it on, surely; you look horrid in it; it does n't fit, and is so very unbecoming; besides, it is fairly shabby."

"That's the reason I like it. One is always comfortable in old clothes, and it fits well enough. I mean to

travel all the way home in those clothes. They will be just fit for a sea suit by the time we reach Liverpool."

At these words I took my courage in both hands, and, half-laughing, for I was really not much afraid, I said, "Well, my dear, you can't travel in them, for I have given them away, — given them to a poor man who wanted clothes very much."

"Given away my gray clothes! Why, what were you thinking of? They were not half worn out; I shall have to buy a new suit."

"That will be a good thing; you know you can get clothes cheaper over here."

"Cheaper? Yes, a great deal cheaper, with gold at 1.40, and going up. I tell you, nothing is cheap here, except knick-knacks which nobody wants. Women are positively ridiculous. Shell nets and coral necklaces are cheap here, as you told me yesterday when you insisted on buying a lot of things for which you had no use, simply because they could not be bought at any price at home, — as if anybody wanted to buy them there. But clothing — it is dear and bad, like everything useful, in this ridiculous country. And one of these wretched Italian beggars has my gray coat. Do you suppose he will wear it? No, indeed; I could find it again if I went through the second-hand shops. It is all too ridiculous."

I had heard before (what woman has not?) how ridiculously unreasonable women were, and I did not mind it much; and then my real scolding, the one which my conscience dreaded, would not come for some time, for I should not tell the whole truth till we were far away from Venice. So I met my husband's petulant words in the most amiable manner, took out the next best suit, saw that the hot water was ready, and made all the difficulties of the toilet as smooth as possible, while I remarked that we were going to England, where clothing was certainly cheap, and that it was not worth while to have a lot of half-worn cloth-

ing with us. I was sorry if he cared for that suit; *I* never liked it, and I was sure *I* never wore anything that he did not like.

The next week was our last in Venice, — a busy one for me; but in the midst of my many cares I kept one day free for *Giulietta*, the day that the Patriarch was to bless the people at St. Mark's. Her pretty face looked almost old with anxiety as she whispered to me while we stood together in the portico, "Have you heard of the Count Giusti, signora?"

"I have not dared to ask, *Giulietta*."

"And I know nothing of Antonio, — and everybody has gone. Not a young lad was on the Rialto last night, or at the dance where I had to go, though the Santissima Madonna knows that my heart was heavy enough; but I did not dare refuse Franz, or show mother that I did not want to go, lest they should think something was the matter with me; and oh! cara signora mia! I shall go crazy if Franz keeps on talking as he does of what he will do for us all in that hateful Germany of his if only I will go with him. And we are poor enough now, and mother says I am an ungrateful girl not to listen to him; for if the war really comes, and it is coming surely, we shall have no work, no washing, for there will be no strangers at the hotels, and bread will be dear, so horribly dear, and there are so many little ones at home. But if I will marry Franz, we shall have some one to take care of us, and may go away out of the war and live in comfort. *I* live in comfort in Austria while the Venetians are fighting for Venice! No, I would never do it if Antonio — I sometimes think mother cannot be a real Italian, — she cannot love Italy; and when I say so, — for I do say so when she makes me forget, may San Marco forgive me! how I ought to speak to my mother, — then she frowns and says I know nothing about real trouble, or I would not concern myself with what is not woman's business."

"Does Franz know anything about Antonio?" I asked.

"No, signora, and I dare not tell him. I only say I'll never marry anybody who would fight against *il Re Galantuomo*; but sometimes I think I will tell him the whole truth, for indeed I think Franz would be kind and good."

I felt half frightened for Antonio, when I heard Giulietta's repeated declarations of Franz's goodness, not having much faith in the generosity of a lover; so I hurried Giulietta into the cathedral. It was an impressive scene. The old Patriarch, a venerable figure, sat in his chair in the pulpit, supported on each side by a priest who seemed almost to hold up his hands as those of Moses were stayed up by Aaron and Hur, the one on the one side and the other on the other side; the music pealed through the vast building, answered every now and then by the chanting of the priests, and the people kneeled, crossed themselves, and repeated their prayers with a devotional manner that always seems to me very sincere and earnest, and that contrasts most favorably with the levity and inattention so often seen in Protestant churches. At last the venerable Patriarch rose, and, in a voice feeble with age but most impressive from its solemnity, he gave a simple discourse on the duties of the people in the approaching trial which he had hoped to be spared from seeing. There was no approach to political subjects; all was fatherly counsel and earnest exhortations to Christian feelings and conduct; and when he stretched his hands for the benediction, I bent my head with an earnest prayer that I too might profit by the teachings of so good and venerable a man.

Giulietta rose from her knees beside me, where she had sunk with an earnestness of devotion that almost brought me to her side. As she stood up she said, with the sudden change from the most rapt absorption in religious duties to the liveliest interest in worldly objects, which is so common among the members of the Catholic Church, and so startling to a Protestant, "Does the

signora see that Austrian soldier by the shrine of the Virgin? That is Franz."

I looked and understood Giulietta's assertion that "Franz was so good." A heavy German face, honest and kindly, looking as though the man could bear no malice against any one, as though the hand that held the musket simply by the command of his superiors could never be animated by the spirit of carnage. A brave face, too,—a face often to be seen among Germans,—one that commands respect by its homely goodness.

In a moment my resolution was taken; a rash one perhaps, but somehow our rashest resolves seem often to be the inspiration of a higher wisdom.

"Let me see him, Giulietta; I will tell him myself about Antonio." The girl looked frightened. "Yes, leave him here with me after the crowd have gone, and go yourself and pray at the Virgin's shrine until I come to you. Perhaps I shall bring you good news."

The cathedral was even then almost emptied of its crowd of worshippers; and Franz stood at no great distance from us, his eyes turned constantly towards Giulietta. She took courage. "Signora mia, if you would be so like one of the saints that help us sometimes! Ah! I would pray for you every night, every day, every hour."

"Call him, Giulietta,—call him, whilst we have courage."

She stepped forward, and with a glance, scarcely a sign, brought Franz to her side.

I saw them both advancing towards me, the girl's hand upon his arm, and he looking so bashful that Giulietta seemed to gain strength from his embarrassment. She spoke with a rapidity that had something of desperation in it.

"The signora has been as kind as an angel from heaven to me, Franz, and she wants to speak to you, to tell you something that I dare not. And, O Franz, I have told her that you are so good!" And in a moment she was gone, and Franz and I were left alone

in the side aisle, under the barbaric figures of Byzantine mosaic.

Franz was, at that moment, blushing painfully, from diffidence at finding himself alone with a strange lady; but even my hurried glance showed me the strong good-sense and the kindly heart in him which make the German so approachable.

I saw no better way to relieve Franz's embarrassment and my own than to speak at once to the point.

"You must not think me a stranger, Franz. Giulietta and I have been friends for a long time. She has told me everything about herself, and how kind you have been to her and to her little brother. She tells me, too, that you want her to go with you to Germany; and no wonder, for Giulietta is so good and so pretty she would make a dear wife for any one she loved; but, Franz, she does not love you."

"She thinks so much of Italy, my lady," said Franz, his embarrassment passing away before his earnestness; "but when I am not a soldier, and not fighting against Italy, she will care for me."

"I think she would," I answered, "because she knows and says how good you are; but then she cannot love you now, because she has loved somebody else ever since she was a little child. Indeed, it is nobody's fault: it is a misfortune that I am sure you will bear, and not blame her for. She has been afraid to tell you, because her mother is your friend, and wants her to listen to you."

"Who is he?" said Franz, pale to his lips with his efforts to control himself. "Is he a good man? Perhaps her mother knows he is not fit for her."

"Yes, he is good. I know him very well. He is a good son, and steady and industrious; but he loves Italy as well as Giulietta does, and he has gone, Franz,—gone as you would go,—to fight for his fatherland. He has left Venice and will join Victor Emanuel's army. You do not blame him for that, surely, and you will help Giulietta bear all that

she has to bear, and make it easier for her, and not let her mother tease her. You will be kind to her, because you love her."

I stopped, terrified at my own rashness, and looked at Franz. His mouth was firmly shut, and his brows drawn down. Suddenly he spoke.

"You are very good, my lady, to trouble yourself about me, but you care for Giulietta. Yes, I will help her; she shall not have any more grief from me. But not now. I cannot see her now. Tell her that I will come and speak to her mother." And he was gone. The heavy door shut behind him, and I was almost alone in the cathedral. I walked up to Giulietta, who stood leaning against a pillar by the shrine.

"Yes, Giulietta, you are right; Franz is a noble, brave, good man; and he promises that you shall have no more pain from him. But you must be very gentle with him, for he suffers a great deal." I stopped, feeling almost treacherous to the absent lover, while I was praising the present one, and Giulietta and I walked silently home; she too much afraid of my grave looks to venture a word, and I made sober by the responsibility that I had taken.

Two days after, we left Venice. Giulietta kissed my hand and invoked blessings upon me with all the demonstrative vehemence of her country, and sent message after message to Antonio, sure that I should find him as soon as I crossed the frontier. "And give him this, signora," taking from her neck her little medal. "Tell him to wear it always next his heart, and perhaps the Holy Mother and the Saints will listen then to my prayers for him."

"But, Giulietta, I may not see Antonio."

"Ebbene, carissima signora, if you would wear it yourself! La povera Giulietta prays as often for you as for Antonio; and if the Virgin should open your heart to the true Church!"

"What a wonderful while you have been with that pretty washerwoman," said my husband. "Are not her accounts right, or are you giving her all

your old clothes? It is time we were off; there are Pietro and his new man with number seventy at the door. What has become of the young one?"

There were several questions here which it was inconvenient to answer, so I hurried to the gondola, and, escaping as I best could from the farewells of Pietro, soon found myself turning my back on Venice, whose light faded into that of common day as the train approached Mestre station.

We passed a weary day, — a day in which I tried to forget my own annoyance in wondering about my fellow-travellers.

"Now don't let your imagination run away with you," said my husband. "You women see such wonderful things when there is nothing to see. If these people are not what they profess to be, you will not help them by looking anxious about them."

This was very true, but my desire to look easy made me so uneasy that I drew a long breath, as if in a free country, when we saw Milan. "And now there is but one thing that I want here," I said, when a change of clothes and a good dinner had brought us back to a normal state, "and that is to find the young Count Giusti, who escaped from Venice a week or two ago."

"What do you know about Count Giusti? I never heard of him."

"And I never saw him; but I want very much to see him now." And out came the story of Antonio and the gray clothes.

"Bless me! what a foolish thing to do. You do not know how much risk you ran. Suppose it had been found out, and I under obligations to the Austrian government," fumed my husband. "Lucky I knew nothing about it: I should have been obliged to stop him. It's a good thing it is all over now."

"Yes, it is all over now, and no harm has come."

"Well, I am glad, after all, that the

poor fellow's got away; but you must never do such a thing again."

"O, I never shall; I shall never see Venice again; and now I know how wrong it was, I shall always ask your advice before I meddle with such things. But you will inquire about Count Giusti and Antonio. I must hear about them; and, perhaps," I added saucily, — "perhaps you can get your gray clothes again."

Count Giusti was found, — an intelligent young Italian, full of life and energy, like one awakened out of a long sleep by a sudden bright ray of hope which made all the future golden for him. He assured me that the medal, with Giulietta's message, should reach Antonio, who was then at Camerlata, bringing in provisions for the volunteers. Moreover, he promised to do his best to send back a comforting message to Giulietta.

Nearly a year has passed and Venice is free. We must be thankful for that. But she is freed, not by the valor of her children, not by the arms of the Italians, but by the policy of Napoleon III. Verily the benefits of France are bitter to Italy. I love my humble Italian friends, and it would be pleasant to see them again, but I should shrink from the grief and mortification on their faces when they remembered the hopes they confided to me in the early days of the war.

Through the kindness of Count Giusti and other Venetian friends, I know that Antonio is safe and Giulietta happy; but that is all, — all I shall ever know.

Europe has passed away from me before the realities of home. I take up my life in America just where I left it, and my pleasant days in Venice are like something of which I have read in a book, — her palaces and churches mere pictures, her gondoliers and peasants, soldiers and nobles, Pietro, Lisa, Franz, Count Giusti, the characters which give life to the story.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS.

THE war brought to some of us, besides its direct experiences, many a strange fulfilment of dreams of other days. For instance, the present writer had been a faithful student of the Scottish ballads, and had always envied Sir Walter the delight of tracing them out amid their own heather, and of writing them down piecemeal from the lips of aged crones. It was a strange enjoyment, therefore, to be suddenly brought into the midst of a kindred world of unwritten songs, as simple and indigenous as the Border Minstrelsy, more uniformly plaintive, almost always more quaint, and often as essentially poetic.

This interest was rather increased by the fact that I had for many years heard of this class of songs under the name of "Negro Spirituals," and had even heard some of them sung by friends from South Carolina. I could now gather on their own soil these strange plants, which I had before seen as in museums alone. True, the individual songs rarely coincided; there was a line here, a chorus there, — just enough to fix the class, but this was unmistakable. It was not strange that they differed, for the range seemed almost endless, and South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida seemed to have nothing but the generic character in common, until all were mingled in the united stock of camp-melodies.

Often in the starlit evening I have returned from some lonely ride by the swift river, or on the plover-haunted barrens, and, entering the camp, have silently approached some glimmering fire, round which the dusky figures moved in the rhythmical barbaric dance the negroes call a "shout," chanting, often harshly, but always in the most perfect time, some monotonous refrain. Writing down in the darkness, as I best could, — perhaps with my hand in the safe covert of my pocket, — the words of the song, I have afterwards carried it

to my tent, like some captured bird or insect, and then, after examination, put it by. Or, summoning one of the men at some period of leisure, — Corporal Robert Sutton, for instance, whose iron memory held all the details of a song as if it were a ford or a forest, — I have completed the new specimen by supplying the absent parts. The music I could only retain by ear, and though the more common strains were repeated often enough to fix their impression, there were others that occurred only once or twice.

The words will be here given, as nearly as possible, in the original dialect; and if the spelling seems sometimes inconsistent, or the misspelling insufficient, it is because I could get no nearer. I wished to avoid what seems to me the only error of Lowell's "Biglow Papers" in respect to dialect, — the occasional use of an extreme misspelling, which merely confuses the eye, without taking us any closer to the peculiarity of sound.

The favorite song in camp was the following, — sung with no accompaniment but the measured clapping of hands and the clatter of many feet. It was sung perhaps twice as often as any other. This was partly due to the fact that it properly consisted of a chorus alone, with which the verses of other songs might be combined at random.

I. HOLD YOUR LIGHT.

"Hold your light, Brudder Robert, —
Hold your light,
Hold your light on Canaan's shore.

"What make ole Satan for follow me so?
Satan ain't got notin' for do wid me.
Hold your light,
Hold your light,
Hold your light on Canaan's shore."

This would be sung for half an hour at a time, perhaps, each person present being named in turn. It seemed the simplest primitive type of "spiritual." The next in popularity was almost as elementary, and, like this, named suc-

cessively each one of the circle. It was, however, much more resounding and convivial in its music.

II. BOUND TO GO.

"Jordan River, I 'm bound to go,
Bound to go, bound to go, —
Jordan River, I 'm bound to go,
And bid 'em fare ye well.

"My Brudder Robert, I 'm bound to go,
Bound to go, &c.

"My Sister Lucy, I 'm bound to go,
Bound to go," &c.

Sometimes it was "tink 'em" (think them) "fare ye well." The *ye* was so detached, that I thought at first it was "very" or "vary well."

Another picturesque song, which seemed immensely popular, was at first very bewildering to me. I could not make out the first words of the chorus, and called it the "Romandàr," being reminded of some Romaic song which I had formerly heard. That association quite fell in with the Orientalism of the new tent-life.

III. ROOM IN THERE.

"O, my mudder is gone ! my mudder is gone !
My mudder is gone into heaven, my Lord !
I can't stay behind !

Dere 's room in dar, room in dar,
Room in dar, in de heaven, my Lord !
I can't stay behind,
Can't stay behind, my dear,
I can't stay behind !

"O, my fader is gone !" &c.

"O, de angels are gone !" &c.

"O, I 'se been on de road ! I 'se been on de road !
I 'se been on de road into heaven, my Lord !
I can't stay behind !
O, room in dar, room in dar,
Room in dar, in de heaven, my Lord !
I can't stay behind !"

By this time every man within hearing, from oldest to youngest, would be wriggling and shuffling, as if through some magic piper's bewitchment ; for even those who at first affected contemptuous indifference would be drawn into the vortex erelong.

Next to these in popularity ranked a class of songs belonging emphatically to the Church Militant, and available for camp purposes with very little strain upon their symbolism. This, for in-

stance, had a true companion-in-arms heartiness about it, not impaired by the feminine invocation at the end.

IV. HAIL MARY.

"One more valiant soldier here,
One more valiant soldier here,
One more valiant soldier here,
To help me bear de cross.
O hail, Mary, hail !
Hail, Mary, hail !
Hail, Mary, hail !
To help me bear de cross."

I fancied that the original reading might have been "soul," instead of "soldier," — with some other syllable inserted, to fill out the metre, — and that the "Hail, Mary," might denote a Roman Catholic origin, as I had several men from St. Augustine who held in a dim way to that faith. It was a very ringing song, though not so grandly jubilant as the next, which was really impressive as the singers pealed it out, when marching or rowing or embarking.

V. MY ARMY CROSS OVER.

"My army cross over,
My army cross over.
O, Pharaoh's army drowned !
My army cross over.

"We 'll cross de mighty river,
My army cross over ;
We 'll cross de river Jordan,
My army cross over ;
We 'll cross de danger water,
My army cross over ;
We 'll cross de mighty Myo,
My army cross over. (*Thrice*.)
O, Pharaoh's army drowned !
My army cross over."

I could get no explanation of the "mighty Myo," except that one of the old men thought it meant the river of death. Perhaps it is an African word. In the Cameroon dialect, "Mawa" signifies "to die."

The next also has a military ring about it, and the first line is well matched by the music. The rest is conglomerate, and one or two lines show a more Northern origin. "Done" is a Virginia shibboleth, quite distinct from the "been" which replaces it in South Carolina. Yet one of their best choruses, without any fixed words, was, "De bell done ringing," for which, in

proper South Carolina dialect, would have been substituted, "De bell been a-ring." This refrain may have gone South with our army.

VI. RIDE IN, KIND SAVIOUR.

"Ride in, kind Saviour!
 No man can hinder me.
 O, Jesus is a mighty man!
 No man, &c.
 We 're marching through Virginny fields.
 No man, &c.
 O, Satan is a busy man,
 No man, &c.
 And he has his sword and shield,
 No man, &c.
 O, old Secesh done come and gone!
 No man can hinder me."

Sometimes they substituted "hinder we," which was more spicy to the ear, and more in keeping with the usual head-over-heels arrangement of their pronouns.

Almost all their songs were thoroughly religious in their tone, however quaint their expression, and were in a minor key, both as to words and music. The attitude is always the same, and, as a commentary on the life of the race, is infinitely pathetic. Nothing but patience for this life,—nothing but triumph in the next. Sometimes the present predominates, sometimes the future; but the combination is always implied. In the following, for instance, we hear simply the patience.

VII. THIS WORLD ALMOST DONE.

"Brudder, keep your lamp trimmin' and a-burnin',
 Keep your lamp trimmin' and a-burnin',
 Keep your lamp trimmin' and a-burnin',
 For dis world most done.
 So keep your lamp, &c.
 Dis world most done."

But in the next, the final reward of patience is proclaimed as plaintively.

VIII. I WANT TO GO HOME.

"Dere's no rain to wet you,
 O, yes, I want to go home.
 Dere's no sun to burn you,
 O, yes, I want to go home;
 O, push along, believers,
 O, yes, &c.
 Dere's no hard trials,
 O, yes, &c.
 Dere's no whips a-crackin',
 O, yes, &c.
 My brudder on de wayside,
 O, yes, &c."

O, push along, my brudder,
 O, yes, &c.
 Where dere's no stormy weather,
 O, yes, &c.
 Dere's no tribulation,
 O, yes, &c."

This next was a boat-song, and timed well with the tug of the oar.

IX. THE COMING DAY.

"I want to go to Canaan,
 I want to go to Canaan,
 I want to go to Canaan,
 To meet 'em at de comin' day.
 O, remember, let me go to Canaan, (*Thrice.*)
 To meet 'em, &c.
 O brudder, let me go to Canaan, (*Thrice.*)
 To meet 'em, &c.
 My brudder, you — oh! — remember (*Thrice.*)
 To meet 'em at de comin' day."

The following begins with a startling affirmation, yet the last line quite outdoes the first. This, too, was a capital boat-song.

X. ONE MORE RIVER.

O, Jordan bank was a great old bank!
 Dere ain't but one more river to cross.
 We have some valiant soldier here,
 Dere ain't, &c.
 O, Jordan stream will never run dry,
 Dere ain't, &c.
 Dere's a hill on my leff, and he catch on my right,
 Dere ain't but one more river to cross."

I could get no explanation of this last riddle, except, "Dat mean, if you go on de leff, go to 'struction, and if you go on de right, go to God, for sure."

In others, more of spiritual conflict is implied, as in this next.

XI. O THE DYING LAMB!

"I wants to go where Moses trod,
 O de dying Lamb!
 For Moses gone to de promised land,
 O de dying Lamb!
 To drink from springs dat never run dry,
 O, &c.
 Cry O my Lord!
 O, &c.
 Before I'll stay in hell one day,
 O, &c.
 I'm in hopes to pray my sins away,
 O, &c.
 Cry O my Lord!
 O, &c.
 Brudder Moses promised for be dar too,
 O, &c.
 To drink from streams dat never run dry,
 O de dying Lamb!"

In the next, the conflict is at its height, and the lurid imagery of the

Apocalypse is brought to bear. This book, with the books of Moses, constituted their Bible; all that lay between, even the narratives of the life of Jesus, they hardly cared to read or to hear.

XII. DOWN IN THE VALLEY.

"We 'll run and never tire,
We 'll run and never tire,
We 'll run and never tire,
Jesus set poor sinners free.
Way down in de valley,
Who will rise and go with me?
You 've heern talk of Jesus,
Who set poor sinners free.

"De lightnin' and de flashin',
De lightnin' and de flashin',
De lightnin' and de flashin',
Jesus set poor sinners free.
I can't stand de fire. (*Thrice.*)
Jesus set poor sinners free,
De green trees a-flamin'. (*Thrice.*)
Jesus set poor sinners free,
Way down in de valley,
Who will rise and go with me?
You 've heern talk of Jesus
Who set poor sinners free."

"De valley" and "de lonesome valley" were familiar words in their religious experience. To descend into that region implied the same process with the "anxious-seat" of the camp-meeting. When a young girl was supposed to enter it, she bound a handkerchief by a peculiar knot over her head, and made it a point of honor not to change a single garment till the day of her baptism, so that she was sure of being in physical readiness for the cleansing rite, whatever her spiritual mood might be. More than once, in noticing a damsel thus mystically kerchiefed, I have asked some dusky attendant its meaning, and have received the unfailing answer, — framed with their usual indifference to the genders of pronouns, — "He in de lonesome valley, sa."

The next gives the same dramatic conflict, while its detached and impersonal refrain gives it strikingly the character of the Scotch and Scandinavian ballads.

XIII. CRY HOLY.

"Cry holy, holy!
Look at de people dat is born of God.
And I run down de valley, and I run down to pray,
Says, look at de people dat is born of God.

When I get dar, Cappen Satan was dar,
Says, look at, &c.
Says, young man, young man, dere 's no use for
pray,
Says, look at, &c.
For Jesus is dead, and God gone away,
Says, look at, &c.
And I made him out a liar and I went my way,
Says, look at, &c.
Sing holy, holy!

"O, Mary was a woman, and he had a one Son,
Says, look at, &c.
And de Jews and de Romans had him hung,
Says, look at, &c.
Cry holy, holy!

"And I tell you, sinner, you had better had pray,
Says, look at, &c.
For hell is a dark and dismal place,
Says, look at, &c.
And I tell you, sinner, and I would n't go dar!
Says, look at, &c.
Cry holy, holy!"

Here is an infinitely quaint description of the length of the heavenly road: —

XIV. O'ER THE CROSSING.

"Yonder 's my old mudder,
Been a-waggin' at de hill so long.
It 's about time she 'll cross over;
Get home bimeby.
Keep prayin', I do believe
We 're a long time waggin' o'er de crossin'.
Keep prayin', I do believe
We 'll get home to heaven bimeby.
"Hear dat mournful thunder
Roll from door to door,
Cailing home God's children;
Get home bimeby.
Little chil'en, I do believe
We 're a long time, &c.
Little chil'en, I do believe
We 'll get home, &c.
"See dat forked lightnin'
Flash from tree to tree,
Callin' home God's chil'en;
Get home bimeby.
True believer, I do believe
We 're a long time, &c.
O brudders, I do believe,
We 'll get home to heaven bimeby."

One of the most singular pictures of future joys, and with a fine flavor of hospitality about it, was this: —

XV. WALK 'EM EASY.

"O, walk 'em easy round de heaven,
Walk 'em easy round de heaven,
Walk 'em easy round de heaven,
Dat all de people may join de band.
Walk 'em easy round de heaven. (*Thrice.*)
O, shout glory till 'em join dat band!"

The chorus was usually the greater

part of the song, and often came in paradoxically, thus: —

XVI. O YES, LORD.

"O, must I be like de foolish mans?
O yes, Lord!
Will build de house on de sandy hill.
O yes, Lord!
I 'll build my house on Zion hill,
O yes, Lord!
No wind nor rain can blow me down
O yes, Lord!"

The next is very graceful and lyrical, and with more variety of rhythm than usual: —

XVII. BOW LOW, MARY.

"Bow low, Mary, bow low, Martha,
For Jesus come and lock de door,
And carry de keys away.
Sail, sail, over yonder,
And view de promised land.
For Jesus come, &c.
Weep, O Mary, bow low, Martha,
For Jesus come, &c.
Sail, sail, my true believer;
Sail, sail, over yonder;
Mary, bow low, Martha, bow low,
For Jesus come and lock de door
And carry de keys away."

But of all the "spirituals" that which surprised me the most, I think, — perhaps because it was that in which external nature furnished the images most directly, — was this. With all my experience of their ideal ways of speech, I was startled when first I came on such a flower of poetry in that dark soil.

XVIII. I KNOW MOON-RISE.

"I know moon-rise, I know star-rise,
Lay dis body down.
I walk in de moonlight, I walk in de starlight,
To lay dis body down.
I 'll walk in de graveyard, I 'll walk through de graveyard,
To lay dis body down.
I 'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms;
Lay dis body down.
I go to de judgment in de evenin' of de day,
When I lay dis body down;
And my soul and your soul will meet in de day
When I lay dis body down."

"I 'll lie in de grave and stretch out my arms." Never, it seems to me, since man first lived and suffered, was his infinite longing for peace uttered more plaintively than in that line.

The next is one of the wildest and most striking of the whole series: there is a mystical effect and a passionate

striving throughout the whole. The Scriptural struggle between Jacob and the angel, which is only dimly expressed in the words, seems all uttered in the music. I think it impressed my imagination more powerfully than any other of these songs.

XIX. WRESTLING JACOB.

"O wrestlin' Jacob, Jacob, day 's a-breakin';
I will not let thee go!
O wrestlin' Jacob, Jacob, day 's a-breakin';
He will not let me go!
O, I hold my budder wid a tremblin' hand;
I would not let him go!
I hold my sister wid a tremblin' hand;
I would not let her go!
"O, Jacob do hang from a tremblin' limb,
He would not let him go!
O, Jacob do hang from a tremblin' limb;
De Lord will bless my soul.
O wrestlin' Jacob, Jacob," &c.

Of "occasional hymns," properly so called, I noticed but one, a funeral hymn for an infant, which is sung plaintively over and over, without variety of words.

XX. THE BABY GONE HOME.

"De little baby gone home,
De little baby gone home,
De little baby gone along,
For to climb up Jacob's ladder.
And I wish I 'd been dar,
I wish I 'd been dar,
I wish I 'd been dar, my Lord,
For to climb up Jacob's ladder."

Still simpler is this, which is yet quite sweet and touching.

XXI. JESUS WITH US.

"He have been wid us, Jesus,
He still wid us, Jesus,
He will be wid us, Jesus,
Be wid us to de end."

The next seemed to be a favorite about Christmas time, when meditations on "de rollin' year" were frequent among them.

XXII. LORD, REMEMBER ME!

"O do, Lord, remember me!
O do, Lord, remember me!
O, do remember me, until de year roll round!
Do, Lord, remember me!
"If you want to die like Jesus died,
Lay in de grave,
You would fold your arms and close your eyes
And die wid a free good will."

"For Death is a simple ting,
And he go from door to door,
And he knock down some, and he cripple up some,
And he leave some here to pray.

"O do, Lord, remember me !
O do, Lord, remember me !
My old fader 's gone till de year roll round ;
Do, Lord, remember me !"

The next was sung in such an operatic and rollicking way that it was quite hard to fancy it a religious performance, which, however, it was. I heard it but once.

XXIII. EARLY IN THE MORNING.

"I meet little Rosa early in de mornin',
O Jerusalem ! early in de mornin' ;
And I ax her, How you do, my darter ?
O Jerusalem ! early in de mornin'.

"I meet my mudder early in de mornin',
O Jerusalem ! &c.
And I ax her, How you do, my mudder ?
O Jerusalem ! &c.

"I meet Budder Robert early in de mornin',
O Jerusalem ! &c.
And I ax him, How you do, my sonny ?
O Jerusalem ! &c.

"I meet Tittawisa early in de mornin',
O Jerusalem ! &c.
And I ax her, How you do, my darter ?
O Jerusalem !" &c.

"Tittawisa" means "Sister Louisa." In songs of this class the name of every person present successively appears.

Their best marching song, and one which was invaluable to lift their feet along, as they expressed it, was the following. There was a kind of spring and *lift* to it, quite indescribable by words.

XXIV. GO IN THE WILDERNESS.

"Jesus call you. Go in de wilderness,
Go in de wilderness, go in de wilderness,
Jesus call you. Go in de wilderness
To wait upon de Lord.
Go wait upon de Lord,
Go wait upon de Lord,
Go wait upon de Lord, my God,
He take away de sins of de world.

"Jesus a-waitin'. Go in de wilderness,
Go, &c.
All dem chil'en go in de wilderness
To wait upon de Lord."

The next was one of those which I had heard in boyish days, brought North from Charleston. But the chorus alone was identical ; the words were

mainly different, and those here given are quaint enough.

XXV. BLOW YOUR TRUMPET, GABRIEL.

"O, blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Blow your trumpet louder ;
And I want dat trumpet to blow me home
To my new Jerusalem.

"De prettiest ting dat ever I done
Was to serve de Lord when I was young.
So blow your trumpet, Gabriel, &c.

"O, Satan is a liar, and he conjure too,
And if you don't mind, he 'll conjure you.
So blow your trumpet, Gabriel, &c.

"O, I was lost in de wilderness,
King Jesus hand me de candle down.
So blow your trumpet, Gabriel," &c.

The following contains one of those odd transformations of proper names with which their Scriptural citations were often enriched. It rivals their text, "Paul may plant, and may polish wid water," which I have elsewhere quoted, and in which the sainted Apollos would hardly have recognized himself.

XXVI. IN THE MORNING.

"In de mornin',
In de mornin',
Chil'en ? Yes, my Lord !
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?
If I had a-died when I was young,
I never would had de race for run.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?

"O Sam and Peter was fishin' in de sea,
And dey drop de net and follow my Lord.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?

"Dere 's a silver spade for to dig my grave
And a golden chain for to let me down.
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?
In de mornin',
In de mornin',
Chil'en ? Yes, my Lord !
Don't you hear de trumpet sound ?"

These golden and silver fancies remind one of the King of Spain's daughter in "Mother Goose," and the golden apple, and the silver pear, which are doubtless themselves but the vestiges of some simple early composition like this. The next has a humbler and more domestic style of fancy.

XXVII. FARE YE WELL.

"My true believers, fare ye well,
Fare ye well, fare ye well,
Fare ye well, by de grace of God,
For I 'm going home.

Massa Jesus give me a little broom
For to sweep my heart clean,
And I will try, by de grace of God,
To win my way home."

Among the songs not available for marching, but requiring the concentrated enthusiasm of the camp, was "The Ship of Zion," of which they had three wholly distinct versions, all quite exuberant and tumultuous.

XXVIII. THE SHIP OF ZION.

"Come along, come along,
And let us go home,
O, glory, hallelujah!
Dis de ole ship o' Zion,
Hallelloo! Hallelloo!
Dis de ole ship o' Zion,
Hallelujah!

"She has landed many a thousand,
She can land as many more.
O, glory, hallelujah! &c.

"Do you tink she will be able
For to take us all home?
O, glory, hallelujah! &c.

"You can tell 'em I 'm a comin',
Hallelloo! Hallelloo!
You can tell 'em I 'm a comin',
Hallelujah!
Come along, come along," &c.

XXIX. THE SHIP OF ZION. (*Second version.*)

"Dis de good ole ship o' Zion,
Dis de good ole ship o' Zion,
Dis de good ole ship o' Zion,
And she 's makin' for de Promise Land.
She hab angels for de sailors, (*Thrice.*)
And she 's, &c.
And how you know dey 's angels? (*Thrice.*)
And she 's, &c.
Good Lord, shall I be de one? (*Thrice.*)
And she 's, &c.

"Dat ship is out a-sailin', sailin', sailin',
And she 's, &c.
She 's a-sailin' mighty steady, steady, steady,
And she 's, &c.
She 'll neither reel nor totter, totter, totter,
And she 's, &c.
She 's a-sailin' away cold Jordan, Jordan, Jordan,
And she 's, &c.
King Jesus is de captain, captain, captain,
And she 's makin' for de Promise Land."

XXX. THE SHIP OF ZION. (*Third version.*)

"De Gospel ship is sailin',
Hosann — sann.
O, Jesus is de captain,
Hosann — sann.
De angels are de sailors,
Hosann — sann.

O, is your bundle ready?
Hosann — sann.
O, have you got your ticket?
Hosann — sann."

This abbreviated chorus is given with unspeakable unction.

The three just given are modifications of an old camp-meeting melody; and the same may be true of the three following, although I cannot find them in the Methodist hymn-books. Each, however, has its characteristic modifications, which make it well worth giving. In the second verse of this next, for instance, "Saviour" evidently has become "soldier."

XXXI. SWEET MUSIC.

"Sweet music in heaven,
Just beginning for to roll.
Don't you love God?
Glory, hallelujah!

"Yes, late I heard my soldier say,
Come, heavy soul, I am de way.
Don't you love God?
Glory, hallelujah!

"I 'll go and tell to sinners round
What a kind Saviour I have found.
Don't you love God?
Glory, hallelujah!

"My grief my burden long has been,
Because I was not cease from sin.
Don't you love God?
Glory, hallelujah!"

XXXII. GOOD NEWS.

"O, good news! O, good news!
De angels brought de tidings down,
Just comin' from de throne.

"As grief from out my soul shall fly,
Just comin' from de throne;
I 'll shout salvation when I die,
Good news, O, good news!
Just comin' from de throne.

"Lord, I want to go to heaven when I die,
Good news, O, good news! &c.

"De white folks call us a noisy crew,
Good news, O, good news!
But dis I know, we are happy too,
Just comin' from de throne."

XXXIII. THE HEAVENLY ROAD.

"You may talk of my name as much as you please,
And carry my name abroad,
But I really do believe I 'm a child of God
As I walk in de heavenly road.
O, won't you go wid me? (*Thrice.*)
For to keep our garments clean.

"O, Satan is a mighty busy ole man,
And roll rocks in my way;

But Jesus is my bosom friend,
And roll 'em out of de way.
O, won't you go wid me? (*Thrice*.)
For to keep our garments clean.
"Come, my brudder, if you never did pray,
I hope you may pray to-night;
For I really believe I 'm a child of God
As I walk in de heavenly road.
O, won't you," &c.

Some of the songs had played an historic part during the war. For singing the next, for instance, the negroes had been put in jail in Georgetown, S. C., at the outbreak of the Rebellion. "We 'll soon be free," was too dangerous an assertion; and though the chant was an old one, it was no doubt sung with redoubled emphasis during the new events. "De Lord will call us home," was evidently thought to be a symbolical verse; for, as a little drummer-boy explained to me, showing all his white teeth as he sat in the moonlight by the door of my tent, "Dey tink de Lord mean for say *de Yankees*."

XXXIV. WE 'LL SOON BE FREE.

"We 'll soon be free,
We 'll soon be free,
We 'll soon be free,
When de Lord will call us home.
My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
My brudder, how long,
'Fore we done sufferin' here?
It won't be long (*Thrice*.)
'Fore de Lord will call us home.
We 'll walk de miry road (*Thrice*.)
Where pleasure never dies.
We 'll walk de golden street (*Thrice*.)
Where pleasure never dies.
My brudder, how long (*Thrice*.)
'Fore we done sufferin' here?
We 'll soon be free (*Thrice*.)
When Jesus sets me free.
We 'll fight for liberty (*Thrice*.)
When de Lord will call us home."

The suspicion in this case was unfounded, but they had another song to which the Rebellion had actually given rise. This was composed by nobody knew whom, — though it was the most recent, doubtless, of all these "spirituals," — and had been sung in secret to avoid detection. It is certainly plaintive enough. The peck of corn and pint of salt were slavery's rations.

XXXV. MANY THOUSAND GO.

"No more peck o' corn for me,
No more, no more, —

No more peck o' corn for me,
Many thousand go.

"No more driver's lash for me, (*Twice*.)
No more, &c.

"No more pint o' salt for me, (*Twice*.)
No more, &c.

"No more hundred lash for me, (*Twice*.)
No more, &c.

"No more mistress' call for me,
No more, no more, —
No more mistress' call for me,
Many thousand go."

Even of this last composition, however, we have only the approximate date, and know nothing of the mode of composition. Allan Ramsay says of the Scotch songs, that, no matter who made them, they were soon attributed to the minister of the parish whence they sprang. And I always wondered, about these, whether they had always a conscious and definite origin in some leading mind, or whether they grew by gradual accretion, in an almost unconscious way. On this point I could get no information, though I asked many questions, until at last, one day when I was being rowed across from Beaufort to Ladies' Island, I found myself, with delight, on the actual trail of a song. One of the oarsmen, a brisk young fellow, not a soldier, on being asked for his theory of the matter, dropped out a coy confession. "Some good spirituals," he said, "are start jess out o' curiosity. I been a-raise a sing, myself, once."

My dream was fulfilled, and I had traced out, not the poem alone, but the poet. I implored him to proceed.

"Once we boys," he said, "went for tote some rice, and de nigger-driver, he keep a-callin' on us; and I say, 'O, de ole nigger-driver!' Den anudder said, 'Fust ting my mammy tole me was, notin' so bad as nigger-driver.' Den I made a sing, just puttin' a word, and den anudder word."

Then he began singing, and the men, after listening a moment, joined in the chorus as if it were an old acquaintance, though they evidently had never heard it before. I saw how easily a new "sing" took root among them.

XXXVI. THE DRIVER.

"O, de ole nigger-driver !
 O, gwine away !
 Fust ting my mammy tell me,
 O, gwine away !
 Tell me 'bout de nigger-driver,
 O, gwine away !
 Nigger-driver second devil,
 O, gwine away !
 Best ting for do he driver,
 O, gwine away !
 Knock he down and spoil he labor,
 O, gwine away !"

It will be observed that, although this song is quite secular in its character, its author yet called it a "spiritual." I heard but two songs among them, at any time, to which they would not, perhaps, have given this generic name. One of these consisted simply in the endless repetition—after the manner of certain college songs—of the mysterious line,

"Rain fall and wet Becky Martin."

But who Becky Martin was, and why she should or should not be wet, and whether the dryness was a reward or a penalty, none could say. I got the impression that, in either case, the event was posthumous, and that there was some tradition of grass not growing over the grave of a sinner; but even this was vague, and all else vaguer.

The other song I heard but once, on a morning when a squad of men came in from picket duty, and chanted it in the most rousing way. It had been a stormy and comfortless night, and the picket station was very exposed. It still rained in the morning when I strolled to the edge of the camp, looking out for the men, and wondering how they had stood it. Presently they came striding along the road, at a great pace, with their shining rubber blankets worn as cloaks around them, the rain streaming from these and from their equally shining faces, which were almost all upon the broad grin, as they pealed out this remarkable ditty:—

HANGMAN JOHNNY.

"O, dey call me Hangman Johnny !
 O, ho ! O, ho !
 But I never hang nobody,
 O, hang, boys, hang !

"O, dey call me Hangman Johnny !
 O, ho ! O, ho !
 But we 'll all hang togedder,
 O, hang, boys, hang !"

My presence apparently checked the performance of another verse, beginning, "De buckra 'list for money," apparently in reference to the controversy about the pay-question, then just beginning, and to the more mercenary aims they attributed to the white soldiers. But "Hangman Johnny" remained always a myth as inscrutable as "Becky Martin."

As they learned all their songs by ear, they often strayed into wholly new versions, which sometimes became popular, and entirely banished the others. This was amusingly the case, for instance, with one phrase in the popular camp-song of "Marching Along," which was entirely new to them until our quartermaster taught it to them, at my request. The words, "Gird on the armor," were to them a stumbling-block, and no wonder, until some ingenious ear substituted, "Guide on de army," which was at once accepted, and became universal.

"We 'll guide on de army, and be marching along," is now the established version on the Sea Islands.

These quaint religious songs were to the men more than a source of relaxation; they were a stimulus to courage and a tie to heaven. I never overheard in camp a profane or vulgar song. With the trifling exceptions given, all had a religious motive, while the most secular melody could not have been more exciting. A few youths from Savannah, who were comparatively men of the world, had learned some of the "Ethiopian Minstrel" ditties, imported from the North. These took no hold upon the mass; and, on the other hand, they sang reluctantly, even on Sunday, the long and short metres of the hymn-books, always gladly yielding to the more potent excitement of their own "spirituals." By these they could sing themselves, as had their fathers before them, out of the contemplation of

their own low estate, into the sublime scenery of the Apocalypse. I remember that this minor-keyed pathos used to seem to me almost too sad to dwell upon, while slavery seemed destined to last for generations; but now that their patience has had its perfect work, his-

tory cannot afford to lose this portion of its record. There is no parallel instance of an oppressed race thus sustained by the religious sentiment alone. These songs are but the vocal expression of the simplicity of their faith and the sublimity of their long resignation.

POOR RICHARD.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

MISS WHITTAKER'S garden covered a couple of acres, behind and beside her house, and at its farther extremity was bounded by a narrow meadow, which in turn was bordered by the old disused towing-path beside the river, at this point a slow and shallow stream. Its low flat banks were unadorned with rocks or trees, and a towing-path is not in itself a romantic promenade. Nevertheless, here sauntered bareheaded, on a certain spring evening, the mistress of the acres just mentioned and many more beside, in sentimental converse with an impassioned and beautiful youth.

She herself had been positively plain, but for the frequent recurrence of a magnificent broad smile,—which imparted loveliness to her somewhat plebeian features,—and (in another degree) for the elegance of her dress, which expressed one of the later stages of mourning, and was of that voluminous abundance proper to women who are massive in person, and rich besides. Her companion's good looks, for very good they were, in spite of several defects, were set off by a shabby suit, as carelessly worn as it was inartistically cut. His manner, as he walked and talked, was that of a nervous, passionate man, wrought almost to desperation; while her own was that of a person self-composed to generous atten-

tion. A brief silence, however, had at last fallen upon them. Miss Whittaker strolled along quietly, looking at the slow-mounting moon, and the young man gazed on the ground, swinging his stick. Finally, with a heavy blow, he brought it to earth.

"O Gertrude!" he cried, "I despise myself."

"That's very foolish," said Gertrude.

"And, Gertrude, I adore you."

"That's more foolish still," said Gertrude, with her eyes still on the moon. And then, suddenly and somewhat impatiently transferring them to her companion's face, "Richard," she asked, "what do you mean when you say you adore me?"

"Mean? I mean that I love you."

"Then, why don't you say what you mean?"

The young man looked at her a moment. "Will you give me leave," he asked, "to say *all* that I mean?"

"Of course." Then, as he remained silent, "I listen," added Gertrude.

Yet he still said nothing, but went striking vehemently at the weeds by the water's edge, like one who may easily burst into tears of rage.

"Gertrude!" he suddenly exclaimed, "what more do you want than the assurance that I love you!"

"I want nothing more. That as-

surance is by itself delightful enough. You yourself seemed to wish to add something more."

"Either you won't understand me," cried Richard, "or"—flagrantly vicious for twenty seconds—"you can't!"

Miss Whittaker stopped and looked thoughtfully into his face. "In our position," she said, "if it becomes you to sacrifice reflection to feeling, it becomes me to do the reverse. Listen to me, Richard. I *do* understand you, and better, I fancy, than you understand yourself."

"O, of course!"

But she continued, heedless of his interruption. "I thought that, by leaving you to yourself awhile, your feelings might become clearer to you. But they seem to be growing only more confused. I have been so fortunate, or so unfortunate, I hardly know which,"—and she smiled faintly,— "as to please you. That's all very well, but you must not make too much of it. Nothing can make me happier than to please you, or to please any one. But here it must stop with you, as it stops with others."

"It does not stop here with others."

"I beg your pardon. You have no right to say that. It is partly out of justice to others that I speak to you as I am doing. I shall always be one of your best friends, but I shall never be more. It is best I should tell you this at once. I might trifle with you awhile and make you happy (since upon such a thing you are tempted to set your happiness) by allowing you to suppose that I had given you my heart; but the end would soon come, and then where should we be? You may in your disappointment call me heartless now,—I freely give you leave to call me anything that may ease your mind,—but what would you call me then? Friendship, Richard, is a heavenly cure for love. Here is mine," and she held out her hand.

"No, I thank you," said Richard, gloomily folding his arms. "I know my own feelings," and he raised his voice. "Have n't I lived with them

night and day for weeks and weeks? Great Heaven, Gertrude, this is no fancy. I'm not of that sort. My whole life has gone into my love. God has let me idle it away hitherto, only that I might begin it with you. Dear Gertrude, hear me. I have the heart of a man. I know I'm not respectable, but I devoutly believe I'm lovable. It's true that I've neither worked, nor thought, nor studied, nor turned a penny. But, on the other hand, I've never cared for a woman before. I've waited for you. And now—now, after all, I'm to sit down and be *pleased*! The Devil! Please other men, madam! Me you delight, you intoxicate."

An honest flush rose to Gertrude's cheek. "So much the worse for you!" she cried with a bitter laugh. "So much the worse for both of us! But what is your point? Do you wish to marry me?"

Richard flinched a moment under this tacit proposition suddenly grown vocal; but not from want of heart. "Of course I do," he said.

"Well, then, I only pity you the more for your consistency. I can only entreat you again to rest contented with my friendship. It's not such a bad substitute, Richard, as I understand it. What my love might be I don't know,—I could n't answer for that; but of my friendship I'm sure. We both have our duties in this matter, and I have resolved to take a liberal view of mine. I might lose patience with you, you know, and dismiss you,—leave you alone with your dreams, and let you break your heart. But it's rather by seeing more of me than by seeing less, that your feelings will change."

"Indeed! And yours?"

"I have no doubt they will change, too; not in kind, but in degree. The better I know you, I am sure, the better I shall like you. The better too you will like me. Don't turn your back upon me. I speak the truth. You will get to entertain a serious opinion of me,—which I'm sure you have n't now, or you would n't talk of

my intoxicating you. But you must be patient. It's a singular fact that it takes longer to like a woman than to love her. A sense of intoxication is a very poor feeling to marry upon. You wish, of course, to break with your idleness, and your bad habits,—you see I am so thoroughly your friend that I'm not afraid of touching upon disagreeable facts, as I should be if I were your mistress. But you are so indolent, so irresolute, so undisciplined, so uneducated,"—Gertrude spoke deliberately, and watched the effect of her words,—“that you find a change of life very difficult. I propose, with your consent, to appoint myself your counsellor. Henceforth my house will be open to you as to my dearest friend. Come as often and stay as long as you please. Not in a few weeks, perhaps, nor even in a few months, but in God's good time, you will be a noble young man in working order,—which I don't consider you now, and which I know you don't consider yourself. But I have a great opinion of your talents,” (this was very shrewd of Gertrude,) “and of your heart. If I turn out to have done you a service, you'll not want to marry me then.”

Richard had silently listened, with a deepening frown. “That's all very pretty,” he said; “but”—and the reader will see that, in his earnestness, he was inclined to dispense with courtesy—“it's rotten,—rotten from beginning to end. What's the meaning of all that rigmarole about the inconsistency of friendship and love? Such talk is enough to drive one mad. Refuse me outright, and send me to the Devil, if you must; but don't bemuddle your own brains at the same time. But one little word knocks it all to pieces: I want you for my wife. You make an awful mistake in treating me as a boy,—an awful mistake. I *am* in working order. I have begun life in loving you. I have broken with drinking as effectually as if I had n't touched a drop of liquor for twenty years. I hate it, I loathe it. I've drunk my last. No, Gertrude, I'm no longer a boy,—you

've cured me of that. Hang it, that's why I love you! Don't you see? Ah, Gertrude!”—and his voice fell,—“you're a great enchantress! You have no arts, you have no beauty even, (can't a lover deal with facts now?) but you are an enchantress without them. It's your nature. You are so divinely, damnably honest! That excellent speech just now was meant to smother my passion; but it has only inflamed it. You will say it was nothing but common sense. Very likely; but that is the very point. Your common sense captivates me. It's for that that I love you.”

He spoke with so relentless a calmness that Gertrude was sickened. Here she found herself weaker than he, while the happiness of both of them demanded that she should be stronger.

“Richard Clare,” she said, “you are unkind!” There was a tremor in her voice as she spoke; and as she ceased speaking, she burst into tears. A selfish sense of victory invaded the young man's breast. He threw his arm about her; but she shook it off. “You are a coward, sir!” she cried.

“Oho!” said Richard, flushing angrily.

“You go too far; you persist beyond decency.”

“You hate me now, I suppose,” said Richard, brutally, like one at bay.

Gertrude brushed away her tears. “No indeed,” she answered, sending him a dry, clear glance. “To hate you, I should have to have loved you. I pity you still.”

Richard looked at her a moment. “I don't feel tempted to return the feeling, Gertrude,” said he. “A woman with so much head as you needs no pity.”

“I have not head enough to read your sarcasm, sir; but I have heart enough to excuse it, and I mean to keep a good heart to the end. I mean to keep my temper, I mean to be just, I mean to be conclusive, and not to have to return to this matter. It's not for my pleasure, I would have you know, that I am so explicit. I have

nerves as well as you. Listen, then. If I don't love you, Richard, in your way, I don't; and if I can't, I can't. We can't love by will. But with friendship, when it is once established, I believe the will and the reason may have a great deal to do. I will, therefore, put the whole of my mind into my friendship for you, and in that way we shall perhaps be even. Such a feeling—as I shall naturally show it—will, after all, not be very different from that other feeling you ask—as I should naturally show it. Bravely to reconcile himself to such difference as there is, is no more than a man of honor ought to do. Do you understand me?"

"You have an admirable way of putting things. 'After all,' and 'such difference as there is'! The difference is the difference of marriage and no-marriage. I suppose you don't mean that you are willing to live with me without that ceremony?"

"You suppose correctly."

"Then why do you falsify matters? A woman is either a man's wife, or she is n't."

"Yes; and a woman is either a man's friend, or she is n't."

"And you are mine, and I'm an ungrateful brute not to rest satisfied! That's what you mean. Heaven knows you're right,"—and he paused a moment, with his eyes on the ground. "Don't despise me, Gertrude," he resumed. "I'm not so ungrateful as I seem. I'm very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. Of course I understand your not loving me. You'd be a grand fool if you did; and you're no fool, Gertrude."

"No, I'm no fool, Richard. It's a great responsibility,—it's dreadfully vulgar; but, on the whole, I'm rather glad."

"So am I. I could hate you for it; but there is no doubt it's why I love you. If you were a fool, you might love me; but I should n't love you, and if I must choose, I prefer that."

"Heaven has chosen for us. Ah, Richard," pursued Gertrude, with admirable simplicity, "let us be good and

obey Heaven, and we shall be sure to be happy,"—and she held out her hand once more.

Richard took it and raised it to his lips. She felt their pressure and withdrew it.

"Now you must leave me," she said. "Did you ride?"

"My horse is at the village."

"You can go by the river, then. Good night."

"Good night."

The young man moved away in the gathering dusk, and Miss Whittaker stood for a moment looking after him.

To appreciate the importance of this conversation, the reader must know that Miss Gertrude Whittaker was a young woman of four-and-twenty, whose father, recently deceased, had left her alone in the world, with a great fortune, accumulated by various enterprises in that part of the State. He had appointed a distant and elderly kinswoman, by name Miss Pendexter, as his daughter's household companion; and an old friend of his own, known to combine shrewdness with integrity, as her financial adviser. Motherless, country-bred, and homely-featured, Gertrude on arriving at maturity had neither the tastes nor the manners of a fine lady. Of a robust and active make, with a warm heart, a cool head, and a very pretty talent for affairs, she was, in virtue both of her wealth and of her tact, one of the chief figures of the neighborhood. These facts had forced her into a prominence which she made no attempt to elude, and in which she now felt thoroughly at home. She knew herself to be a power in the land; she knew that, present and absent, she was continually talked about as the rich Miss Whittaker; and although as modest as a woman need be, she was neither so timid nor so nervous as to wish to compromise with her inevitable distinctions. Her feelings were indeed, throughout, strong, rather than delicate; and yet there was in her whole nature, as the world had learned to look at it, a moderation, a temperance, a benevolence, an orderly freedom, which be-

spoke universal respect. She was impulsive, and yet discreet; economical, and yet generous; humorous, and yet serious; keenly discerning of human distinctions, and yet almost indiscriminately hospitable; with a prodigious fund of common sense beneath all; and yet beyond this,—like the priest behind the king,—and despite her broadly prosaic, and as it were secular tone, a certain latent suggestion of heroic possibilities, which he who had once become insensible of it (supposing him to be young and enthusiastic) would linger about her hoping to detect, as you might stand watchful of a florid and vigorous dahlia, which for an instant, in your passage, should have proved deliciously fragrant. It is upon the actual existence, in more minds than one, of a mystifying sense of this sweet and remote perfume, that our story is based.

Richard Clare and Miss Whittaker were old friends. They had in the first place gone democratically to the town school together as children; and then their divergent growth, as boy and girl, had acknowledged an elastic bond in a continued intimacy between Gertrude and Fanny Clare, Richard's sister, who, however, in the fulness of time had married, and had followed her husband to California. With her departure the old relations of habit between her brother and her friend had slackened, and gradually ceased. Richard had grown up a rebellious and troublesome boy, with a disposition combining stolid apathy and hot-headed impatience in equal proportions. Losing both of his parents before he was well out of his boyhood, he had found himself at the age of sixteen in possession actual, and as he supposed uncontested, of the paternal farm. It was not long, however, before those turned up who were disposed to question his immediate ability to manage it; the result of which was, that the farm was leased for five years, and that Richard was almost forcibly abducted by a maternal uncle, living on a farm of his own some three hundred miles away. Here our young man

spent the remainder of his minority, ostensibly learning agriculture with his cousins, but actually learning nothing. He had very soon established, and had subsequently enjoyed without a day's interval, the reputation of an ill-natured fool. He was dull, disobliging, brooding, lowering. Reading and shooting he liked a little, because they were solitary pastimes; but to common duties and pleasures he proved himself as incompetent as he was averse. It was possible to live with him only because he was at once too selfish and too simple for mischief. As soon as he came of age he resumed possession of the acres on which his boyhood had been passed, and toward which he gravitated under an instinct of mere local affection, rather than from any intelligent purpose. He avoided his neighbors, his father's former associates; he rejected, nay, he violated, their counsel; he informed them that he wanted no help but what he paid for, and that he expected to work his farm for himself and by himself. In short, he proved himself to their satisfaction egregiously ungrateful, conceited, and arrogant. They were not slow to discover that his incapacity was as great as his conceit. In two years he had more than undone the work of the late lessee, which had been an improvement on that of the original owner. In the third year, it seemed to those who observed him that there was something so wanton in his errors as almost to impugn his sanity. He appeared to have accepted them himself, and to have given up all pretence of work. He went about silent and sullen, like a man who feels that he has a quarrel with fate. About this time it became generally known that he was often the worse for liquor; and he hereupon acquired the deplorable reputation of a man worse than unsociable,—a man who drinks alone,—although it was still doubtful whether this practice was the cause or the effect of his poor crops. About this time, too, he resumed acquaintance with Gertrude Whittaker. For many months after his return he had been held at his distance, together

with most of his rural compeers, by the knowledge of her father's bitter hostility to all possible suitors and fortune-hunters ; and then, subsequently, by the illness preceding the old man's death ; but when at last, on the expiration of her term of mourning, Miss Whittaker had opened to society her long blockaded ports, Richard had, to all the world's amazement, been among the first to profit by this extension of the general privilege, and to cast anchor in the wide and peaceful waters of her friendship. He found himself at this moment, considerably to his surprise, in his twenty-fourth year, that is, a few months Gertrude's junior.

It was impossible that she should not have gathered from mere juxtaposition a vague impression of his evil repute and of his peculiar relation to his neighbors, and to his own affairs. Thanks to this impression, Richard found a very warm welcome, — the welcome of compassion. Gertrude gave him a heavy arrear of news from his sister Fanny, with whom he had dropped correspondence, and, impelled by Fanny's complaints of his long silence, ventured upon a friendly admonition that he should go straight home and write a letter to California. Richard sat before her, gazing at her out of his dark eyes, and not only attempting no defence of his conduct, but rejoicing dumbly in the utter absence of any possible defence, as of an interruption to his companion's virtue. He wished that he might incontinently lay bare all his shortcomings to her delicious reproof. He carried away an extraordinary sense of general alleviation ; and forthwith began a series of visits, which in the space of some ten weeks culminated in the interview with which our narrative opens. Painfully diffident in the company of most women, Richard had not from the first known what it was to be shy with Gertrude. As a man of the world finds it useful to refresh his social energies by an occasional *tête-à-tête* of an hour with himself, so Richard, with whom solitude was the rule, derived a certain austere satisfac-

tion from an hour's contact with Miss Whittaker's consoling good sense, her abundance, her decent duties and comforts. Gradually, however, from a salutary process, this became almost an æsthetic one. It was now pleasant to go to Gertrude, because he enjoyed the contagion of her own repose, — because he witnessed her happiness without a sensation of envy, — because he forgot his own entanglements and errors, — because, finally, his soul slept away its troubles beneath her varying glance, very much as his body had often slept away its weariness in the shade of a changing willow. But the soul, like the body, will not sleep long without dreaming ; and it will not dream often without wishing at last to tell its dreams. Richard had one day ventured to impart his visions to Gertrude, and the revelation had apparently given her serious pain. The fact that Richard Clare (of all men in the world !) had somehow worked himself into an intimacy with Miss Whittaker very soon became public property among their neighbors ; and in the hands of these good people, naturally enough, received an important addition in the inference that he was going to marry her. He was, of course, esteemed a very lucky fellow, and the prevalence of this impression was doubtless not without its effect on the forbearance of certain long-suffering creditors. And even if she was not to marry him, it was further argued, she yet might lend him money ; for it was assumed without question that the necessity of raising money was the main-spring of Richard's suit. It is needless to inform the reader that this assumption was — to use a homely metaphor — without a leg to stand upon. Our hero had faults enough, but to be mercenary was not one of them ; nor was an excessive concern on the subject of his debts one of his virtues. As for Gertrude, wherever else her perception of her friend's feelings may have been at fault, it was not at fault on this point. That he loved her as desperately as he declared, she indeed doubted ; but it never occurred to her to question the

purity of his affection. And so, on the other hand, it was strictly out of her heart's indifference that she rejected him, and not for the disparity of their fortunes. In accepting his very simple and natural overtures to friendship, in calling him "Richard" in remembrance of old days, and in submitting generally to the terms of their old relations, she had foreseen no sentimental catastrophe. She had viewed her friend from the first as an object of lively material concern. She had espoused his interests (like all good women, Gertrude was ever more or less of a partisan) because she loved his sister, and because she pitied himself. She would stand to him *in loco sororis*. The reader has seen that she had given herself a long day's work.

It is not to be supposed that Richard's sober retreat at the close of the walk by the river implied any instinct of resignation to the prospects which Gertrude had opened to him. It is explained rather by an intensity of purpose so deep as to fancy that it can dispense with bravado. This was not the end of his suit, but the beginning. He would not give in until he was positively beaten. It was all very well, he reflected, that Gertrude should reject him. Such a woman as she ought properly to be striven for, and there was something ridiculous in the idea that she should be easily won, whether by himself or by another. Richard was a slow thinker, but he thought more wisely than he talked; and he now took back all his angry boasts of accomplished self-mastery, and humbly surveyed the facts of the case. He was on the way to recovery, but he was by no means cured, and yet his very humility assured him that he was curable. He was no hero, but he was better than his life; he was no scholar, but in his own view at least he was no fool. He was good enough to be better; he was good enough not to sit by the hour soaking his slender brains in whiskey. And at the very least, if he was not worthy to possess Gertrude, he was yet worthy to strive to obtain

her, and to live forevermore upon the glory of having been formally refused by the great Miss Whittaker. He would raise himself then to that level from which he could address her as an equal, from which he could borrow that authority of which he was now so shamefully bare. How he would do this, he was at a loss to determine. He was conscious of an immense fund of brute volition, but he cursed his barbarous ignorance, as he searched in vain for those high opposing forces the defeat of which might lend dignity to his struggle. He longed vaguely for some continuous muscular effort, at the end of which he should find himself face to face with his mistress. But as, instead of being a Pagan hero, with an enticing task-list of impossibilities, he was a plain New England farmer, with a bad conscience, and nature with him and not against him, — as, after slaying his dragon, after breaking with liquor, his work was a simple operation in common sense, — in view of these facts he found but little inspiration in his prospect. Nevertheless he fronted it bravely. He was not to obtain Gertrude by making a fortune, but by making himself a man, by learning to think. But as to learn to think is to learn to work, he would find some use for his muscle. He would keep sober and clear-headed; he would retrieve his land and pay his debts. Then let her refuse him if she could, — or if she dared, he was wont occasionally to add.

Meanwhile Gertrude on her side sat quietly at home, revolving in her own fashion a dozen ideal schemes for her friend's redemption and for the diversion of his enthusiasm. Not but that she meant rigorously to fulfil her part of the engagement to which she had invited him in that painful scene by the river. Yet whatever of that firmness, patience, and courtesy of which she possessed so large a stock she might still oppose to his importunities, she could not feel secure against repeated intrusion (for it was by this term that she was disposed to qualify all unsanctioned transgression of those final and

immovable limits which she had set to her immense hospitality) without the knowledge of a partial change at least in Richard's own attitude. Such a change could only be effected through some preparatory change in his life; and a change in his life could be brought about only by the introduction of some new influence. This influence, however, was very hard to find. However positively Gertrude had dwelt upon the practical virtue of her own friendship, she was now on further reflection led sadly to distrust the exclusive use of this instrument. He was welcome enough to that, but he needed something more. It suddenly occurred to her, one morning after Richard's image had been crossing and recrossing her mental vision for a couple of hours with wearisome pertinacity, that a world of good might accrue to him through the friendship of a person so unexceptionable as Captain Severn. There was no one, she declared within herself, who would not be better for knowing such a man. She would recommend Richard to his kindness, and him she would recommend to Richard's — what? Here was the rub! Where was there common ground between Richard and such a one as he? To request him to like Richard was easy; to ask Richard to like him was ridiculous. If Richard could only know him, the work were done; he could not choose but love him as a brother. But to bespeak Richard's respect for an object was to fill him straightway with aversion for it. Her young friend was so pitiable a creature himself, that it had never occurred to her to appeal to his sentiments of compassion. All the world seemed above him, and he was consequently at odds with all the world. If some worthy being could be found, even less favored of nature and of fortune than himself, to such a one he might become attached by a useful sympathy. There was indeed nothing particularly enviable in Captain Severn's lot, and herein Richard might properly experience a fellow-feeling for him; but neverthe-

less he was apparently quite contented with it, and thus he was raised several degrees above Richard, who would be certain to find something aggressive in his equanimity. Still, for all this, Gertrude would bring them together. She had a high estimate of the Captain's generosity, and if Richard should wantonly fail to conform to the situation, the loss would be his own. It may be thought that in this enterprise Captain Severn was somewhat inconsiderately handled. But a generous woman will freely make a missionary of the man she loves. These words suggest the propriety of a short description of the person to whom they refer.

Edmund Severn was a man of eight-and-twenty, who, having for some time combated fortune and his own inclinations as a mathematical tutor in a second-rate country college, had, on the opening of the war, transferred his valor to a more heroic field. His regiment of volunteers, now at work before Richmond, had been raised in Miss Whittaker's district, and beneath her substantial encouragement. His soldier-ship, like his scholarship, was solid rather than brilliant. He was not destined to be heard of at home, nor to leave his regiment; but on many an important occasion in Virginia he had proved himself in a modest way an excellently useful man. Coming up early in the war with a severe wound, to be nursed by a married sister domiciled in Gertrude's neighborhood, he was, like all his fellow-sufferers within a wide circuit, very soon honored with a visit of anxious inquiry from Miss Whittaker, who was as yet known to him only by report, and who transmitted to him the warmest assurances of sympathy and interest, together with the liveliest offers of assistance; and, incidentally as it were to these, a copious selection from the products of her hot-house and store-room. Severn had taken the air for the first time in Gertrude's own great cushioned barouche, which she had sent to his door at an early stage of his convalescence, and which of course he had immediately made use

of to pay his respects to his benefactress. He was confounded by the real humility with which, on this occasion, betwixt smiles and tears, she assured him that to be of service to such as him was for her a sacred privilege. Never, thought the Captain as he drove away, had he seen so much rustic breadth combined with so much womanly grace. Half a dozen visits during the ensuing month more than sufficed to convert him into what is called an admirer; but, as the weeks passed by, he felt that there were great obstacles to his ever ripening into a lover. Captain Severn was a serious man; he was conscientious, discreet, deliberate, unused to act without a definite purpose. Whatever might be the intermediate steps, it was necessary that the goal of an enterprise should have become an old story to him before he took the first steps. And, moreover, if the goal seemed a profitable or an honorable station, he was proof against the perils or the discomforts of the journey; while if, on the other hand, it offered no permanent repose, he generally found but little difficulty in resisting the incidental allurements. In pursuance of this habit, or rather in obedience to this principle, of carefully fixing his programme, he had asked himself whether he was prepared to face the logical results of a series of personal attentions to our heroine. Since he had determined a twelvemonth before not to marry until, by some means or another, he should have evoked a sufficient income, no great change had taken place in his fortunes. He was still a poor man and an unsettled one; he was still awaiting his real vocation. Moreover, while subject to the chances of war, he doubted his right to engage a woman's affections: he shrank in horror from the thought of making a widow. Miss Whittaker was one in five thousand. Before the luminous fact of her existence, his dim ideal of the desirable wife had faded into vapor. But should he allow this fact to invalidate all the stern precepts of his reason? He

could no more afford to marry a rich woman than a poor one. When he should have earned a subsistence for two, then he would be free to marry whomsoever he might fancy,—a beggar or an heiress. The truth is, that the Captain was a great deal too proud. It was his fault that he could not bring himself to forget the difference between his poverty and Gertrude's wealth. He would of course have resented the insinuation that the superior fortune of the woman he loved should really have force to prevent him from declaring his love; but there is no doubt that in the case before us this fact arrested his passion in its origin. Severn had a most stoical aversion to being in debt. It is certain that, after all, he would have made a very graceful debtor to his mistress or his wife; but while a woman was as yet neither his mistress nor his wife, the idea of being beholden to her was essentially distasteful to him. It would have been a question with one who knew him, whether at this juncture this frigid instinct was destined to resist the warmth of Gertrude's charms, or whether it was destined gradually to melt away. There would have been no question, however, but that it could maintain itself only at the cost of great suffering to its possessor. At this moment, then, Severn had made up his mind that Gertrude was not for him, and that it behooved him to be sternly vigilant both of his impulses and his impressions. That Miss Whittaker, with a hundred rational cares, was anything less than supremely oblivious of him, individually, it never occurred to him to suspect. The truth is, that Gertrude's private and personal emotions were entertained in a chamber of her heart so remote from the portals of speech that no sound of their revelry found its way into the world. She constantly thought of her modest, soldierly, scholarly friend as of one whom a wise woman might find it very natural to love. But what was she to him? A local roadside figure,—at the very most a sort of millionaire Maud Muller,—with

whom it was pleasant for a lonely wayfarer to exchange a friendly "good-morning." Her duty was to fold her arms resignedly, to sit quietly on the sofa, and watch a great happiness sink below the horizon. With this impression on Gertrude's part it is not surprising that Severn was not wrenched out of himself. The prodigy was apparently to be wrought — if wrought at all — by her common, unbought sweetness. It is true that this was of a potency sufficient almost to work prodigies; but as yet its effect upon Severn had been none other than its effect upon all the world. It kept him in his kindest humor. It kept him even in the humor of talking sentiment; but although, in the broad sunshine of her listening, his talk bloomed thick with field-flowers, he never invited her to pluck the least little daisy. It was with perfect honesty, therefore, that she had rebutted Richard's insinuation that the Captain enjoyed any especial favor. He was as yet but another of the pensioners of her good-nature.

The result of Gertrude's meditations was, that she despatched a note to each of her two friends, requesting them to take tea with her on the following day. A couple of hours before tea-time she received a visit from one Major Luttrell, who was recruiting for a United States regiment at a large town, some ten miles away, and who had ridden over in the afternoon, in accordance with a general invitation conveyed to him through an old lady who had bespoken Miss Whittaker's courtesy for him as a man of delightful manners and wonderful talents. Gertrude, on her venerable friend's representations, had replied, with her wonted alacrity, that she would be very glad to see Major Luttrell, should he ever come that way, and then had thought no more about him until his card was brought to her as she was dressing for the evening. He found so much to say to her, that the interval passed very rapidly for both of them before the simultaneous entrance of Miss Pendexter and of Ger-

trude's guests. The two officers were already slightly known to each other, and Richard was accordingly presented to each of them. They eyed the distracted-looking young farmer with some curiosity. Richard's was at all times a figure to attract attention; but now he was almost picturesque (so Severn thought at least) with his careless garments, his pale face, his dark mistrustful eyes, and his nervous movements. Major Luttrell, who struck Gertrude as at once very agreeable and the least bit in the world disagreeable, was, of course, invited to remain, — which he straightway consented to do; and it soon became evident to Miss Whittaker that her little scheme was destined to miscarry. Richard practised a certain defiant silence, which, as she feared, gave him eventually a decidedly ridiculous air. His companions displayed toward their hostess that half-avowed effort to shine and to outshine natural to clever men who find themselves concurring to the entertainment of a young and agreeable woman. Richard sat by, wondering, in splenetic amazement, whether he was an ignorant boor, or whether they were only a brace of inflated snobs. He decided, correctly enough, in substance, for the former hypothesis. For it seemed to him that Gertrude's consummate accommodation (for as such he viewed it) of her tone and her manner to theirs added prodigiously (so his lover's instinct taught him) to her loveliness and dignity. How magnanimous an impulse on Richard's part was this submission for his sweetheart's sake to a fact damning to his own vanity, could have been determined only by one who knew the proportions of that vanity. He writhed and chafed under the polish of tone and the variety of allusion by which the two officers consigned him to insignificance; but he was soon lost in wonder at the mettlesome grace and vivacity with which Gertrude sustained her share of the conversation. For a moment it seemed to him that her tenderness for his equanimity (for should she not know his mind, — she who

had made it?) might reasonably have caused her to forego such an exhibition of her social accomplishments as would but remind him afresh of his own deficiencies; but the next moment he asked himself, with a great revulsion of feeling, whether he, a conscious suitor, should fear to know his mistress in her integrity. As he gulped down the sickening fact of his comparative, nay, his absolute ignorance of the great world represented by his rivals, he felt like anticipating its consequences by a desperate sally into the very field of their conversation. To some such movement Gertrude was continually inviting him by her glances, her smiles, her questions, and her appealing silence. But poor Richard knew that, if he should attempt to talk, he would choke; and this assurance he imparted to his friend in a look piteously eloquent. He was conscious of a sensation of rage under which his heart was fast turning into a fiery furnace, destined to consume all his good resolutions. He could not answer for the future now. Suddenly, as tea was drawing to a close, he became aware that Captain Severn had lapsed into a silence very nearly as profound as his own, and that he was covertly watching the progress of a lively dialogue between Miss Whittaker and Major Luttrell. He had the singular experience of seeing his own feelings reflected in the Captain's face; that is, he discerned there an incipient jealousy. Severn too was in love!

On rising from table, Gertrude proposed an adjournment to the garden, where she was very fond of entertaining her friends at this hour. The sun had sunk behind a long line of hills, far beyond the opposite bank of the river, a portion of which was discernible through a gap in the intervening wood. The high-piled roof and chimney-stacks, the picturesquely crowded surface, of the old patched and renovated farm-house which served Gertrude as a villa, were ruddy with the declining rays. Our friends' long shadows were thrown over the short grass,

Gertrude, having graciously anticipated the gentlemen's longing for their cigars, suggested a stroll toward the river. Before she knew it, she had accepted Major Luttrell's arm; and as Miss Pendexter preferred remaining at home, Severn and Richard found themselves lounging side by side at a short distance behind their hostess. Gertrude, who had marked the reserve which had suddenly fallen upon Captain Severn, and in her simplicity had referred it to some unwitting failure of attention on her own part, had hoped to repair her neglect by having him at her own side. She was in some degree consoled, however, by the sight of his happy juxtaposition with Richard. As for Richard, now that he was on his feet and in the open air, he found it easier to speak.

"Who is that man?" he asked, nodding toward the Major.

"Major Luttrell, of the —th Artillery."

"I don't like his face much," said Richard.

"Don't you?" rejoined Severn, amused at his companion's bluntness. "He's not handsome, but he looks like a soldier."

"He looks like a rascal, I think," said Richard.

Severn laughed outright, so that Gertrude glanced back at him. "Dear me! I think you put it rather strongly. I should call it a very intelligent face."

Richard was sorely perplexed. He had expected to find acceptance for his bitterest animadversions, and lo! here was the Captain fighting for his enemy. Such a man as that was no rival. So poor a hater could be but a poor lover. Nevertheless, a certain new-born mistrust of his old fashion of measuring human motives prevented him from adopting this conclusion as final. He would try another question.

"Do you know Miss Whittaker well?" he asked.

"Tolerably well. She was very kind to me when I was ill. Since then I've seen her some dozen times."

"That's a way she has, being kind,"

said Richard, with what he deemed considerable shrewdness. But as the Captain merely puffed his cigar responsively, he pursued, "What do you think of her face?"

"I like it very much," said the Captain.

"She is n't beautiful," said Richard, cunningly.

Severn was silent a moment, and then, just as Richard was about to dismiss him from his thoughts, as neither formidable nor satisfactory, he replied, with some emphasis, "You mean she is n't pretty. She *is* beautiful, I think, in spite of the irregularity of her face. It's a face not to be forgotten. She has no features, no color, no lilies nor roses, no attitudes; but she has *looks*, expressions. Her face has *character*; and so has her figure. It has no 'style,' as they call it; but that only belongs properly to a work of art, which Miss Whittaker's figure is n't, thank Heaven! She's as unconscious of it as Nature herself."

Severn spoke Richard's mind as well as his own. That "She is n't beautiful" had been an extempore version of the young man's most sacred dogma, namely, She is beautiful. The reader will remember that he had so translated it on a former occasion. Now, all that he felt was a sense of gratitude to the Captain for having put it so much more finely than he, the above being his choicest public expression of it. But the Captain's eyes, somewhat brightened by his short but fervid speech, were following Gertrude's slow steps. Richard saw that he could learn more from them than from any further oral declaration; for something in the mouth beneath them seemed to indicate that it had judged itself to have said enough, and it was obviously not the mouth of a simpleton. As he thus deferred with an unwonted courtesy to the Captain's silence, and transferred his gaze sympathetically to Gertrude's shapely shoulders and to her listening ear, he gave utterance to a tell-tale sigh,—a sigh which there was no mistaking. Severn looked about; it was now his turn to

scrutinize. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "that boy is in love with her!"

After the first shock of surprise, he accepted this fact with rational calmness. Why should n't he be in love with her? "*Je le suis bien*," said the Captain; "or, rather, I'm not." Could it be, Severn pursued, that he was a favorite? He was a mannerless young farmer; but it was plain that he had a soul of his own. He almost wished, indeed, that Richard might prove to be in Gertrude's good graces. "But if he is," he reflected, "why should he sigh? It is true that there is no arguing for lovers. I, who am out in the cold, take my comfort in whistling most impertinently. It may be that my friend here groans for very bliss. I confess, however, that he scarcely looks like a favored swain."

And forthwith this faint-hearted gentleman felt a twinge of pity for Richard's obvious infelicity; and as he compared it with the elaborately defensive condition of his own affections, he felt a further pang of self-contempt. But it was easier to restore the equilibrium of his self-respect by an immediate cession of the field, than by contesting it against this woefully wounded knight. "Whether he wins her or not, he'll fight for her," the Captain declared; and as he glanced at Major Luttrell, he felt that this was a sweet assurance. He had conceived a singular distrust of the Major.

They had now reached the water's edge, where Gertrude, having arrested her companion, had turned about, expectant of her other guests. As they came up, Severn saw, or thought that he saw (which is a very different thing), that her first look was at Richard. The "admirer" in his breast rose fratricidal for a moment against the quiet observer; but the next, it was pinioned again. "Amen," said the Captain; "it's none of my business."

At this moment, Richard was soaring most heroically. The end of his anguish had been a sudden intoxication. He surveyed the scene before him with a kindling fancy. Why should he stand

tongue-tied in sullen mistrust of fortune, when all nature beckoned him into the field? There was the river-path where, a fortnight before, he had found an eloquence attested by Gertrude's tears. There was sweet Gertrude herself, whose hand he had kissed and whose waist he had clasped. Surely, he was master here! Before he knew it, he had begun to talk, — rapidly, nervously, and almost defiantly. Major Luttrell having made an observation about the prettiness of the river, Richard entered upon a description of its general course and its superior beauty upon his own place, together with an enumeration of the fish which were to be found in it, and a story about a great overflow ten years before. He spoke in fair, coherent terms, but with singular intensity and vehemence, and with his head thrown back and his eyes on the opposite bank. At last he stopped, feeling that he had given proof of his manhood, and looked towards Gertrude, whose eyes he had been afraid to meet until he had seen his adventure to a close. But she was looking at Captain Severn, under the impression that Richard had secured his auditor. Severn was looking at Luttrell, and Luttrell at Miss Whittaker; and all were apparently so deep in observation that they had marked neither his speech nor his silence. "Truly," thought the young man, "I'm well out of the circle!" But he was resolved to be patient still, which was assuredly, all things considered, a very brave resolve. Yet there was always something spasmodic and unnatural in Richard's magnanimity. A touch in the wrong place would cause it to collapse. It was Gertrude's evil fortune to administer this touch at present. As the party turned about

toward the house, Richard stepped to her side and offered her his arm, hoping in his heart — so implicitly did he count upon her sympathy, so almost boyishly, filially, did he depend upon it — for some covert token that his heroism, such as it was, had not been lost upon her.

But Gertrude, intensely preoccupied by the desire to repair her fancied injustice to the Captain, shook her head at him without even meeting his eye. "Thank you," she said; "I want Captain Severn," who forthwith approached.

Poor Richard felt his feet touch the ground again. He felt that he could have flung the Captain into the stream. Major Luttrell placed himself at Gertrude's other elbow, and Richard stood behind them, almost livid with spite, and half resolved to turn upon his heel and make his way home by the river. But it occurred to him that a more elaborate vengeance would be to follow the trio before him back to the lawn, and there make it a silent and scathing bow. Accordingly, when they reached the house, he stood aloof and bade Gertrude a grim good-night. He trembled with eagerness to see whether she would make an attempt to detain him. But Miss Whittaker, reading in his voice — it had grown too dark to see his face at the distance at which he stood — the story of some fancied affront, and unconsciously contrasting it, perhaps, with Severn's clear and unwarped accents, obeyed what she deemed a prompting of self-respect, and gave him, without her hand, a farewell as cold as his own. It is but fair to add, that, a couple of hours later, as she reviewed the incidents of the evening, she repented most generously of this little act of justice.

G. L. S.

HE has done the work of a true man, —
Crown him, honor him, love him.
Weep over him, tears of woman,
Stoop manliest brows above him !

O dusky mothers and daughters,
Vigils of mourning keep for him !
Up in the mountains, and down by the waters,
Lift up your voices and weep for him !

Take up the burden, O Cretan,
Mourn for thy free provider !
At thy feet by the war-storm beaten,
Drop thy tears of snow, O Ida !

For the warmest of hearts is frozen,
The freest of hands is still ;
And the gap in our picked and chosen
The long years may not fill.

No duty could overtask him,
No need his will outrun ;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
His hands the work had done.

He forgot his own soul for others,
Himself to his neighbor lending ;
He found the Lord in his suffering brothers,
And not in the clouds descending.

So the bed was sweet to die on,
Whence he saw the doors wide swung
Against whose bolted iron
The strength of his life was flung.

And he saw ere his eye was darkened
The sheaves of the harvest-bringing,
And knew while his ear yet hearkened
The voice of the reapers singing.

Ah, well ! — The world is discreet ;
There are plenty to pause and wait ;
But here was a man who set his feet
Sometimes in advance of fate, —

Plucked off the old bark when the inner
Was slow to renew it,
And put to the Lord's work the sinner
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing
 A worthier paladin.
 Shall he not hear the blessing,
 "Good and faithful, enter in!"

GOLDEN CHAINS.

THAT was a clever pencil which depicted an American sylph loaded with the clumsy black chains now in vogue, complacently promenading before the eyes of Sambo and Cuffee, one of whom exclaims to the other, "Hi den, niggah! we 's frowed off de chains, an' de w'ite gals has picked 'em up."

But the clumsy black chains have one radical defect for our fair fashionists. Gutta-percha is not an expensive material, and it is impossible to prevent Fanny Furbelow, the milliner's girl, from adorning herself with a chain as big, as black, and as clumsy as that weighing down the slender neck of Flora MacFlimsey herself. Such encroachment upon "the right divine" is not to be borne. We may be republicans, but who shall dare accuse us of democracy!

Miss Flora does not dispute the ground with the Furbelow, but scornfully abandons it, and replaces the gutta-percha chain with one of gold, massive and rich enough for an alderman at a Lord Mayor's dinner. The Furbelow looks, sighs, and relinquishes the contest, or weakly pursues it with electroplate. The paternal MacFlimsey sighs also, for he sees the dawn of a new and expensive folly, and with gold at 137 feels indisposed to purchase it with paper at 100.

But our friends the chain-makers do not sigh. They smile instead, and rub their hands, and bid madam and the young people prepare for a visit to the Exposition and a summer among the Alps. For in the grand universal scheme even thistle-down and butterflies fill their appointed place, and the

whims of the MacFlimseys are the necessities of their purveyors.

So Miselle, eschewing both the black chains and the gold, contented herself with smiling at the one and utilizing the other. She asked her good friend R——, who is the man to ask about chains, to take her to see these vanities in their crude and undeveloped condition; to show her their secrets of alloy and of manipulation; to reveal to her, in fact, those mysteries which, once unveiled, go far to destroy the prestige of much of the gold that glitters in varied form before the eyes of non-possessors in a world not yet entirely Arcadian in simplicity or sincerity.

"You would like to see the Gold-Chain Factory? But it is in Springfield, a hundred miles and more from the centre of civilization," remonstrated Mr. R——.

"A hundred miles means three hours of railway travel, does it not? I have travelled a thousand without stopping," replied Miselle, with intrepidity.

"Three hours? That depends. Sometimes it means twenty-four hours without food or fire. Did you read in last night's Transcript of the bridal party 'snowed up' between Springfield and Albany, and forced to substitute gingerbread and sandwich crumbs for the banquet awaiting them at the Delavan House?"

"*Hæc fabula docet*, Always stop at Springfield; and when the Massasoit offers you waffles, be content to forego the pheasants of the Delavan."

The logic was incontrovertible, and Miselle, quite according to the usual order of events, had her own way, and

made an appointment to meet Mr. R—— at Springfield upon her return from New York, whither she was about to repair for the study of morals and polemics.

When Time and Miselle were young, when the Massasoit was not, and the railway still an innovation upon its rural privacy, Springfield to the hungry wayfarer meant Warriner's, or rather Warriner's wife, who, honest woman, fancied that the duties of a hostess were not simply verbal, or even ocular, and who, putting her own deft hand to the work, produced such miracles of culinary excellence as rendered the name she illustrated a joy and a solace in the land.

Warriner's is no more, and "Uncle Jerry" and "Aunt Phœbe," like less faithful and valued public servants, have passed from the stage, leaving but a name behind, — a name in their case forever fragrant and savory. But a corner of their mantle has fallen upon the genius of the Massasoit House, and we, who love to reproduce in these latter days the coloring, the chords, and the periods of elder Art, may still eat waffles at Springfield, and linger musingly over the memories they evoke.

A crisp, sunshiny morning, a well-beaten track, a cosy sleigh and pair of spirited horses brought Miselle and her guide to the Gold-Chain Factory, a pretty building upon the edge of a pond, by Young Springfield fondly called a Skating Rink, — a meek and modest building, a Peter Cooper of factories, with its outer pretensions in inverse ratio to its intrinsic value, and using none of its gold for its own gilding.

The genial air of the steam-heated office soon remedied the chill of the outer world, and Miselle, throwing aside her wraps, was ready for the wonders of Ophir and Golconda.

"First, if you please," remarked she, "I should like to see the raw material, the gold as it comes from the mine."

"We have no raw material, — it is all *réchauffée*; but I hope you will not add —"

"*Ne vaut rien*? We shall see," re-

plied Miselle, with diplomatic caution, while Mr. R—— threw back the doors of a Bastile-looking safe, and opened one of many little drawers. It was half filled with coin of gold and silver, each piece divided in halves, and with coils of what looked like yellow satin ribbon about an inch in width.

"This," said Mr. R——, unrolling one of the coils, "is pure gold, cleansed from its native impurities, and as yet unalloyed. Notice how pliable it is."

Taking the costly ribbon in her own hands, Miselle found it nearly as flexible as silk, and, twisting it about her fingers, wondered that it was not used by *les grandes dames* as head-gear, belts, and trimmings.

"Small waists will be more fashionable than ever, should your hint be adopted," smiled Mr. R——; "for, as this belting costs something like five dollars an inch in paper money, it will pay to have the dresses a little tightened."

"And to what use do you apply it here?"

"Principally to electro-plating. But you shall see the whole process, if you are not afraid of the soil and din of machinery."

So saying, Mr. R—— opened a door leading from the office to a long work-room, fitted with benches at either side, and having various forms of machinery in the middle. Near the door stood a brick forge, and over the fire bent an anxious-looking man inspecting something buried in the coals. Miselle, stepping close behind him, saw that this something was a little crucible, in shape and size resembling the pottles in which strawberries are brought to the New York and Philadelphia markets. This crucible was filled with molten gold, its glow and hue like a summer sunset, its surface showing the iridescent changes and wavering shadows we all as children have watched upon the spoonful of lead melted for our innocent necromancies.

"How do you know when it is done?" asked Miselle, as the workman drew the coals a little closer about

his crucible, and stood erect with a waiting air.

"I have been at it eighteen years, miss, and can tell by the looks," said he, pleasantly. "New hands have to time it by the clock."

He moved a brake beside the forge as he spoke, and blew the charcoal fire to a white heat. The molten gold danced and gleamed, and fiery sparks shot across its surface.

"Of what is the crucible composed, to bear such intense heat without melting?" asked Miselle of Mr. R——.

"It is called crystal; but the old adage, *Lucus a non lucendo*, applies here more closely than usual, for this crystal is, as you see, perfectly opaque and lustreless. It is in fact nothing but a species of pottery manufactured in Germany from glass-sand. We import them in nests, the sizes ranging from about three quarts to something hardly too large for a thimble. They never melt, and seldom break. But see, Bond is about to draw his oven. Let us see the baking."

Miselle turned to look at Bond, who was removing the coals from about the crystal. Seizing it with a pair of long tongs, he lifted it from the furnace and deftly poured its contents into a mould set ready for it, with the loss of no more than a single drop.

"That drop will be carefully taken up and saved," remarked Mr. R——, *sotto voce*.

"O, what is that line of fire which runs around the edge of the mould as if the gold were blazing?" asked Miselle, more moved by the brilliant than the economic side of the performance.

"The mould is oiled to prevent the metal from holding to it, and it is the oil which blazes. Gold can't blaze," rationally remarked Bond, as, laying down his tongs and crucible, he removed the upper half of the mould and tilted out upon the forge an ingot of gold about a foot in length and half an inch in breadth and width. This was laid upon an anvil to cool a little, and the crucible refilled with gold and silver coin, mixed with a proportion of copper alloy.

"That is for eighteen, is it not?" asked the master, noting these proportions.

"Yes sir, we are running on that now."

"Our chains are mostly fourteen or eighteen carats fine," explained Mr. R——. "The gold coin of the United States is, you know, nine tenths of pure metal to one tenth of alloy. We however estimate by carats altogether, and, in saying that a chain is fourteen or eighteen fine, mean that fourteen or eighteen out of twenty-four carats is gold, the remainder silver and copper. Pardon the elementary nature of the explanation, but I was asked the other night by a literary lady if the Pacific Railway would go through the city of Mexico before reaching San Francisco; and not long ago, by the daughter of one of our first savans, in what part of the Bible she should find the history of Mahomet. Since that, I make it a rule to take nothing for granted in conversation with the fairer half of mankind."

"You remind me," remarked Miselle, "of one of the lords of creation,—just out of college by the way,—who inquired in my presence the meaning of *Sic semper tyrannis*, and after the words were translated could not be brought to understand why Booth used them just after his murder of President Lincoln."

"That is not so remarkable, if he was a good patriot. But our ingot is now to go through its second process."

So, leaving the fascinating forge where the second crystal of metal was already seething and shimmering, Miselle followed to the rolling-machine in the middle of the room, where she saw the ingot, now nearly cool, passed through a series of grooved wheels, each one smaller than its predecessor, until, reaching the last, it was drawn out to many times its original length, and proportionably diminished in thickness.

"That is all the rolling-machine can effect," remarked Mr. R——, as the attenuated bar passed through the last groove. "But the draw-plate will bring it down to almost a cambric thread. Here it is."

He led the way to one of the benches as he spoke, and pointed to a heavy iron plate screwed against its outer edge, and standing at right angles to its surface. Through this plate were drilled a number of holes, graduated from the size of a large knitting-needle to that of the cambric thread promised by Mr. R——. Through this plate, the unfortunate ingot was now dragged by an operator armed with a stout pair of pincers and an indomitable set of muscles, until, reaching nearly the last degree of attenuation, it lay upon the bench a mass of glittering wire, ready for removal.

"We do not often draw it finer than this," remarked Mr. R——, handling the wire, "the medium sizes being the most useful. For some purposes, when it is not wire, but a flat strip or ribbon of metal that is required, the ingot is passed through this other rolling-machine, where, you will see, the wheels are differently grooved, and the bar, while growing thinner and thinner, does not diminish in width. Within a few years these rolling-machines were all worked by hand, and I myself retain a vivid recollection of the force necessary to turn the heavy crank. Now we let steam do it for us, and use our brains more and our muscles less."

"The links of a chain are all made from wire, I suppose," suggested Miselle.

"Not at all. Very many, indeed the most, I think, are cut out of a flat strip of metal by this little machine, whose patented ingenuity costs us something like a hundred dollars to every square inch of its polished surface. A narrow strip of gold passed in at this point is carried beneath the die, which at each blow cuts a link, makes the opening, and rounds the outer surface, turning them off about as fast as a farmer's boy can with his fingers shell a dry ear of corn. The links are next polished upon a swiftly revolving wheel, called a metal lap, the workman holding a number of them upon a piece of buckskin, and applying it to the side instead of the face of the wheel. This metal lap, in the course of a short time becomes in-

grained with gold to a very considerable extent, and is then rubbed down with blocks of soft stone, and cleansed with cotton-wool soaked in oil, the stones and the cotton being subsequently treated to extract the gold they have absorbed.

"Along with the links are prepared a quantity of little straight bits of wire for rivets, and the whole are delivered to the workmen or workwomen by weight, they being expected to account for them in the finished work, which is also weighed. Now we will go up stairs if you please."

While speaking, Mr. R—— led the way to a pleasant upper chamber, where were ranged at either hand some thirty or forty young women, with one or two men as superintendents, all chatting and laughing over their pretty work, with an air of content and comfort which should have gladdened the heart of the gloomiest political economist.

"Here are the links and rivets again, you see," remarked Mr. R——, pointing to some boxes in front of a smart, black-eyed girl, who, after one sharp glance at the visitor, went steadily on with her work, picking up each link with a pair of delicate pincers, arranging them between her thumb and forefinger in a certain order, and then, still with the pincers, inserting a bit of wire in such fashion as to combine the links, not only with each other, but with the chain already dangling from her hand.

"That is called a roller-chain. Do you see how it is made?" asked Mr. R——, as Miselle bent closer and closer over the nimble fingers of the workwoman.

"Not in the least," confessed she.

"I'll do it slow, and then you will," said Black-eyes, looking up with a flashing smile.

"Thank you. Ah yes, I see it now; but I could not do it in twice the time you take."

The girl laughed, and Miselle, passing on, found that nearly all the workwomen were employed upon the same sort of chain she had just examined.

"It is just now a popular style," said

Mr. R——. “But the fashion of chains varies almost as often as that of bonnets, and we have to keep our eyes open, and our ingenuity on the stretch to invent something new, or our rivals would creep up and win the race. I went abroad a little while ago to see what novelties I could find in London or Paris, or what new combinations could be tortured from the fertile Gallic brain. Here is one of the results.”

As he spoke, Mr. R—— took from the hand of a young woman, and handed to Miselle, a bit of chain formed by uniting two large, plain links by another of twisted wire. The effect was novel and striking.

“Then here,” continued he, “is the rope-chain, as we call it, although it is really formed of links and rivets.”

Miselle looked at the chain now placed in her hands with astonishment. It had all the appearance of a cable or rope, laid up with many strands of heavy wire, and it was only by demonstration that she could be brought to believe that these strands were actually links, each one bored, at its point of intersection with the second, to admit the insertion of the third, in such complicated fashion as to give the whole a spiral tendency, and produce, as has been said, the full effect of a golden cable.

“Here is a pretty variety, called Fox-tail,” said Mr. R——, passing to the next operator. “It is made of the finest wire, and requires very delicate workmanship and keen eyesight, so that the women are generally very unwilling to undertake it. It is used for the tassels of bracelets, fringes of combs, and the like. Here, you see, is a heavier variety of the same pattern, intended for a guard-chain.

“But here is a chain made without either links or rivets, — in fact, a knitted or woven chain. The process of its manufacture begins upon this machine, called a coiling-lathe or mandrel. You shall see it done.”

So saying, Mr. R—— beckoned to a workman standing near, who, producing a skein of fine wire, fastened one end

of it to the spindle of the mandrel, and, gently turning the crank, wound it upon the axle, precisely as the rope in a well is wound upon the windlass.

The spindle covered, the workman took it out, slipped off the coil of wire, and handed it to a girl whose *spécialité* it was to make this sort of chain. She, holding the two ends of the coil, inserted one within the other, and with a dexterous movement intertwined their links for about half an inch, then snipped off the end of the entering coil, and, recommencing, wove another row. The process was rapid, and apparently easy, and the result very like the strip of knitting prepared by careful grand-mammas for the instruction of the youthful aspirant. Indeed, it occurred to Miselle that some one of her enterprising countrymen might weave for himself a sudden fortune by introducing woven chains at the English court to supersede the embroidered strap, with its motto of *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

“The edge of the chain,” resumed Mr. R——, “is left somewhat jagged and uneven, as you perceive; but this is remedied by placing the completed lengths of chain in a sort of mould which leaves only the edge exposed. The projections are then easily filed away, and the chain is subsequently subjected to a moderate pressure, which settles each link in its place, and removes the tendency to twist, or, as you ladies say, ‘kink,’ now perceptible.”

“I see. Just as, after the soldiers’ stockings were knitted, we pressed them under heavy smoothing-irons to bring them into shape.”

“Exactly. And perhaps the soldiers’ socks were, after all, the more important result.”

“An appropriate compliment from the chain-maker to the chain-breakers,” said Miselle.

“I was thinking more of the knitters than the wearers, I am afraid,” replied Mr. R——, leading the way to the other side of the room, where he showed various other patterns of chain in manufacture, and mentioned their names, such as Jazeroon, Piccolomini, Atlantic

Cable, Globe, French Fancy Chains, and Jenny Lind.

"Next come the chasers," said he, and brought Miselle to the bench where sat half a dozen men, each with a square frame or block of wood before him, covered with a species of cement. Into this cement the chaser patiently beds his chain, link by link, until only one surface is exposed. The block is then set aside until the cement is perfectly hard, and the chain so firmly fixed that the artist can cut the chosen design upon each link in succession, without disturbing it. The cement is then softened by means of a gas-burner and blowpipe, another surface of the chain turned uppermost, and the process repeated until the whole is completed.

"Sleeve-buttons, the links of bracelets, and many other articles, are chased or engraved in the same fashion," remarked Mr. R——, passing on to the next bench.

"This man," continued he, "is making split rings, like that connecting your watch and chain. It is rather a complicated process, and commences by coiling a large wire upon the mandrel you saw above. The coil, when complete, is split lengthwise, and drops apart in rings, each twice as large as the completed split-ring is to be. These rings are then coiled, one at a time, twice around the barrel of this mould, the ends brought opposite to each other, the cover put on, and a powerful pressure applied. Beneath it the bit of wire assumes in an instant the shape of a completed split ring, only requiring a little polishing to make it perfect."

"But does not this immense pressure sometimes weld the two circles together? I should think it would come out a whole, instead of a split ring."

"O no. The gold is quite cold, you see, and no amount of pressure will combine two pieces of cold metal. The inner surfaces of the ring are flattened and pressed very closely together, but they never unite. — This next man is cutting the tops of sleeve-buttons."

Mr. R—— pointed, as he spoke, to a workman who, with a long strip of gold

ribbon in his hand, sat before a leisurely sort of machine, its prominent feature a die working up and down by steam-power. When the die went up, the man thrust the end of his ribbon beneath it; and when the die came down, it nonchalantly cut out a disk of the metal, which immediately dropped out of sight into a drawer below. At Mr. R——'s suggestion, the workman, leaving his playfellow to carry on his side of the game alone for a moment, pulled out the drawer and showed it half-full of shining golden buttons somewhat larger than a ten-cent piece. These, it was explained, are subsequently laid over a mould, and, by the blow of a solid die, struck into the box-cover shape familiar to such inquiring eyes as — like Benjamin Franklin's — are prone to look upon the other side of the peach. The stud or catches are afterward affixed, and the face of the sleeve-button chased, engraved, or enamelled, according to the prevailing popular prejudice.

"And now," said Mr. R——, "we have seen the whole process of manufacture, I believe. The remainder comes more under the head of finishing, and begins here at the electro-galvanic bath, through which pass all our chains, and many of our other goods, before polishing. The object of this process is to give a deep gold color to the inside of the links, and such portions of other articles as cannot be reached by the brushes of the polishers."

Every one, of course, is familiar with both the theory and the practice of galvanic action, especially as applied to electro-plating, — so familiar, that to attempt description of the process were an impertinence of which Miselle never will be guilty. Suffice it to say, that the gold used in this operation is the flexible ribbon of pure metal already described, and that an immersion of five minutes in its company is sufficient to give the rich but unpolished chain that society-surface so satisfactory to all but the unreasonable B. Franklinites before mentioned.

After the gilding comes the polishing,

and this process is effected in a secluded nook, divided from the principal room by a partition covered with loose sheets of brown paper. More sheets of paper hang from the ceiling and line the walls of this recess, full half of which is occupied by a wide bench, above which plays a tangle of whirling wheels, belts, and shafts. Before this bench sit a row of weary-looking women, with grimy hands, faces, and garments, each one holding a gold chain which she sedulously applies to the wheel before her,—a wheel rayed with bristles like a pictorial sun.

Mr. R——, raising his voice above the din of the machinery, explained that these chains had first been covered with a preparation of rouge and other ingredients mixed with oil, and that the violent friction of the whirling brushes not only polished the chain, but removed the preparation, and with it the gold just plated on, and even more. Here was the secret of the sheets of paper in which the whole operation was, so to speak, packed. The gold whirled off by the polishing-wheels, and thrown up to the ceiling, and down to the floor, and against the walls, and out into space, becomes a floating capital, gradually absorbed by those quiet old speculators, the sheets of brown paper, and ultimately reclaimed by the somewhat summary process of burning the paper, and subjecting the ashes to a chemical analysis. Nor is this reclaiming process confined to the paper walls of the polishing-room. The operatives are required to wash their faces, hands, head-kerchiefs, and aprons upon the premises, and the settlements of the waste-water tank are found as rich as the sands of a Californian river. The metal laps upon which the links are polished, the leathern bottoms of the drawers in which the operatives drop their tools and work, the amalgam of dust and grease upon the machinery, the sweepings of the floors and benches, indeed almost every article and every surface about the Gold-Chain Factory is in turn searched and tortured, like the Jews of olden time, for the treasure

it may vainly try to conceal beneath a garb of simple poverty.

The chains, thoroughly polished, are next submitted to a rigorous course of soap and hot water, and when thoroughly cleansed from the polishing-powder, are laid to dry for a while in a box of warm sawdust, and then packed for transportation to the New York office of the firm. Thence they are forwarded to first-class dealers in jewelry all over the country.

From the workshop Miselle was taken down to visit the steam-engine,—a pretty little specimen of its race, and kept with the exquisite neatness as characteristic of engines as of cats or ermines. Also she ventured an awesome peep into the cavern where idly stood the great water-wheel, for many years the sole motive-power of the machinery above, but now almost entirely superseded by its tiny rival. Finally she cast appreciative glances at the forge and bench of the resident machinist, at the labors of the carpenter, and at the laundry arrangements.

Returning to the office, she spent a pleasant half-hour in turning over drawers and boxes of odd trinkets, bits of chain made for experiment or sample, gold beads or links, and the various accumulations of a large and long-established manufactory. She listened, well pleased, to Mr. R——'s reminiscences of the time when he was hands where now he is head, and of the laborious means then employed to the same end-to-day achieved by steam-power with tenfold the speed and certainty possible to the inferior human machine.

And so, musing somewhat proudly upon the value and results of human ingenuity, and the marvellous results of science, Miselle took her seat once more behind the spirited horses, and found herself confronted by sunshine and blue sky, a wide landscape, and an exhilarating atmosphere, each unimproved since Adam, each as absolutely perfect as it was then.

Wonderful are the efforts of humanity! Beyond wonder are the effortless results of Divinity!

SHAKESPEARE, THE MAN AND THE DRAMATIST.

THE biography of Shakespeare, if we merely look at the bulk of the books which assume to record it, is both minute and extensive; but when we subject the octavo or quarto to examination, we find a great deal that is interesting about his times, and some shrewd and some dull guessing about his probable actions and motives, but little about himself except a few dates. He was born in Stratford-on-Avon, in April, 1564, and was the son of John Shakespeare, tradesman, of that place. In 1582, in his nineteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway, aged twenty-six. About the year 1586, he went to London, and became a player. In 1589 he was one of the proprietors of the Black Friars' Theatre; and in 1595 was a prominent shareholder in a larger theatre, built by the same company, called the Globe. As a playwright he seems to have served an apprenticeship; for he altered, amended, and added to the dramas of others before he produced any himself. Between the year 1591, or thereabouts, and the year 1613, or thereabouts, he wrote over thirty plays, the precise date of whose composition it is hardly possible to fix. He seems to have made yearly visits to Stratford, where his wife and children resided, and to have invested money there as he increased in wealth. Mr. Emerson has noted, that about the time he was writing *Macbeth*, perhaps the greatest tragedy of ancient or modern times, "he sued Philip Rogers, in the borough-court of Stratford, for thirty-five shillings tence, for corn delivered to him at various times." In 1608, Mr. Collier estimates his income at four hundred pounds a year, which, allowing for the decreased value of money, is equal to eight or nine thousand dollars at the present time. About the year 1610, he retired permanently to Stratford, though he continued to write plays for the company with which he

was connected. He died on the 23d of April, 1616.

Such is essentially the meagre result of a century of research into the external life of Shakespeare. As there is hardly a page in his writings which does not shed more light upon the biography of his mind, and bring us nearer to the individuality of the man, the antiquaries in despair have been compelled to abandon him to the psychologists; and the moment the transition from external to internal facts is made, the most obscure of men passes into the most notorious; for this personality and soul we call Shakespeare, the recorded incidents of whose outward career were so few and trifling, lived a more various life—a life more crowded with ideas, passions, volitions, and *events*—than any potentate the world has ever seen. Compared with his experience, the experience of Alexander, or Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon, was narrow and one-sided. He had projected himself into almost all the varieties of human character, and, in imagination, had intensely realized and *lived* the life of each. From the throne of the monarch to the bench of the village alehouse, there were few positions in which he had not placed himself, and, for a time, identified with his own. No other man had ever seen nature and human life from so many points of view; for he had looked upon them through the eyes of Master Slender and Hamlet, of Caliban and Othello, of Dogberry and Mark Antony, of Ancient Pistol and Julius Cæsar, of Mistress Tearsheet and Imogen, of Dame Quickly and Lady Macbeth, of Robin Goodfellow and Titania, of Hecate and Ariel. No king or queen of his time had so completely felt the cares and enjoyed the dignity of the regal state as this playwright, who usurped it by his thought alone; and the freshest and simplest maiden in Europe had no inno-

cent heart-experience which this man could not share, — escaping, in an instant, from the shattered brain of Lear, or the hag-haunted imagination of Macbeth, in order to feel the tender flutter of her soul in his own. And none of these forms, though mightier or more exquisite than the ordinary forms of humanity, could hold or imprison him a moment longer than he chose to abide in it. He was on an excursion through the world of thought and action, to seize the essence of all the excitements of human nature, terrible, painful, criminal, rapturous, or humorous; and to do this in a short earthly career, he was compelled to condense ages into days, and lives into minutes. He exhausts, in a short time, all the glory and all the agony there is on the throne or on the couch of Henry IV., and then, wearied with royalty, is off to the Boar's Head to have a rouse with Sir John. He feels all the flaming pride and scorn of the aristocrat Coriolanus; his brain widens with the imperial ideas, and his heart beats with the measureless ambition, of the autocrat Cæsar; and anon he has donned a greasy apron, plunged into the roaring Roman mob, and is yelling against aristocrat and autocrat with all the gusto of democratic rage. He is now a prattling child, and in a second he is the murderer with the knife at its throat. Capable of *being* all that he actually or imaginatively *sees*, he enters into at will, and abandons at will, the passions that brand or blast other natures. Avarice, malice, envy, jealousy, hatred, revenge, remorse, neither in their separate nor mutual action are strong enough to fasten him; and the same may be said of love and pity and friendship and joy and ecstasy; for behind and within this multiform personality is the person Shakespeare, — serene, self-conscious, vigilant, individualizing the facts of his consciousness, and pouring his own soul into each creation, without ever parting with the personal identity which is at the heart of all, which disposes and co-ordinates all, and which dictates the impression to be left by all.

And this fact conducts us to the question of Shakespeare's individuality. We are prone to place him as a man below other great men, because we make a distinction between the man and his genius. We gather our notion of Shakespeare from the meagre details of his biography, and in his biography he appears little and commonplace, — not by any means so striking a person as Kit Marlowe or Ben Jonson. To this individuality we tack on a universal genius, — which is about as reasonable as it would be to take the controlling power of gravity from the sun and attach it to one of the asteroids. Shakespeare's genius is not something distinct *from* the man; it is the expression *of* the man, just as the sun's attraction is the result of its immense mass. The measure of a man's individuality is his creative power; and all that Shakespeare created he individually included. We must, therefore, if we desire to grasp his greatness, discard from our minds all associations connected with the pet epithets which other authors have condescended to shower upon him, such as "Sweet Will," and "Gentle Shakespeare," and "Fancy's child," — fond but belittling phrases, as little appropriate as would be the patronizing chatter of the planet Venus about the dear, darling little Sun; — we must discard all these from our conceptions, and consider him primarily as a vast, comprehensive, personal soul and force, that passed from eternity into time, with all the wide aptitudes and affinities for the world he entered bound up in his individual being from the beginning. These aptitudes and affinities, these quick, deep, and varied sympathies, were so many inlets of the world without him; and facts pouring into such a nature were swiftly organized into faculties. Nothing, indeed, amazes us so much in the biography of Shakespeare's mind as the preternatural rapidity with which he assimilated knowledge into power, and experience into insight. The might of his personality is indicated by its resistance, as much as its breadth is evinced by its receptivity, of objects;

for his force was never overwhelmed or submerged by the multiplicity of impressions that unceasingly rushed in upon it. His soul lay genially open to the world of nature and human life, to receive the objects that went streaming into it, but never parted with the power of reacting upon all it received. This would not be so marvellous had he merely taken in the forms and outside appearances of things. All his perceptions, however, were vital; and the life and force of the objects he drew into his consciousness tugged with his own life and force for the mastery, and ended in simply enriching the spirit they strove to subdue. This indestructible spiritual energy, which becomes mightier with every exercise of might; which plucks out the heart and absorbs the vitality of everything it touches; which daringly commits itself to the fiercest, and joyously to the softest passions, without losing its moral and mental sanity; which in the most terrible excitements is as "the blue dome of air" to the tempest that rages beneath it; which, aiming to include everything, refuses to be included by anything, and in the sweep of its creativeness acts with a confident audacity, as if in it Nature was humanized and humanity individualized;—in short, this unexampled energy of blended sensibility, intelligence, and will is what constitutes the man Shakespeare; and this man is no name for an impersonal, unconscious genius, that did its marvels by instinct, no name for a careless playwright who blundered into miracles, but is essentially a person, creating strictly within the limitations of his individuality,—within those limitations appearing to be impersonal only because he is comprehensive enough to cover a wide variety of special natures,—and, above all, a person individually as great, at least, as the sum of his whole works.

In regard to the real mystery of this man's power, both criticism and philosophy are mute. His appearance is simply a fact in the world's intellectual history, which can be connected with no preceding fact nor with the spirit of his

age. "It is the nature of poetry," says Emerson, "to spring, like the rainbow daughter of Wonder, from the invisible, to abolish the past, and to refuse all history." All that we know is, that the capacities and splendors of Shakespeare's mind existed potentially in the vital germ of the spiritual nature born with him into the world; and that his works are the result of the unfolding of this. The glory of the Elizabethan age, it is absurd to call him its product, for the puzzle is not so much the peculiarities of what he assimilated as his powers of assimilation; and in any age these powers would probably have worked equal, if different effects. Take, for instance, single thoughts and imaginations of his, such as the following, and see if you can account for them by any knowledge you have of the manners and customs of the England of Elizabeth:—

"The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness."

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!"

"The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew."

Our enemies "are our outward consciences."

"A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters."

"O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day."

"Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to Destiny
Hold unbewailed their way."

But single passages like these, though they hint of the inmost essence of the poet, and drop upon the mind, as Carlyle says, "like a splendor out of heaven,"—though they demonstrate the independence of time and place of the imagination whence they come,—are still no adequate measure of Shakespeare's power. If, however, we pass from these to what is a more decisive test of his self-conscious, self-directed creative energy, namely, to his mode of organizing a whole drama, we shall find that his

method, processes, and results are different from those of the dramatists of his own age or of any age. The materials he uses are as nothing when compared with his transformation of them into works of art. Let us, in illustration, glance at his method of creation, as successfully exerted in any one of his great dramas, say "Hamlet," or "King Lear," or "Macbeth," or "Othello."

He takes a story or a history, with which the people are familiar, the whole interest of which is narrative. He finds it a mere succession of incidents; he leaves it a combination of events. He finds the persons named in it mere commonplace sketches of humanity; he leaves them self-subsisting, individual characters, more real to the mind than the men and women we daily meet.

Now the first fact that strikes us when we compare the original story with Shakespeare's magical transformation of it is, that everything is raised from the actual world into a Shakespearian world. He alters, enlarges, expands, enriches, enlivens, informs, *re-creates* everything, lifting sentiment, passion, humor, thought, action, to the level of his own nature. Through incidents and through characters is shot Shakespeare's soul,—a soul that yields itself to every mould of being, from the clown to the monarch, endows every class of character it animates with the Shakespearian felicity and certainty of speech, and, being in *all* as well as in *each*, so connects and relates the society he has called into life, that they unite to form a whole, while existing with perfect distinctness as parts. The characters are not developed by isolation, but by sympathy or collision, and the closer they come together the less they run together. They are independent of each other, and yet necessitate each other. None of them could appear in any other play without exciting disorder; yet in this play their discord conduces to the general harmony. And so tough is the hold on existence of these beings that, though thousands of millions of men and women have been

born, have died, and have been forgotten since they were created, and though the actual world has strangely changed, these men and women of Shakespeare are still alive, and Shakespeare's world still remains untouched by time.

This drama, thus made self-existent in the free heaven of art, implies, in its conception and execution, processes analogous to those which are followed by Nature herself in the production of her works; and modern critics have not hesitated to award to Shakespeare the distinction of being an organizer after her pattern. The drama which we have been describing is, like her works, not simple, but complex. It has unity, it has the widest variety, it has unity in variety. The most diverse and seemingly heterogeneous materials all aid to form a whole, "vital in every part"; and the organization is strictly an addition to the world, with nothing in literature and nothing in nature which exactly matches it. And it is alive, and refuses to die. Nature herself is compelled to adopt it into her race,

"And give to it an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

You can gaze at it as you can gaze at a natural landscape, where hills, rocks, woods, stubble, grass, clouds, sky, atmosphere, each separate, each related, combine to form one impressive effect of beauty and power.

Perhaps, however, it would be more accurate to call this Shakespearian drama an approximation to an organic product, rather than a realization of one. The processes of nature are followed, but the perfection of nature is the ideal it aims after rather than reaches. Still, if we allow for human defects and imperfections, and take into view the fact that Shakespeare had to submit to conditions imposed by his audience as well as conditions imposed by his genius, his work measurably fulfils the requirements of Kant's concise definition of an organic creation, namely, "that thing in which all the parts are mutually ends and means."

Admitting, then, that the drama we are considering has organic form, and not merely mechanical regularity, the question arises, what is the inner law, the central idea, the principle of life, by which, and in obedience to which, it was organized? Perhaps the new school of philosophic critics have done almost as much injury to Shakespeare's fame, in their attempt to answer this question, as they have done good in rescuing his dramas from the old school of sciolists and commentators, who were pecking at him with their formal rules of taste. The philosophic critics very properly insisted that he should be judged by principles deduced from his own method, and not by rules generalized from the method of the Greek dramatists; that the laws by which he should be tried were the laws which he acknowledged and obeyed, the laws of his own creative imagination; and that the very originality of his dramas freed them from tests which are applicable only to the products of imitation. They thus raised Shakespeare from a breaker of the laws into a lawgiver; and the brilliant vagabond, whom every catchpole of criticism thought he could hustle about and reprimand, was all at once lifted into a dictator of law to the bench.

Having relieved Shakespeare from these policemen of letters, and substituted some reach of human vision for their rat's eyes, the new school of philosophic critics proceeded to state what *were* the ideas which formed the ground-plans and organizing principles of his works; but in doing this, they brought Shakespeare down to their own level, and made him their spokesman. Intellectual egotism supplanted intellectual interpretation. Read Schlegel, Ulrici, even Gervinus, and you are delighted as long as they confine themselves to the business of exposing the folly of the critics they supplanted; but when they come to the real problem, and attempt to state the meaning and purpose of Shakespeare in any given play, you are apt to be as much surprised as was that philanthro-

pist, who was confidentially informed that the ultimate object Napoleon had in view in his numerous wars was the establishment of Sunday schools. They find in Shakespeare's plays certain ethical, political, or social generalities, which, it seems, they were written to illustrate, or rather from which the plays grow, as from so many roots. But causes are to be measured by effects; the effects here are marvellous structures of genius; and these do not shoot up from the withered roots of barren truisms. A whole must be as great as any of its parts; and yet the philosophic idea of a Shakespearian drama, as eliminated by the German professors, is less than the least of its parts. A single magical word in Shakespeare is often greater, and has more reach of application, than the professorial bit of wisdom which they present as the grand total of the play, and which is often too obvious in itself to make a resort to Shakespeare necessary for a perception of its truth. Their "ground ideas" of the dramas are not worth any minor Shakespearian ideas they are asserted to include.

Indeed, before we claim to understand a Shakespearian whole, we must first see if we are competent to take in one of its parts. It is evident that the most important parts are the characters, and in respect to these, and to Shakespeare's method of characterization, there is much misconception. What are these characters? Are they copies of men and women, as we see them in the world? — slightly idealized portraits of persons, witty, passionate, thoughtful, or criminal? Are they such people as Shakespeare might have seen in the streets of London in the time of Elizabeth? No, for they are plainly Shakespearian, and not merely Elizabethan. Even the court fools are endowed with the Shakespearian quality, are perfect of their kind, and are such court fools as Shakespeare might have conceived himself to be, if he had, in Mr. Weller's phrase, "been born in that station of life."

But these characters are certainly

not individualized qualities and passions, for they are eminently natural. If their naturalness does not come from their being portraits, slightly varied and heightened, of individuals, in what does their naturalness consist?

In answer to this question, it is first to be said, that these characters prove that Shakespeare had a conception of *human nature*, abstracted from all *individuals*. He not only looked *at* individuals, and *into* individuals, but *through* individuals to their common basis in humanity. But he did not rest here. This imaginative analysis, this vital generalization, this glance into the sources of things, evinces, of course, his possession of the profoundest philosophical genius as the foundation of his dramatic genius; but it is not the genius itself, for he also surveyed human nature in action, human nature as modified by human life, by manners, customs, institutions, and beliefs, and by that primitive personality which separates men, as humanity unites them.

These characters, then, are individual natures rooted in human nature. The question then arises, Is their individuality particular or representative? The least observation shows, I think, that they stand for more than individuals. We are continually saying that this or that person of our acquaintance resembles one of Shakespeare's characters; we may even learn much about him by studying the character he resembles; but we never thoroughly identify him with the character; for the character is more powerful, more perfectly developed, acts out the law of his being with more freedom, than the actual person with whom he is compared.

Further than this,—if we are accustomed to classify the persons we know, so as to include many individuals under one type, we shall find that we can include scores of our acquaintances in one of Shakespeare's characters, and then not exhaust its full application. It is not, therefore, his mere variety of characterization, but something peculiar in each of the varieties, which makes him pre-eminently the poet of

human nature. Why, for example, is not Charles Dickens as great a novelist as Shakespeare is a dramatist? Dickens has delineated as wide a variety of persons as Shakespeare, if by variety we mean the absence of repetition. There is no reason but the shortness of life why he should not people literature with new individuals, until his characters are numbered by the thousand, all in a certain sense original, all discriminated from each other, but few or none *representative*. The single character of Hamlet represents more individuals than all the individuals Dickens has delineated.

Again, Jane Austen is placed by Macaulay next to Shakespeare for the felicity, certainty, and nicety of her portraits of character. The most evanescent lines of distinction between persons who appear alike she seizes with wonderful tact, and indicates these differences without the least resort to caricature. If the best characterization means simply the best portrait-painting, there is no reason why Elizabeth, in "Pride and Prejudice," should not be placed side by side with Juliet and Cordelia.

But everybody feels that neither Dickens, with his range of observation, nor Jane Austen, with her subtilty of observation, makes any approach to Shakespeare. What is the reason?

The reason is, that Shakespeare does not paint individuals, but individualizes classes. In his great nature, the processes of reason and imagination, of philosophic insight and poetic insight, worked harmoniously together. His observation of persons only supplied him hints for his creations. He did not take up at haphazard this man and that woman, and, because of their oddity or beauty, reproduce them in his story; but he distinguished in each actual person the signs of a class nature, midway between his general nature and his individual peculiarities. He classified men as the naturalist classifies the animal kingdom. Agassiz is not confused with the perplexing spectacle of the myriads of animals which form

the materials of his science; for the moment his eye lights upon them, they fall into certain great natural divisions, distinguished by infallible marks of structure. Under each of a few grand divisions he includes innumerable individuals. Now the difference between Agassiz and a mere observer and describer of animals is the difference between Shakespeare and Dickens, only that Shakespeare works on phenomena more complicated, and presenting more obstacles to classification, than Agassiz.

In his deep, wide, and searching observation of mankind, Shakespeare detects bodies of men who agree in the general tendencies of their characters, who strive after a common ideal of good or evil, and who all fail to reach it. Through these indications and hints he seizes, by his philosophical genius, the law of the class, — by his dramatic genius, he gathers up in one conception the whole multitude of individuals comprehended in the law, and embodies it in a character, — and by his poetical genius he lifts this character into an ideal region of life, where all hindrances to the free and full development of his nature are removed. The character seems all the more natural because it is *perfect of its kind*, whereas the actual persons included in the conception are imperfect of their kind. Thus there are many Falstaffian men, but Shakespeare's Falstaff is not an actual Falstaff. Falstaff is the ideal head of the family, the possibility which they dimly strive to realize, the person they would be if they could. Again, there are many Iagoish men, but only one Iago, the ideal type of them all; and by studying him we learn what they would all become if circumstances were propitious, and their loose malignant tendencies were firmly knit together in positive will and diabolically alert intelligence. And it is the same with the rest of Shakespeare's great creations. The immense domain of human nature they cover is due to the fact, not merely that they are not repetitions of individuals, but that they are not repetitions of the same types or classes of individuals. The mo-

ment we analyze them, the moment we break them up into their constituent elements, we are amazed at the wealth of wisdom and knowledge which formed the materials of each individual embodiment, and the inexhaustible interest and fulness of meaning and application revealed in the analytic scrutiny of each. Compare, for example, Shakespeare's Timon of Athens, by no means one of Shakespeare's mightiest efforts of characterization, with Lord Byron, both as man and poet, and we shall find that Timon is the highest logical result of the Byronic tendency, and that in him, rather than in Byron, the essential misanthrope is impersonated. The number of poems which Byron wrote does not affect the matter at all, because the poems are all expansions and variations of one view of life, from which Byron could not escape. Shakespeare, had he pleased, might have filled volumes with Timon's poetic misanthropy; but being a condenser, he was contented with concentrating the idea of the whole class in one grand character, and of putting into his mouth the truest, most splendid, most terrible things which have ever been uttered from the misanthropic point of view; and then, victoriously freeing himself from the dreadful mood of mind he had imaginatively realized, he passed on to occupy other and different natures. Shakespeare is superior to Byron on Byron's own ground, because Shakespeare grasped misanthropy from its first faint beginnings in the soul to its final result on character, — clutched its inmost essence, — discerned it as one out of a hundred subjective conditions of mind, — tried it thoroughly, and found it was too weak and narrow to hold *him*. Byron was *in* it, could not escape *from* it, and never, therefore, thoroughly mastered the philosophy of it. Here, then, in one corner of Shakespeare's mind, we find more than ample space for so great a poet as Byron to house himself.

But Shakespeare not only in one conception thus individualizes a whole class of men, but he communicates to each

character, be it little or colossal, good or evil, that peculiar Shakespearian quality which distinguishes it as his creation. This he does by being and living for the time the person he conceives. What Macaulay says of Bacon is more applicable to Shakespeare, namely, that his mind resembles the tent which the fairy gave to Prince Ahmed. "Fold it, and it seemed a toy for the hand of a lady. Spread it, and the armies of powerful sultans might repose beneath its shade." Shakespeare could run his sentiment, passion, reason, imagination, into any mould of personality he was capable of shaping, and think and speak from that. The result is that every character is a denizen of the Shakespearian world; every character, from Master Slender to Ariel, is in some sense a poet, that is, is gifted with imagination to express his whole nature, and make himself inwardly known; yet we feel throughout that the "thousand-souled" Shakespeare is still but one soul, capable of shifting into a thousand forms, but leaving its peculiar birth-mark on every individual it informs.

Now it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for a critic to reproduce synthetically in his own consciousness, or thoroughly to analyze into all its elements, any single prominent character that Shakespeare has drawn. His characters, however, are not represented apart from each other, but as acting on each other; and great as they separately are, as conceptions, they are but integral portions of a still mightier conception, which includes the whole drama in which they appear. The value of what we call the incidents of such a drama consists in their being such incidents as would most naturally spring from the mutual action of such persons, or as would best develop their natures. The plot is of small account as disconnected from the characters, but of great moment as vitally inwrought with them, and giving coherence to the living organism which results from the combination. It is for this reason that we pay little heed to improbable incidents in the story, provided the incidents serve to bring out

the persons. It is very improbable that a bond should have been given payable in a pound of flesh, and still more so that any court in Christendom could have recognized its validity; but who thinks of this in the Shakespearian society of "The Merchant of Venice"?

Now it is doubtless true that a drama of Shakespeare thus organized, with characters comprehending an immense range of human character, and yielding to analysis laws of human nature which radiate light into whole departments of human life, produces on our minds, as we read, the effect of unity in variety. We perceive it as a whole, and think therefore we perceive the whole of it. But is it true that we really receive the colossal conception of Shakespeare himself? Shakespeare, it is plain, can only convey to us what we are capable of taking in; the mind that perceives reduces greatness to its own mental stature; and persons according to their taste, culture, experience, height of intelligence, capacity of approaching Shakespeare himself, obtain different impressions, varying in depth and breadth, of each of his great plays. Who, for instance, has stated the general conception of the play of "Hamlet"? The idea of that drama, as given by different critics, is only so much of the idea as could be got into the heads of the critics. Their interpretation at best belongs to the class of *Mémoires de Servir*; — the rounded whole is described by minds that are angular; and Shakespeare's conception is measuring them, while they are felicitating themselves that they are measuring it.

Even Goethe, the most comprehensive intelligence since Shakespeare, failed to "pluck out the heart" of Hamlet's mystery. Indeed, it is beginning to be considered, that his remarks on the character, though delicate and profound in themselves, do not touch the essential individuality of Hamlet; that his ingenuity was exercised in the wrong direction; and that, in his criticism, he resembled the sturdy and rapid walker, who checked his pace to ask a boy how far it was to Taunton. "If

you go on in the way you're now going," was the reply, "it's twenty-four thousand miles; if you turn back, it's only five." But though some critics since Goethe have not been so elaborately wrong as he, Hamlet is still outside of the largest thought in the right direction. A distinguished thinker has said that there are moods of the mind in which Hamlet appears little, for what he suggests is infinitely more than what he is. This is true as to Shakespeare, but not true as to other minds; for until we have grasped the conception that Shakespeare has embodied, we have no right to suppose ourselves capable of going beyond it into that vastness of contemplation of which, from Shakespeare's height of vision, the character was an inadequate expression. Again, it is a common remark, that the school of philosophic critics, especially in their attempts to dive into the meaning of Hamlet, are continually giving Shakespeare the credit of their own thoughts.

Giving Shakespeare the credit! Well might he reply, if such were the case, "Poor am I even in thanks!"

Shakespeare, then, as regards his most gigantic conceptions, has probably never been adequately conceived. He must be tried by his peers; and where are his peers? We know that he grows in mental stature as our minds enlarge, and as we increase in our knowledge of him; but he has never been included by criticism as other poets have been included. The greatest and most interpretative minds which have made him their study, though they may have commenced with wielding the rod, soon found themselves seduced into taking seats on the benches, anxious to learn instead of impatient to teach; and have been compelled to admit that the poet who is the delight of the rudest urchin in the pit of the playhouse, is also the poet whose works defy the highest faculties of the philosopher thoroughly to comprehend.

THE FOUNDERS OF MONTREAL.

IF the chief city of New England owes its existence to a principle of religion, so too does the chief city of Canada. The founders of the one were the advance guard of Protestant dissent; those of the other represented the extreme of reactive Catholicity.

At La Flèche, in Anjou, dwelt one Jérôme le Royer de la Dauversière, receiver of taxes. His portrait shows us a round, *bourgeois* face, somewhat heavy perhaps, decorated with a slight mustache, and redeemed by bright and earnest eyes. On his head he wears a black skull-cap, and over his ample shoulders spreads a stiff white collar, of wide expanse and studious plainness. Though he belonged to the *noblesse*, his look is that of a grave burgher, of good renown and sage deportment. Dauversière was, however, an enthusi-

astic devotee, of mystical tendencies, who whipped himself with a scourge of small chains till his shoulders were one wound, wore a belt with more than twelve hundred sharp points, and invented for himself other torments, which filled his confessor with admiration. One day, while at his devotions, he heard an inward voice commanding him to become the founder of a new order of hospital nuns; and he was further ordered to establish, on the island called Montreal, in Canada, a hospital, or Hôtel-Dieu, to be conducted by these nuns. But Montreal was a wilderness, and the hospital would have no patients. Therefore, in order to supply them, the island must first be colonized. Dauversière was greatly perplexed. On the one hand, the voice of Heaven must be obeyed; on the

other, he had a wife, six children, and a very moderate fortune.

Again, there was at Paris a young priest, about twenty-eight years of age, — Jean Jacques Olier, afterwards widely known as founder of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. Judged by his engraved portrait, his countenance, though marked both with energy and intellect, was anything but prepossessing. Every lineament proclaims the priest. Yet the Abbé Olier has high titles to esteem. He signalized his piety, it is true, by the most disgusting exploits of self-mortification ; but, at the same time, he was strenuous in his efforts to reform the people and the clergy. So zealous was he for good morals, that he drew upon himself the imputation of a leaning to the heresy of the Jansenists, — a suspicion strengthened by his opposition to certain priests, who, to secure the faithful in their allegiance, justified them in lives of licentiousness. Yet Olier's catholicity was past attainment, and in his horror of Jansenists he yielded to the Jesuits alone.

He was praying in the ancient church of St. Germain des Prés, when, like Dauversière, he thought he heard a voice from Heaven, saying that he was destined to be a light to the Gentiles. It is recorded as a mystic coincidence attending this miracle, that the choir was at that very time chanting the words, *Lumen ad revelationem Gentium* ; and it seems to have occurred neither to Olier nor to his biographer, that, falling on the ear of the rapt worshipper, they might have unconsciously suggested the supposed revelation. But there was a further miracle. An inward voice told Olier that he was to form a society of priests, and establish them on the island called Montreal, in Canada, for the propagation of the True Faith ; and writers old and recent assert, that, while both he and Dauversière were totally ignorant of Canadian geography, they suddenly found themselves in possession, they knew not how, of the most exact details concerning Montreal, its size,

shape, situation, soil, climate, and productions.

The annual volumes of the Jesuit *Relations*, issuing from the renowned press of Cramoisy, were at this time spread broadcast throughout France, and in the circles of *haute devotion* Canada and its missions were everywhere the themes of enthusiastic discussion ; while Champlain, in his published works, had long before pointed out Montreal as the proper site for a settlement. But we are entering a region of miracle, and it is superfluous to look far for explanations. The illusion, in these cases, is a part of the history.

Dauversière pondered the revelation he had received ; and the more he pondered, the more was he convinced that it came from God. He therefore set out for Paris, to find some means of accomplishing the task assigned him. Here, as he prayed before an image of the Virgin in the church of Notre Dame, he fell into an ecstasy, and beheld a vision. "I should be false to the integrity of history," writes his biographer, "if I did not relate it here." And he adds, that the reality of this celestial favor is past doubting, inasmuch as Dauversière himself told it to his daughters. Christ, the Virgin, and St. Joseph appeared before him. He saw them distinctly. Then he heard Christ ask three times of his Virgin Mother, "Where can I find a faithful servant?" On which, the Virgin, taking him (Dauversière) by the hand, replied, "See, Lord, here is that faithful servant!" and Christ, with a benignant smile, received him into his service, promising to bestow on him wisdom and strength to do his work. From Paris he went to the neighboring chateau of Meudon, which overlooks the valley of the Seine, not far from St. Cloud. Entering the gallery of the old castle, he saw a priest approaching him. It was Olier. Now we are told that neither of these men had ever seen or heard of the other ; and yet, says the pious historian, "impelled by a kind of inspiration, they knew each other at once, even to the depths of their

hearts; saluted each other by name, as we read of St. Paul the Hermit and St. Anthony, and of St. Dominic and St. Francis; and ran to embrace each other, like two friends who had met after a long separation."

"Monsieur," exclaimed Olier, "I know your design, and I go to commend it to God at the holy altar."

And he went at once to say mass in the chapel. Dauversière received the communion at his hands; and then they walked for three hours in the park, discussing their plans. They were of one mind, in respect both to objects and means; and when they parted, Olier gave Dauversière a hundred louis, saying, "This is to begin the work of God."

They proposed to found at Montreal three religious communities, — *three* being the mystic number, — one of secular priests to direct the colonists and convert the Indians, one of nuns to nurse the sick, and one of nuns to teach the Faith to the children, white and red. To borrow their own phrases, they would plant the banner of Christ in an abode of desolation and a haunt of demons; and to this end a band of priests and women were to invade the wilderness, and take post between the fangs of the Iroquois. But first they must make a colony, and to do so must raise money. Olier had pious and wealthy penitents; Dauversière had a friend, the Baron de Fancamp, devout as himself and far richer. Anxious for his soul, and satisfied that the enterprise was an inspiration of God, he was eager to bear part in it. Olier soon found three others; and the six together formed the germ of the Society of Notre Dame de Montreal. Among them they raised the sum of seventy-five thousand livres, equivalent to about as many dollars at the present day.

Now to look for a moment at their plan. Their eulogists say, and with perfect truth, that, from a worldly point of view, it was mere folly. The partners mutually bound themselves to seek no return for the money ex-

pended. Their profit was to be reaped in the skies; and, indeed, there was none to be reaped on earth. The feeble settlement at Quebec was at this time in danger of utter ruin; for the Iroquois, enraged at the attacks made on them by Champlain, had begun a fearful course of retaliation, and the very existence of the colony trembled in the balance. But if Quebec was exposed to their ferocious inroads, Montreal was incomparably more so. A settlement here would be a perilous outpost, — a hand thrust into the jaws of the tiger. It would provoke attack, and lie almost in the path of the war-parties. The associates could gain nothing by the fur-trade; for they would not be allowed to share in it. On the other hand, danger apart, the place was an excellent one for a mission; for here met two great rivers: the St. Lawrence, with its countless tributaries, flowed in from the west, while the Ottawa descended from the north; and Montreal, embraced by their uniting waters, was the key to a vast inland navigation. Thither the Indians would naturally resort; and thence the missionaries could make their way into the heart of a boundless heathendom. None of the ordinary motives of colonization had part in this design. It owed its conception and its birth to religious zeal alone.

The island of Montreal belonged to Lauson, former President of the great Company of the Hundred Associates; and his son had a monopoly of fishing in the St. Lawrence. Dauversière and Fancamp, after much diplomacy, succeeded in persuading the elder Lauson to transfer his title to them; and as there was a defect in it, they also obtained a grant of the island from the Hundred Associates, its original owners, who, however, reserved to themselves its western extremity as a site for a fort and storehouses. At the same time, the younger Lauson granted them a right of fishery within two leagues of the shores of the island, for which they were to make a yearly acknowledgment of ten pounds

of fish. A confirmation of these grants was obtained from the king. Dauversière and his companions were now *seigneurs* of Montreal. They were empowered to appoint a governor, and to establish courts, from which there was to be an appeal to the Supreme Court of Quebec, supposing such to exist. They were excluded from the fur-trade, and forbidden to build castles or forts other than such as were necessary for defence against the Indians.

Their title assured, they matured their plan. First they would send out forty men to take possession of Montreal, intrench themselves, and raise crops. Then they would build a house for the priests, and two convents for the nuns. Meanwhile, Olier was toiling at Vaugirard, on the outskirts of Paris, to inaugurate the seminary of priests, and Dauversière at La Flèche, to form the community of hospital nuns. How the school nuns were provided for, we shall see hereafter. The colony, it will be observed, was for the convents, not the convents for the colony.

The Associates needed a soldier-governor to take charge of their forty men; and, directed as they supposed by Providence, they found one wholly to their mind. This was Paul de Chomedey, *Sieur de Maisonneuve*, a devout and valiant gentleman, who in long service among the heretics of Holland had kept his faith intact, and had held himself resolutely aloof from the license that surrounded him. He loved his profession of arms, and wished to consecrate his sword to the Church. Past all comparison, he is the manliest figure that appears in this group of zealots. The piety of the design, the miracles that inspired it, the adventure and the peril, all combined to charm him; and he eagerly embraced the enterprise. His father opposed his purpose; but he met him with a text of St. Mark, "There is no man that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father for my sake, but he shall receive an hundred-fold." On

this the elder *Maisonneuve*, deceived by his own worldliness, imagined that the plan covered some hidden speculation, from which enormous profits were expected, and therefore withdrew his opposition.

Their scheme was ripening fast, when both Olier and Dauversière were assailed by one of those revulsions of spirit, to which saints of the ecstatic school are naturally liable. Dauversière, in particular, was a prey to the extremity of dejection, uncertainty, and misgiving. What had he, a family man, to do with ventures beyond sea? Was it not his first duty to support his wife and children? Could he not fulfil all his obligations as a Christian by reclaiming the wicked and relieving the poor at La Flèche? Plainly, he had doubts that his vocation was genuine. If we could raise the curtain of his domestic life, perhaps we should find him beset by wife and daughters, tearful and wrathful, inveighing against his folly, and imploring him to provide a support for them before squandering his money to plant a convent of nuns in a wilderness. How long his fit of dejection lasted does not appear; but at length he set himself again to his appointed work. Olier, too, emerging from the clouds and darkness, found faith once more, and again placed himself at the head of the great enterprise.

There was imperative need of more money; and Dauversière, under judicious guidance, was active in obtaining it. This miserable victim of illusions had a squat, uncourtly figure, and was no proficient in the graces either of manners or of speech; hence his success in commending his objects to persons of rank and wealth is set down as one of the many miracles which attended the birth of Montreal. But zeal and earnestness are in themselves a power; and the ground had been well marked out and ploughed for him in advance. That attractive, though intricate, subject of study, the female mind, has always engaged the attention of priests, more especially in coun-

tries where, as in France, women exert a strong social and political influence. The art of kindling the flames of zeal, and the more difficult art of directing and controlling them, have been themes of reflection the most diligent and profound. Accordingly we find that a large proportion of the money raised for this enterprise was contributed by devout ladies. Many of them became members of the Association of Montreal, which was eventually increased to about forty-five persons, chosen for their devotion and their wealth.

Olier and his associates had resolved, though not from any collapse of zeal, to postpone the establishment of the seminary and the college until after a settlement should be formed. The hospital, however, might, they thought, be begun at once; for blood and blows would be the assured portion of the first settlers. At least, a discreet woman ought to embark with the first colonists as their nurse and housekeeper. Scarcely was the need recognized when it was supplied.

Mademoiselle Jeanne Mance was born of an honorable family of Nogent-le-Roi, and in 1640 was thirty-four years of age. The heroines of Canada began their religious experiences early. Of Marie de l'Incarnation we read, that at the age of seven Christ appeared to her in a vision; and the biographer of Mademoiselle Mance assures us, with admiring gravity, that, at the same tender age, she bound herself to God by a vow of perpetual chastity. This singular infant in due time became a woman, of a delicate constitution, and manners graceful, yet dignified. Though an earnest devotee, she felt no vocation for the cloister; yet, while still "in the world," she led the life of a nun. The Jesuit *Relations*, and the example of Madame de la Peltrie, a young Norman widow who had given all her fortune to found the Ursuline Convent at Quebec, inoculated her with the Canadian enthusiasm, then so prevalent; and, under the pretence of visiting relatives, she made a

journey to Paris, to take counsel of certain priests. Of one thing she was assured: the Divine will called her to Canada, but to what end she neither knew nor asked to know; for she abandoned herself as an atom to be borne to unknown destinies on the breath of God. At Paris, Father St. Jure, Jesuit, assured her that her vocation to Canada was, past doubt, a call from Heaven; while Father Rapin, a Récollet, spread abroad the fame of her virtues, and introduced her to many ladies of rank, wealth, and zeal. Then, well supplied with money for any pious work to which she might be summoned, she journeyed to Rochelle, whence ships were to sail for New France. Thus far she had been kept in ignorance of the plan with regard to Montreal; but now Father La Place, a Jesuit, revealed it to her. On the day after her arrival at Rochelle, as she entered the Church of the Jesuits, she met Dauversière coming out. "Then," says her biographer, "these two persons, who had never seen nor heard of each other, were enlightened supernaturally, whereby their most hidden thoughts were mutually made known, as had happened already with M. Olier and this same M. de la Dauversière." A long conversation ensued between them; and the delights of this interview were never effaced from the mind of Mademoiselle Mance. "She used to speak of it like a seraph," writes one of her nuns, "and far better than many a learned doctor could have done."

She had found her destiny. The ocean, the wilderness, the solitude, the Iroquois,—nothing daunted her. She would go to Montreal with Maison-neuve and his forty men. Yet, when the vessel was about to sail, a new and sharp misgiving seized her. How could she, a woman, not yet bereft of youth or charms, live alone in the forest among a troop of soldiers? Her scruples were relieved by two of the men, who, at the last moment, refused to embark without their wives,—and by a young woman, who, impelled by en-

thusiasm, escaped from her friends, and took passage, in spite of them, in one of the vessels.

All was ready; the ships set sail; but Olier, Dauversière, and Fancamp remained at home, as did also the other Associates, with the exception of Maisonneuve and Mademoiselle Mance. In the following February, an impressive scene took place in the Church of Notre Dame, at Paris. The Associates, at this time numbering about forty-five, with Olier at their head, assembled before the altar of the Virgin, and, by a solemn ceremonial, consecrated Montreal to the Holy Family. Henceforth it was to be called *Ville-marie de Montreal*,—a sacred town, reared to the honor and under the patronage of Christ, St. Joseph, and the Virgin, to be typified by three persons on earth, founders respectively of the three destined communities,—Olier, Dauversière, and a maiden of Troyes, Marguerite Bourgeoys: the seminary to be consecrated to Christ, the Hôtel-Dieu to St. Joseph, and the college to the Virgin.

But we are anticipating a little; for it was several years as yet before Marguerite Bourgeoys took an active part in the work of Montreal. She was the daughter of a respectable tradesman, and was now twenty-two years of age. Her portrait has come down to us; and her face is a mirror of frankness, loyalty, and womanly tenderness. Her qualities were those of good sense, conscientiousness, and a warm heart. She had known no miracles, ecstasies, or trances; and though afterwards, when her religious susceptibilities had reached a fuller development, a few such are recorded of her, yet even the Abbé Faillon, with the best intentions, can credit her with but a meagre allowance of these celestial favors. Though in the midst of visionaries, she distrusted the supernatural, and avowed her belief, that, in his government of the world, God does not often set aside its ordinary laws. Her religion was of the affections, and was manifested in an absorbing devotion to duty. She

had felt no vocation to the cloister, but had taken the vow of chastity, and was attached, as an *extern*, to the Sisters of the Congregation of Troyes, who were fevered with eagerness to go to Canada. Marguerite, however, was content to wait until there was a prospect that she could do good by going; and it was not till the year 1653, that, renouncing an inheritance, and giving all she had to the poor, she embarked for the savage scene of her labors. To this day, in crowded school-rooms of Montreal and Quebec, fit monuments of her unobtrusive virtue, her successors instruct the children of the poor, and embalm the pleasant memory of Marguerite Bourgeoys. In the martial figure of Maisonneuve, and the fair form of this gentle nun, we find the true heroes of Montreal.

Maisonneuve, with his forty men and four women, reached Quebec too late to ascend to Montreal that season. They encountered distrust, jealousy, and opposition. The agents of the Company of the Hundred Associates looked on them askance; and the Governor of Quebec, Montmagny, saw a rival governor in Maisonneuve. Every means was used to persuade the adventurers to abandon their project and settle at Quebec. Montmagny called a council of the principal persons of his colony, who gave it as their opinion that the new-comers had better exchange Montreal for the Island of Orleans, where they would be in a position to give and receive succor; while, by persisting in their first design, they would expose themselves to destruction, and be of use to nobody. Maisonneuve, who was present, expressed his surprise that they should assume to direct his affairs. "I have not come here," he said, "to deliberate, but to act. It is my duty and my honor to found a colony at Montreal; and I would go, if every tree were an Iroquois!"

At Quebec there was little ability and no inclination to shelter the new colonists for the winter; and they would have fared ill, but for the gener-

osity of M. Puiseaux, who lived not far distant, at a place called St. Michel. This devout and most hospitable person made room for them all in his rough, but capacious dwelling. Their neighbors were the hospital nuns, then living at the mission of Sillery, in a substantial, but comfortless house of stone; where, amidst destitution, sickness, and irrepressible disgust at the filth of the savages whom they had in charge, they were laboring day and night with devoted assiduity. Among the minor ills which beset them were the eccentricities of one of their lay sisters, crazed with religious enthusiasm, who had the care of their poultry and domestic animals, of which she was accustomed to inquire, one by one, if they loved God; when, not receiving an immediate answer in the affirmative, she would instantly put them to death, telling them that their impiety deserved no better fate.

At St. Michel, Maisonneuve employed his men in building boats to ascend to Montreal, and in various other labors for the behoof of the future colony. Thus the winter wore away; but, as celestial minds are not exempt from ire, Montmagny and Maisonneuve fell into a quarrel. The 25th of January was Maisonneuve's *fête* day; and, as he was greatly beloved by his followers, they resolved to celebrate the occasion. Accordingly, an hour and a half before daylight, they made a general discharge of their muskets and cannon. The sound reached Quebec, two or three miles distant, startling the Governor from his morning slumbers, and his indignation was redoubled when he heard it again at night; for Maisonneuve, pleased at the attachment of his men, had feasted them and warmed their hearts with a distribution of wine. Montmagny, jealous of his authority, resented these demonstrations as an infraction of it, affirming that they had no right to fire their pieces without his consent; and, arresting the principal offender, one Jean Gory, he put him in irons. On being released, a few days after, his compan-

ions welcomed him with great rejoicing, and Maisonneuve gave them all a feast. He himself came in during the festivity, drank the health of the company, shook hands with the late prisoner, placed him at the head of the table, and addressed him as follows: "Jean Gory, you have been put in irons for me: you had the pain, and I the affront. For that, I add ten crowns to your wages." Then, turning to the others: "My boys," he said, "though Jean Gory has been misused, you must not lose heart for that; but drink, all of you, to the health of the man in irons. When we are once at Montreal, we shall be our own masters, and can fire our cannon when we please."

Montmagny was wroth when this was reported to him; and, on the ground that what had passed was "contrary to the service of the king and the authority of the Governor," he summoned Gory and six others before him, and put them separately under oath. Their evidence failed to establish a case against their commander; but thenceforth there was great coldness between the powers of Quebec and Montreal.

Early in May, Maisonneuve and his followers embarked. They had gained an unexpected recruit during the winter, in the person of Madame de la Peltrie, the young heiress who had devoted herself and her wealth to the work of founding an Ursuline convent. The piety, the novelty, and the romance of their enterprise, all had their charms for the fair enthusiast; and an irresistible impulse—imputed by a slandering historian to the levity of her sex—urged her to share their fortunes. Her zeal was more admired by the Montrealists whom she joined, than by the Ursulines whom she abandoned. She carried off all the furniture she had lent them, and left them in the utmost destitution. Nor did she remain quiet after reaching Montreal, but was presently seized with a longing to visit the Hurons, and preach the Faith in person to those benighted heathen. It needed all

the eloquence of a Jesuit, lately returned from that most arduous mission, to convince her that the attempt would be as useless as rash.

It was the 8th of May when Maisonneuve and his followers embarked at St. Michel; and as the boats, deep-laden with men, arms, and stores, moved slowly on their way, the forest, with leaves just opening in the warmth of spring, lay on their right hand and on their left, in a flattering semblance of tranquillity and peace. But behind woody islets, in tangled thickets and damp ravines, and in the shade and stillness of the columned woods, lurked everywhere a danger and a terror.

What shall we say of these adventurers of Montreal, — of these who bestowed their wealth, and, far more, of these who sacrificed their peace and risked their lives, on an enterprise at once so romantic and so devout? Surrounded as they were with illusions, false lights, and false shadows; breathing an atmosphere of miracle; compassed about with angels and devils; urged with stimulants most powerful, though unreal; their minds drugged, as it were, to preternatural excitement, — it is very difficult to judge of them. High merit, without doubt, there was in some of their number; but one may beg to be spared the attempt to measure or define it. To estimate a virtue involved in conditions so anomalous demands, perhaps, a judgment more than human.

The Roman Church, sunk in corruption and disease when the Reformation began, was roused by that fierce trumpet-blast to purge and brace herself anew. Unable to advance, she drew back to the fresher and comparatively purer life of the past; and the fervors of mediæval Christianity were renewed in the sixteenth century. In many of its aspects, this enterprise of Montreal belonged to the time of the first Crusades. The spirit of Godfrey de Bouillon lived again in Chomedey de Maisonneuve; and in Marguerite Bourgeoys was realized that fair ideal of Christian womanhood, a flower of earth expand-

ing in the rays of heaven, which soothed with gentle influence the wildness of a barbarous age.

On the 17th of May, 1642, Maisonneuve's little flotilla—a pinnace, a flat-bottomed craft moved by sails, and two row-boats — approached Montreal; and all on board raised in unison a hymn of praise. Montmagny was with them to deliver the island, on behalf of the Company of the Hundred Associates, to Maisonneuve, representative of the Associates of Montreal. And here, too, was Father Vimont, Superior of the missions; for the Jesuits had been prudently invited to accept the spiritual charge of the young colony. On the following day, they glided along the green and solitary shores now thronged with the life of a busy city, and landed on the spot which Champlain, thirty-one years before, had chosen as the fit site of a settlement. It was a tongue or triangle of land, formed by the junction of a rivulet with the St. Lawrence, and known afterwards as Point Callière. The rivulet was bordered by a meadow, and beyond rose the forest with its vanguard of scattered trees. Early spring flowers were blooming in the young grass, and birds of varied plumage flitted among the boughs.

Maisonneuve sprang ashore, and fell on his knees. His followers imitated his example; and all joined their voices in enthusiastic songs of thanksgiving. Tents, baggage, arms, and stores were landed. An altar was raised on a pleasant spot near at hand; and Mademoiselle Mance, with Madame de la Peltre, aided by her servant, Charlotte Barré, decorated it with a taste which was the admiration of the beholders. Now all the company gathered before the shrine. Here stood Vimont, in the rich vestments of his office. Here were the two ladies with their servant; Montmagny, no very willing spectator; and Maisonneuve, a warlike figure, erect and tall, his men clustering around him, — soldiers, sailors, artisans, and laborers, — all alike soldiers at need. They kneeled in reverent silence as the Host was raised aloft; and when the rite was

over, the priest turned and addressed them:—

“You are a grain of mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land.”

The afternoon waned; the sun sank behind the western forest, and twilight came on. Fire-flies were twink-

ling over the darkened meadow. They caught them, tied them with threads into shining festoons, and hung them before the altar, where the Host remained exposed. Then they pitched their tents, lighted their bivouac fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal.

Is this true history, or a romance of Christian chivalry? It is both.

R U S S I A N A M E R I C A .

I N the summer of 1741, Vitus Behring, a descendant of the Danish Vikings, who roamed the seas in the search of strange lands to pillage or conquer, set sail from the Kamchatka coast on a similar mission in the service of the Russian Empire. Leaving Awatska Bay, the present site of Petropaulovski, he sailed to the southeast as far as the latitude of 46° N., when, finding no land, he turned to the northeast. On the 18th of July he sighted a rocky range of coast,—behind which towered lofty mountains, their summits white with perpetual snows,—and thus caught the first glimpse of what is now known as Russian America. The point where Behring first saw land is supposed to have been lat. 58½° N., and the lofty mountains were probably Mount Fairweather and its neighboring peaks.

Sailing north, the coast was soon found to take a westerly direction, and Behring skirted it for miles without stopping to explore the shores. His ship was badly damaged during the long cruise, his crew sick and dispirited; so, instead of pushing through the passage that was eventually found, he sailed homewards, skirting the long chain of islands that lie like stepping-stones between the two continents, and at last finding, with his fellow-sailors, a grave on one of the islands nearest the Kamchatka coast. He had accom-

plished his task of adding a new territory to the Russian Empire.

In 1775, the Spanish Captain De la Bodega, cruising up the Pacific coast of America to add new lands to the American possessions of the Spanish crown, reached lat. 58° N., probably in the neighborhood of Sitka. In accordance with its policy in regard to American discoveries, the voyage of De la Bodega was kept secret by the Spanish government, and only became known when the title to the coast was disputed in after years.

Three years later the adventurous British navigator, Captain Cook, having passed around the southernmost point of the American Continent, undertook to return to England by passing around its northern extremity, thus solving the question of a north-west passage by sailing to the north-east. Following the coast closely, he discovered a deep indentation, known now as Cook's Inlet, which he hoped might prove to be the long-sought passage. Having discovered his mistake, he sailed in the track of Behring along the Aliaska peninsula, passed through the island chain, and coasted up to Behring's Strait, through which he passed, and skirted the northern shore of the continent until, at 161° 46' W., he was stopped by an impenetrable barrier of ice stretching northward from

Icy Cape. This was on the 18th of August. For eleven days he vainly sought a channel through the ice-field, and then reluctantly turned back, to meet his death, like his Danish predecessor, on the return voyage.

In 1826, Captain Beechey, sent out by the British government to meet Sir John Franklin, sailed through Behring's Strait, and reached Point Barrow, one hundred and twenty-six miles northeast of the farthest point reached by Cook, and there was stopped by ice. At the same time Sir John Franklin, travelling westward from the Mackenzie River, reached long. 148° 52' W., or about seven and a half degrees from the point reached by Beechey from the westward.

In 1837, Dease and Simpson, two servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, reached Point Barrow from the east, and thus completed the coast exploration of Russian America. Just after Dease and Simpson had turned back from Point Barrow an expedition sent out by the Russian American Fur Company reached the same point from the west, and found the natives assembling in great numbers to kill the English explorers, who, by turning back, had escaped the dangers of which they were ignorant. The Russians, being few in number, beat a hasty retreat; and thus Point Barrow remained the *ultima Thule* of exploration on the northern coast.

From the first discovery of the coast the Russians were active in its exploration. The government encouraged expeditions in search of a northeast passage to the Atlantic, whilst mercantile adventurers examined the coast, and the numerous islands that masked it. In 1783 a commercial expedition followed the line of the Aleutian Islands and the coast down to the sixtieth parallel, finding the rocky shores swarming with the sea otter, and the land beyond full of foxes. A settlement was made on the island of Kodiak, and a fur-trade opened with the Asiatic continent. Other explorations were made north and south, with the same result

of finding valuable hunting-grounds for the fur-bearing animals. In 1799 the Emperor Paul gave permission to these several companies to organize in one, under the name of the Russian American Fur Company, and granted the power to occupy and subject to Russia all territory north of 55° not already occupied or claimed by any other nation, with the exclusive privilege of hunting and trading in all such territory. In this way a chain of trading-posts and forts was formed, stretching from Dixon's Entrance to Norton Sound. The headquarters of the company were in time removed from Kodiak Island to the island of Sitka, seventeen degrees farther east, where a considerable settlement of Russians, Aleutians, and natives was formed.

The operations of the fur-traders were confined chiefly to the islands skirting the coast, and to the immediate shores of the main-land. A lofty range of mountains slopes down to the sea from Dixon's Entrance to Cape Spencer, and beyond this the Russians did not penetrate. The country behind was hunted by the Hudson's Bay Company, and it was an unsettled question how far the rights of each company extended. By the treaties of 1824 and 1825, the Russians were confirmed in possession of the whole northwestern peninsula west of 141° W., and a narrow strip of coast down to Observatory Inlet, with all the islands of the coast. A lease of the coast from Cape Spencer to the southern limit was granted to the Hudson's Bay Company for hunting and trading purposes.

The successive exploring and commercial expeditions along the coast had made its general configuration and characteristics well known, even the lonely shores of Behring's Sea having become familiar to the Russian navigator and fur-trader. Of the interior of the great peninsula which formed the chief possession of Russia on the American main-land little or nothing was known. Vague rumors came to the traders at Kodiak, in the early days of the Fur Company, of a great river

that rose in the Rocky Mountains, and, after flowing through a vast unknown territory, poured its waters into Behring's Sea. In 1819, the Russian government obtained a description of Bristol Bay, where a trading-post had been established at the mouth of the Nushagak River, and of Behring's Sea from the bay northward to Cape Romanzoff, and thus learned the existence of a large river, the Kuskokvim, which entered the sea midway between the head of Bristol Bay and Cape Romanzoff. In 1829 Lieutenant Nasilef explored the Kuskokvim a short distance, with the purpose of discovering what connection existed between that river and the Nushagak. The result of this exploration was the establishment of a trading-post, Fort Kolmakoff, on the Kuskokvim, about one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. Between this post and Fort Alexander, on Bristol Bay, communication was kept up by a chain of rivers, lakes, and portages.

In 1833, Governor Wrangel selected the island of St. Michael, on Norton Sound, as the site of a fort and trading-post. Communication was opened with the natives of the main-land, and more definite information obtained of the existence of the large river Kvihpak, of which so many obscure reports had been received. It was a mighty river, of the source of which the natives knew nothing, except that it was far in the interior. It came from the east until within about a hundred miles of the coast, when it turned sharply southward, running about two hundred miles more, and then resumed its westward course, entering the sea by several mouths, below Norton Sound. It flowed somewhere through a heavily timbered country, for the shores below its mouths were always lined with drift-wood, which supplied the natives of the coast with building materials and fuel. Several expeditions were sent down from Fort St. Michael to explore the mouths of the Kvihpak, but the shallowness of the water on the coast, and other difficulties, prevented the accomplishment of the object. Attempts were made at

the same time to open communication by land routes between Fort St. Michael and the basins of the Kvihpak and Kuskokvim, and trading-posts were with much difficulty established at a few points, the natives of the interior, different in character from those on the coast, continuing to manifest a decided hostility to the white intruders.

In 1841, the Russian government despatched Lieutenant Zagoyskin and six assistants, with instructions to spend two years in exploring the basins of the Kvihpak and Kuskokvim Rivers. In August of the following year they set out from St. Michael in seal-skin canoes, and coasted up Norton Sound to the north, about sixty miles, to the river Unalakleat, exploring the shores on the way. The season was so far advanced that no progress could be made into the interior by boat, and the adventurers returned to Fort St. Michael, where they busied themselves in preparing for a winter journey into the interior. On the 4th of December they again set out, with five sledges and twenty-seven dogs. After seven days' journeying through heavy snow-storms, they reached the village at the mouth of the Unalakleat, and ascended that river, with the purpose of crossing the mountains to the Kvihpak by the route usually taken by the natives. The continuance of heavy snow-storms frustrated their purpose, and they were compelled to turn back. The Unalakleat enters Norton Sound from the east. Its course is very crooked, but its length in a straight line is probably from sixty-five to seventy miles. A mile and a half from its mouth begins a forest, extending back from the banks about two thousand feet on either side, of alder, poplar, and fir. For six or seven miles the coast range of mountains runs nearly parallel with the river, the cliffs on the right bank being much higher than those on the left. The width of the stream at its lower part varies from a hundred and forty to five hundred and twenty-five feet.

On the 29th of December, sufficient snow having fallen, the party again set

out on snow-shoes and sledges, and succeeded in reaching the Kvihpak in about lat. $64^{\circ} 20'$ N., about three hundred and fifty miles above its mouth. Here they found a river about a mile and a half wide, frozen over, on which they continued their course northeast to the native village of Nulato, in lat. $64^{\circ} 42'$ N., long. $157^{\circ} 58'$ W., the highest point that had been reached by the Russian traders.

From Nulato, after a month's rest, they started on the 25th of February, 1843, up the Nulato River, travelling northeast seven days, cutting off the frequent bends of the stream by crossing marshy plains, and in one instance traversing a forest. Reaching the point from which a native road ran to Kotzebue Sound, Lieutenant Zagoyskin endeavored to persuade the natives to guide him to that place, but without success. They excused themselves on the plea that the time had come for reindeer-hunting, and, unless they set out at once, the village would starve. The party set out alone, finding the route marked by sticks, but, after five days' travel, were compelled to turn back for want of provisions, when they had reached lat. $65^{\circ} 36'$ N. By this route, it was ascertained, an extensive trade was carried on between the natives of the coast and those on the Nulato and the higher Kvihpak. The latter brought their furs and received in exchange the iron, tobacco, beads, and other commodities obtained by the coast natives from the Russian traders, from speculative whalers who ran up above the Russian posts to do an illicit trade in furs, or from the Asiatic natives who kept up a commercial intercourse with their brethren across Behring's Straits.

On the 3d of June, Lieutenant Zagoy-skin with six men and a native interpreter, carrying provisions for three months, set out from Nulato in a large seal-skin canoe, with the intention of reaching the mountains which divided Russian from British America, and establishing the connection between the Kvihpak of the Pacific coast and the Yukon of British America, which

had been erroneously described on the maps (and still is on most maps published in the United States) as flowing into the Icy Sea through the river Colville, between the Mackenzie River and Point Barrow. On leaving Nulato, the Kvihpak, for about twelve miles, was found to be about a mile and a half wide, filled with long, narrow islands connected by sand-bars, which at low water are dry. Above the junction with the Nulato, the course of the river lay for many miles through a level plain covered with small lakes abounding in fish. Numerous streams entered from either side, and the banks were well covered with willow, alder, aspen, birch, poplar, and large firs. The woods did not extend a great distance from the river, marshy plains stretching behind them to the foot of the hilly ranges that divided the affluents of the Kvihpak from those of rivers of smaller size on either side of it. Some of these hills reach heights varying from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet, and one range, which approaches close to the Kvihpak, terminates in a round volcano, called by the natives Natagash.

Nearly two hundred miles above Nulato the expedition met with a serious obstacle to their further progress. A sand-bank stretched across the stream, over which the natives had been accustomed to carry their canoes, but which was now covered with water. The current was strong, and the party worked in vain with the oars to stem it. Not only the current, but the difficult nature of the channel, interposed obstacles that proved to be insurmountable. Too shallow in some places to be crossed, in others the deeper channels were filled with rocks and drift-wood. For hours they labored in vain to push or pull their canoe through the obstacles and against the rapid current, and then abandoned it in despair. To carry their canoe around the obstacle would have rendered necessary the cutting of a road three and a half miles long through an impenetrable forest,—a work which it was beyond the power of the expedition to accomplish. Reluc-

tantly they turned their faces homeward, and rapidly descended the river, reaching Nulato in seven days. The width of the Kvihpak, through the distance explored, was found to average about a mile.

In the autumn of 1843 the expedition descended the Kvihpak to Ikagmut, a trading-post about two hundred miles below Nulato. The river was found to be navigable for canoes the whole distance between those points, the water muddy, and the current strong in many places. The average width was a mile and a half, the depth varying from one fathom to over ten fathoms. The left bank was low, with scattered hills in the distance; the right bank high, frequently rising almost into mountains. The country was well wooded. Zagoyskin says: "Fifteen miles from Anvika the soil on the right bank changes from sand to clay. In one place it cracks. I have seen pure clean earth of different bright colors,—red, yellow, straw-color, and white, with all their various shades. This, I think, contains lead." At one point the river sweeps around the base of a group of conical mountains, two thousand feet in height, near which rises an isolated volcano of about the same height. Nearly all the tributary rivers enter from the left bank, and many of them abound with beaver.

On the 5th of November the Kvihpak was closed with ice. A few days later the natives flocked to the river to catch a small, greasy lamprey found in great numbers as soon as the river was frozen over, and remained about two weeks. To the dwellers on the Kvihpak this fish is as the white-bait is to the Londoner or the first shad to the New-Yorker.

As soon as the ice was strong, Lieutenant Zagoyskin and his party left Ikagmut and ascended the river on sledges, passing sometimes over bare ice and at other times over snow, to the village of Paymut, intending to cross the mountains to the river Kuskokvim, which near the 160th meridian approaches the Kvihpak before the latter bends to the north and the former to

the east. Ascending the river Nallik, a stream three hundred and fifty feet wide, which enters the Kvihpak from the southeast, they soon struck southward along a road that crossed a marshy plain to the mountain Tamatulit, twenty-five hundred feet high, towering above the right bank of the Kuskokvim. Leaving the mountain on one side, the road crossed a lake, entered a marsh covered with shrubbery and traversed by many small creeks, and passed through higher land to the river bank. The expedition followed the course of the Kuskokvim up to Fort Kolmakoff, a fortified trading-post in lat. $61^{\circ} 34' N.$, long. $158^{\circ} 37' W.$

The Kuskokvim is smaller than the Kvihpak, and, for a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles from its mouth, varies from seven hundred to eighteen hundred feet in width. The bends, filled with islands, gave the river a more picturesque appearance than the Kvihpak, the scenery of which is somewhat monotonous. The rocks on the right bank differed from those on the right bank of the Kvihpak, and in many places Lieutenant Zagoyskin found mica. The left bank is clothed with heavy fir-trees; and parallel with the course of the river, at a distance of twenty miles, runs a range of mountains, two thousand feet high, which divides the waters of the Kuskokvim from those of the Nashagak, which flows into Bristol Bay. Between Fort Kolmakoff and Fort Alexander, on Bristol Bay, communication is kept up by a chain of rivers, lakes, and portages.

The winter was spent in exploring the country between the Kuskokvim and the Kvihpak, which was found to be full of small rivers, and in tracing the lower portion of the Chageluk, one of the largest affluents of the Kvihpak, which runs nearly parallel with that river for some distance, and enters it near lat. $62^{\circ} N.$, long. $160^{\circ} W.$ On the 1st of May, 1844, the ice in the Kuskokvim began to move, and by the 9th the river was perfectly clear. On the 19th the expedition started up the river in seal-skin canoes. The

Kuskokvim was found to be from seven hundred to twenty-one hundred feet wide above Fort Kolmakoff, with occasional sand-bars, some of them a mile and a half wide. For nearly a hundred miles it runs between rocky cliffs, from three hundred to five hundred feet in height, covered with a dense forest; the channel is clear, and the current not so strong as that of the Kvihpak. At this point the river Hulitnak enters from the south (lat. $61^{\circ} 42'$ N., long. $156^{\circ} 50'$ W.); it is two hundred feet wide at its mouth, and guarded at its entrance on the left bank by rocky cliffs from two hundred to four hundred feet high. From this point, far in the interior, could be seen a conical mountain whose top was covered with snow. A few miles up the Hulitnak the hills on the left bank give way to a marshy plain, whilst on the right side runs a chain of hills five hundred feet high.

Twenty miles higher up the Kuskokvim, breaking through the hills that line the left bank of that river above the Hulitnak, comes in the Shulkak, which, the natives say, takes its rise in a lake among the Chigmit Mountains, some of the nearest peaks of which could be seen by the expedition about fifty miles to the southward. A short distance above the Shulkak comes in the Chigvanateel, also from the south. At this point were met six canoes filled with natives. To keep on good terms with the natives, and prevent misunderstanding, — for they could conceive of no reason for the presence of a white man in those regions except to trade, — a few pounds of tobacco and some old clothes were exchanged for a large heap of beaver, otter, reindeer, and black-bear skins. The natives coveted a certain coat without sleeves which struck their fancy, but the pile of nearly two hundred valuable furs which comprised their stock was not considered an equivalent, and they were obliged to content themselves with tobacco and less prized articles of clothing.

Above these streams the Kuskokvim narrowed to about seven hundred feet, the current was slower, and the

water of a dull yellowish white. The river wound around a cape two hundred or three hundred feet high on the right bank, the left bank being about eighteen feet high, and covered with a dense forest; beyond which, in the distance, rose a chain of mountains. Higher up, a spur of the mountain chain terminated on the left bank of the river in a rocky ridge, beyond which the forest gave place to a flat meadow, or marshy plain. At the mouth of the river Sochotno, in lat. $62^{\circ} 58'$ N., long. $155^{\circ} 6'$ W., the expedition stopped, having reached about one hundred and eighty miles above Fort Kolmakoff, and about three hundred and fifty miles above the mouth of the river. At this point the natives spoke of a beautiful inland sea in the interior, somewhere between the Kuskokvim and the Kvihpak. The same story was repeated by the natives at other points on the Kuskokvim and also on the Kvihpak. It was described as a large and beautiful lake, abounding in fish, and supporting a numerous people on its banks. It was the opinion of Lieutenant Zagoyskin that the location of this lake was somewhere between lat. 63° and 65° N. and long. 150° and 154° W., and that it probably found an outlet for its waters by the river Haggaya into the Kvihpak.

It was the intention of Lieutenant Zagoyskin to explore the Kuskokvim to its source; but the men he had taken with him from Fort Kolmakoff were obliged to return, that they might be ready to transport goods across to Fort Alexander, on Bristol Bay. He was, therefore, reluctantly compelled to turn back, reaching Fort Kolmakoff on the 5th of June. A few days later he crossed to the Kvihpak by a chain of lakes and rivers different from that he had traversed in the winter, and then descended the Lower Kvihpak to the divergence of its several channels to the sea. The hills and forests disappeared, and at one point a chain of lakes in a flat country stretched away to the right as far as the eye could reach. The soil at this part of the river contained a layer of organic matter

from the forest, about three feet deep, beneath which was wet clay. Lieutenant Zagoyskin records no observation of his own in regard to the depth of water in the lower branches of the Kvihpak, but says that in 1833 a servant of the Fur Company ascended the Aphuna, or northern mouth of the Kvihpak with ease, and descended about thirty miles of another channel, but found the water too shallow to enable him to reach the sea. On reaching the sea, Zagoyskin sailed up the coast in his canoe, keeping about half a mile from the shore, as sand-banks and rocks farther out made navigation dangerous, and reached Fort St. Michael on the 21st of June, after two years of difficult and perilous exploration.

In the winter of 1860, Robert Kennicott, a young American naturalist of fine promise and of undaunted resolution, though of delicate frame, entered the Russian American territory from the British line, above the Yukon. He had come, the last part of the route alone, from the head of Lake Superior, by the way of the chain of lakes and the Mackenzie River, through the vast wilds that lie between Lake Superior and the Arctic Sea. On his way he had collected specimens in every department of natural science, and these specimens, numbering thousands, and weighing tons in the aggregate, were taken at each trading-post by the Hudson's Bay Company, and transported free to Canada, where they were again taken, without pay, by the express companies, and delivered to the Smithsonian Institute, under whose auspices he was travelling. The Hudson's Bay Company had poached on the manor of the Russian Fur Company, and about sixty miles beyond the boundary, just at the fork of the Porcupine and Yukon Rivers, Kennicott found a trading-post, Fort Yukon, in charge of an old Scotchman, who, with his wife and a jovial Roman Catholic priest, together with some *voyageurs* and Esquimaux, formed the settlement. Here Kennicott remained all winter, gathering hundreds of specimens, and gaining all the information possible from the

natives in regard to the course of the Yukon, about which uncertain reports existed at the fort. Among the important discoveries was that of the breeding-place of the canvas-back duck,—the eggs of which, never before seen by a naturalist, literally covered acres. Here, too, he found the nests and eggs of the beautiful Bohemian wax-wing,—the only place where its eggs have ever been found. In the spring he set out on his homeward journey, still gathering specimens as he went; and on his return commenced reducing the results of his observations to writing, when he was interrupted by another call to the field of duty.

In pursuance of a design to connect the American and European continents by a telegraph line through Northern Asia, the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company were extended northward through Oregon and Washington Territories to Vancouver's Island, and thence it was proposed to carry them northward through British and Russian territory to Behring's Strait. Carried by a cable through the Strait, or some part of the Kamchatka Sea, it was designed to then push the line through Siberia to meet the Russian government lines coming eastward from St. Petersburg. The route through the British possessions above British Columbia, and the whole interior of Russian America, was entirely unknown. It was determined to make the survey by two parties, one keeping northward from Vancouver's Island, and the other proceeding by sea to the vicinity of Behring's Strait, and then going eastward and southward, to meet the party coming north. The information obtained in regard to the "great river" of Russian America, led to the hope that the party could ascend it from Behring's Sea to Fort Yukon, and then follow its course southward through British territory,—the party coming north keeping the same route to the place of meeting. A small steamer, the "Lizzie Horner," was purchased in San Francisco, and put on board one of the vessels of the expedition, with

the design of ascending the Kvihpak in her as far as possible. The services of Major Kennicott had been secured for the command of the expedition by way of Behring's Sea, his previous visit to Russian America, and his profound scientific knowledge, peculiarly fitting him for the task.

On the 10th of July, 1865, the expedition left San Francisco in the barque "Golden Gate," accompanied by the engineer-in-chief of the Company, Colonel Bulkley, in the propeller "G. S. Wright." In a month they reached Sitka, the head-quarters of the Russian American Fur Company, where they remained about two weeks, completing their arrangements and receiving the lavish courtesies of the Russian officials. On the 22d of August the expedition sailed again, steering for the outer point of the Aliaska peninsula. The islands that line the southern front of this remarkable projection were reached about long. 160° W., and at one of them, Ounga, a short stop was made. The principal features of this island were similar to most of the others in the group. Originally of volcanic origin, it has a steep front about six hundred feet in height, beyond which the land is rolling. The elevations are covered with moss interspersed with flowers, and in the depressions is a little coarse grass with small bushes. A bed of coal (lignite) sixteen inches thick was found on this island, and the Russians worked it for a short time, but ultimately abandoned it as of little value. Here, as on several other islands, a few Russians supported themselves by fishing. In running along the coast, a volcano was seen, in full activity; and others, that had at no very distant period been in eruption, were seen on the peninsula and islands. Codfish were plentiful along the route through the islands. The entrance to Behring's Sea was made through the Ounimak passage, in long. 165° W., lat. 54½ N., the depth of water at the entrance being two hundred and forty feet, and the current very strong. On the 13th of September, the expedi-

tion entered Norton Sound and rounded to at St. Michael. Kennicott and his party were landed and the vessels left, with Colonel Bulkley, for Kamchatka.

The island of St. Michael lies on the south side of Norton Sound, and is divided by a narrow channel from the main-land, and by a wider channel from Stuart's Island. It is about twelve miles across in either direction, of volcanic origin, but of no great height, the greatest elevation being three hundred feet. A good harbor affords protection against all but the northerly winds. At this point is a fort of logs and earth, mounting six four-pounders, and garrisoned by twenty Russians under Factor Stephanoff. Close to the fort is an Esquimau or Malimeet village, of ten huts, — partly burrows in the side of the hill, and partly buildings of drift-logs. A chain of similar villages extends along the coast of Norton Sound. The temperature at St. Michael is milder than at any other point on that part of the coast, a fact accounted for by its being surrounded by water, and by the current coming from the south. In summer there is a healthy, though scanty vegetation.

It was the intention of Kennicott to go down the coast in the small steamer "Lizzie Horner," to be commanded by Lieutenant Charles Pease, to the lower, and deepest, mouth of the Kvihpak, or Yukon, and in her to traverse the whole length of the river as far as navigation was possible, making surveys at the proper points. Unfortunately, that project had to be abandoned. The engineer engaged at San Francisco was grossly incompetent, and the machinery of the steamer was found to be radically defective. Fruitless attempts were made to remedy the deficiencies, and she was at length abandoned. This was a serious blow to the usefulness of the expedition. Major Kennicott changed his plan, and adopted the ordinary route of the Russian traders as high up as they went, being that taken by Zagoy-skin twenty-three years before. From Nulato he proposed to travel in the

winter by dog teams up the river to Fort Yukon.

On the 27th of September the party, numbering twelve persons, crossed Norton Sound in an open barge to the village of Unalakleet, at the mouth of the river of that name, the voyage being rendered unpleasant by a violent snow-storm, the first of the season. At Unalakleet the Russians had built a log fort, occupied by six men, and defended by two four-pounder guns. Cold weather set in rapidly, and the first work of the party was to build a fort of drift-logs, banked up with sods and gravel, and the logs chinked with moss. The luxury of a chimney was added, the mortar for which was made with mud and boiling water.

October 21st, Pease, Ketchum, and Adams, accompanied by five Esquimaux, each of whom carried eighty pounds of baggage strapped to his back, went up the Unalakleet. The thermometer marked two degrees below zero, but the river was not frozen hard enough to walk on. On the third day they reached Ulucook, a winter village of the Ingalik tribe, forty miles above Unalakleet. Here they stopped a month, buying fish and preparing it for the winter's provision of the party.

The Ingaliken are part of an Indian race occupying a middle position between the Esquimaux, or Malimeets, of the coast, and the Indians of the interior. They are the traders, roaming from the Yukon to the coast, and bartering the skins of the Indians for the traders' goods and the Esquimaux supplies. At one time they were a powerful race; but a succession of wars with the Esquimaux and the interior Indians has thinned their numbers. In their habits and customs they have become more Esquimaux than Indian, building their huts partly under ground, like the former, instead of on the surface as does the latter. The winter hut of the Norton Sound Esquimaux is built of spruce logs, split and set on edge, and is roofed in the same manner, with a square hole in the top, and the whole, except the opening in the roof, is covered with sods

and earth until it is like a low dome. About half the height of the interior is below the surface of the ground. The entrance is by a tunnel or covered gallery, about twenty feet long, communicating with a square stockade closed with a door. Inside the stockade is a circular opening to descend into the tunnel. The hut is about sixteen feet square, with logs at the sides for seats. The fire burns in the centre, directly under the hole in the roof. The furniture and kitchen utensils of the hut are composed of kettles bought of the whalers, earthen pots, like flower-pots, made by the natives, for various purposes, and a lamp, — a saucer of dried mud, filled with blubber, and with dried moss for wicking, the root of a tree serving for a chandelier. When night comes, the occupants of the hut let the fire die down, stretch dried skins across the opening in the roof, the circular entrance in the stockade, and at the doorway leading from the hut to the tunnel, thus cutting off every current of air. Then, stretching themselves with their heads to the fire, resting on logs for pillows, they sleep in an atmosphere as hot and dense as that of a slow oven.

In the centre of every village is the Kadgim, or great meeting-house. Here their work is carried on, feasts held, visitors received, and here the men sleep. Built on the same plan as the other huts, it is much larger and higher, and has a raised seat carried around its sides. It was at the Kadgim in Ulucook that Lieutenant Zagoyskin witnessed the performance of their traditional custom of "drowning little bladders in the sea," performed in honor of the sea spirit Ugiak. When Zagoyskin entered the Kadgim he found it occupied by about fifty men, who had just been washing themselves in a reeking liquid which cannot be more particularly named. The stench was overpowering and the heat suffocating, but there was no help for it. The festival then began. On a strip of moose-skin stretched across one end of the apartment were suspended about a hundred

fantastically painted bladders, taken from animals killed with arrows only. At one end of the line hung a carved representation of a man's head, and a gull; at the other end, two partridges. Threads fastened to this line were drawn over the cross-beam, and these threads were jerked so as to set the figures in motion. A stick, six feet high, bound around with straw, stood under the line. A native advanced from the group, danced solemnly before the bladders, and then, pulling some straw from the stick, lighted it, and passed it under bladders and images so as to smoke them. The stick and straw were carried outside, and all the occupants of the Kadgim indulged in a dance which lasted throughout the greater part of the day. They stripped to the waist before dancing, and, by their frantic contortions to the monotonous beat of the tambourine, kept every muscle in motion. At frequent intervals the women brought in frozen fish and strips of deer-meat, which the dancers devoured ravenously, and then resumed the dance. After eating and dancing all day in the poisonous atmosphere, they huddled on the floor at night, every man with his head to the fire, and slept till morning. Unlike the natives of Kamchatka, who have a horribly nauseating method of intoxication, the Malimeets of the American coast of Behring's Sea have no stimulating drink. Their method of getting intoxicated is to smoke tobacco and take the smoke into their lungs, which produces partial stupefaction. In one of the grand feasts some members of Kennicott's party were treated by the natives to a dish, which was accepted as the hyperborean substitute for ice-cream and strawberries, and eaten without aversion, if not with much relish. The disgust of those who indulged in the luxury may be imagined on their discovering the delectable compound to be reindeer fat, chewed to a paste by the old women, then mixed with snow and flavored with berries.

The natives on the Lower Kuskokvim have peculiar funeral observances.

When a member of the family dies, his relatives eat nothing but sour or year-old food, and do not go to the river for twenty days. They spend their time seated in one corner of the room with their backs to the door. Every five days they wash themselves, else all the relatives of the deceased would die. Before the funeral the body is carried into the Kadgim, where it is placed in a sitting posture with the feet drawn up, in a corner opposite to the door. The inhabitants of the village bring in votive offerings of skin dresses, in one of which the corpse is dressed, while the others are placed in a box with the body. The box is carried to the burying-ground and placed on four posts, near which is raised a large board painted with the figure of that object of which the deceased was most fond. In front of the board are set some articles belonging to the deceased, and his remaining effects are divided in the Kadgim. The interior natives burn their dead; and if one dies in winter, his relatives carry the body with them, using it instead of a log as a pillow at night, and burning it when warm weather comes.

The Kuskokvim natives have also a peculiar usage — suggestive of the Christmas customs of American children — of hiding articles for some time, and at a particular feast presenting them to the members of their families.

On the 8th of November the Unalakleet River froze so that it could be traversed with dog teams. The cold rapidly increased, the thermometer marking 20° below zero on the 8th of November, reaching 32° on the 19th, and on the 1st of January getting down to 40° below zero, — the lowest point noted, — with a fierce norther blowing. The dog teams were got ready, and the provisions prepared for packing, when Kennicott returned from Nulato with the discouraging information that it would be impossible to go up the Yukon during the winter. He had himself made a ten days' journey above Nulato, and found but few natives, most of them having gone northward to hunt the rein-

deer. He ascertained that there was no prospect of getting food for his dogs, and without an assurance that this could be obtained, it would be madness to attempt the journey. The winter was therefore spent at Fort St. Michael, in making preparations for the summer's work.

On the 3d of April the weather moderated, and indications of the coming spring were visible. A portion of the party set out for Grantley Harbor, with instructions to join the main body at Nulato. Ten days afterwards Lieutenants Ketchum and Pease, and Mike Lebarge, a Canadian *voyageur* attached to the party, started for Nulato. The ice was five feet thick, and the ground covered with snow, but on the bay the ice was rapidly softening, so that the party had to keep close to the shore, and sometimes found six inches of water on the surface. Next day they reached Unalakleet, rested a day, and then set out for Ulucook, walking the forty miles behind a dog-sled loaded with three bags of flour. Continuing their journey, on the 19th they struck the Yukon, about thirty miles below Nulato. On the 22d they reached Nulato, having travelled all the way upon the river, and next day were joined by the party from Grantley Harbor.

Nulato is a small native village, in which a Russian trading-post has been established, with three white men and a four-pounder iron cannon as its sole defence. During the winter two skin boats had been brought over from St. Michael for the voyage up the Yukon. The largest was thirty-five feet long and six feet wide, made of seal-skin stretched over a light framework of wood fastened with sinews. A square sail, spreading twenty yards of canvas, could be rigged. The other boat was a "baidark," or light skin canoe, with a covering of skin that fitted tightly to the skin tunic worn by the occupant of the boat, so as to be perfectly waterproof. A baidark has holes for three passengers, and in this differs from a kyak, which only admits one occupant. The baidark was intended for Major

Kennicott and two of his party, whilst the larger boat would carry the others, together with the provisions.

Everything was ready for the departure, and the members of the expedition were anxiously awaiting the breaking up of the ice, when a sad calamity put an end to the arrangements. Major Kennicott had for several days complained of dizziness, and a strange sensation in his head. The succession of disappointments he had experienced since his landing weighed heavily on his mind, and, combined with the effects of the arduous labors of the previous six years, had broken down both his spirit and his constitution. On the morning of May 13th he was absent from breakfast, and the Indian sent in search returned without finding him. Lieutenant Pease became alarmed, and started with Lebarge to find him. About twenty rods from the fort they came on him, lying on his back, dead. An open compass was lying by his side, and it is supposed that, after taking some observations and making calculations by tracing figures in the sand, he straightened himself up and fell instantly dead, probably from heart disease.

The death of the commander of the expedition frustrated all the plans that had been formed. Lieutenant Ketchum, as the oldest of the party, took command, and appointed Lieutenant Pease as his second. It was decided that Ketchum, with the *voyageur* Lebarge, and a half-breed, Lewis Kean, should go up to Fort Yukon in the baidark, whilst Lieutenant Pease and some others of the party should take the remains of Major Kennicott in the seal-skin boat to Fort St. Michael, by going down the river to the coast. Pease and the half-breed Kean set to work on a coffin made of boards torn from the sides of the fort, calked with candle-wick, and pitched with turpentine gum. The lining was made of some green baize found in the fort, and tacked with brads cut with shears from a strip of copper that had formed part of the sheathing of a ship's bottom. Dressed in full uniform, and shrouded

in the American flag, the body of Major Kennicott lay for three days open to the sorrowful gaze of those who had shared his later labors, (one of these had been his friend and companion in past years,) and then the face of one of whom science had great hope was hid from view. Had Major Kennicott lived to carry out his plans, completed his explorations of the extreme Northern country, and reduced his observations to writing, the scientific world would have been a great gainer by his knowledge. Unfortunately, during the six or seven years before his death he was more a worker than a writer, and the hurried notes he committed to paper will throw but little light on what he had discovered, compared with what died with him, unregistered.

On the 23d of May the ice broke up, and on the morning of the 25th, Ketchum, Lebarge, and Kean started up the river in the baidark, whilst Pease, taking with him Smith, Adams, and Dyer, and a crew of three Esquimaux, started down the river in the seal-skin boat, having with them the remains of Major Kennicott. A few miles below Nulato the ice and driftwood were overtaken in a rapid current, and a landing was made on an island to escape swamping. The voyage was continued, the party sometimes making thirteen or fourteen miles, and at others going at a more rapid rate, at one time making seventy-seven miles in a day's run. At night they found a welcome in an Indian village, or camped out on an island. On the 1st of June they took an Indian on board as a guide, but soon became suspicious that he was trying to mislead them. Following his directions, Pease steered into a wide channel which proved to be a lateral connection with the Chageluk River, and entered that river a short distance above its confluence with the Yukon, or Kvihpak. Here they came suddenly on a village inhabited by a tribe hostile to those above, and bearing a bad reputation among the Russians. As soon as the boat came in sight, it was sur-

rounded with canoes filled with Indians, whose conduct was far from reassuring. Preserving his self-possession, Lieutenant Pease opened a conversation with the chief, and made him presents of tobacco and calico, and finally of a knife, which completely won his good-will. He expressed his gratification at meeting with the first white men who had ever reached his village. When the boat was about to leave, the Indians drew up in a body to fire a salute. As Pease was not quite sure of the intentions of his professed friends, he commenced the salute by hitting a mark at long range with his rifle, and directing one of his party to keep up a continuous fire with revolvers. This exhibition of rapid firing and length of range put an end to any idea of attack on the part of the Indians, if such a purpose had been meditated.

Stopping one night at the Russian post known as "The Mission,"—the Ikagmut of Zagoyskin's narrative,—containing several houses and a church, their voyage was continued the next day, until the northern mouth of the river was reached. On the way they saw several islands covered with geese and swans, and found on one island the nest of a goose with three eggs in it. On the 5th of June, after passing through a herd of seals, the boat left the main channel for one taking a more northerly course, and ending in a narrow canal leading into the Pastolic River, which enters Norton Sound several miles above the northern mouth of the Yukon. The sea-coast was reached on the morning of June 6th, twelve days after leaving Nulato. The voyage up the coast was long and tedious, owing to baffling winds and the dangers of the reefs, the fort at St. Michael not being reached until June 15th.

Not long afterwards Ketchum and his party returned to Fort St. Michael, having successfully made the passage to Fort Yukon and back. The country from Nulato eastward was found to be similar to that lower down the river, the banks varying in height, but most of the near elevations being on the northern

side; the streams from the north were small, and those from the south much larger. The character of the timber improved, the spruce ranging from twenty-five to one hundred feet in height. There were no more serious obstructions to navigation than occur in most Western rivers, the sand-bars having, during their passage, a fair depth of water, and the rapids below Fort Yukon offering no insurmountable obstacle to a good steamer. The current was found to be very strong. The proper steamers to navigate the Yukon are stern-wheelers, with very powerful engines. At Fort Yukon a new fort had been built, about a mile and a half from the old fort, and the Roman Catholic priest who had spiritual charge during Kennicott's visit had given place to an Episcopal minister.

Late in the autumn the long-expected ship from San Francisco arrived at St. Michael, with Colonel Bulkley on board. A reorganization of the party was made. Lieutenant Pease, as the attached friend of the late Major Kennicott, was sent home with his remains, and the remainder of the party, under Lieutenant Ketchum, were ordered to retrace their steps into the interior, and carefully survey the Upper Yukon, following it, if possible, to its source, or until meeting an exploring party advancing north from British Columbia. From that party nothing has since been heard on the Atlantic side. So far as the general public is concerned, its principal work, however, was done. The Yukon had been explored from Behring's Sea to above its junction with the Porcupine. Beyond that point its course had been traced by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. The abandonment of the Russian American Telegraph enterprise, owing to the success of the Atlantic Cable line, has put a stop to further exploration in the interest of the Telegraph Company.

The coast line of Russian America is of two distinct characters, the line of division being the Aliaska peninsula. At the boundary line, on the Icy Sea,

the coast is low, and formed of frozen mud-banks, keeping this character coming west until Point Barrow is reached, the most northern point, a long low spit of gravel and loose sand. Going southwest, the low coast is intersected with narrow lakes, and covered with swampy moss, to the neighborhood of Cape Lisburne, a mass of limestone rocks eight hundred and fifty feet high. From this point to and around Kotzebue Sound, the coast is low and swampy, with occasional hills. Cape Prince of Wales, which forms the eastern side of the gateway of Behring's Strait, is precipitous and rocky, and is indented by Port Clarence, which has a good entrance, with ten fathoms of water, and a mud bottom. Opening also into the eastern side of the Cape is Grantley Harbor, smaller and completely landlocked, offering a perfectly secure anchorage. Below this point, the country near the sea is rolling, and the coast low and inaccessible except in certain portions of Norton and Bristol Sounds, while the sea is shallow, owing to the alluvium poured into it by the rivers and dammed back into Behring's Sea by the barrier of the Aliaska peninsula. The shore is covered with a heavy growth of moss, thrown up by the frost into large bunchy masses.

Below the Aliaska peninsula the formation of the coast is totally different. A lofty mountain range occupies the coast from Observatory Inlet to Cook's Inlet, and then sweeps around towards the Asiatic side along the peninsula. On this side the cliffs are rocky and precipitous, and descend abruptly into the Pacific, with deep soundings close to the shore. Along the greater part of the Pacific coast line of the territory extends a group, or several groups, of islands, some of large size, fifty to a hundred miles in length. The narrow strip of coast belonging to Russian America from Cross Sound to Observatory Inlet, and the coast below to Puget Sound, is masked by a series of islands so situated as to leave between them and the main-land an unbroken line of inland navigation, the most ex-

traordinary in the world. Sir George Simpson, who passed through it twice in 1841, says it is admirably adapted for steam navigation, affording a safe passage in every condition of the weather except fogs. Beyond the Copper River is another group of islands; and stretching from the mouth of Cook's Inlet to the end of the peninsula is still another group, to which the largest, Kodiak, gives its name. All these islands are of volcanic character, and in some of them along the Aliaska peninsula, as also on the main-land, volcanoes are still active. Traces of volcanic action are also found on the few islands along the coast of Behring's Sea.

The whole main-land coast up to Cook's Inlet is heavily wooded, and many of the islands also have a good supply of trees. Beyond the mountain range, near and beyond the boundary line, up to Cook's Inlet, stretches a comparatively level country, covered with grass. The islands of the Pacific coast are hilly, the rocks covered with moss, whilst in the valleys is good land, with grass and shrubs.

The rivers of Russian America are numerous and important. Going north from the boundary line of British Columbia, the first river of consequence is the Stikine, or Francis River, in lat. 56° N., which forms the principal gateway to the valuable British territory beyond, and which passes through a country rich in gold. The Stikine has two mouths, its greatest width at the principal outlet being about half a mile. It is navigable for steamers of light draught, for four months in the year, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles; and the steamer "Flying Dutchman" made several trips up it to Shakesville, a mining town one hundred and forty miles from its mouth. Twenty miles above Shakesville the Grand Cañon commences, and above that point canoe navigation is practicable for a considerable distance. The Stikine previous to entering the mountain range at the Grand Cañon drains an undulating country covered with luxuriant grass, then passes through a rich min-

eral region, and finally enters the sea between steep banks clothed with dense forests of pine and cypress. Small rivers enter the natural canals and inlets of the coast up to lat. 60° N., long. 144° W., where the Copper River enters. By this river the natives have communication with the Yukon in nearly the same longitude, the two rivers and their affluents approaching each other so closely that but short portages are made. Cook's Inlet, which cuts a deep gash in the coast line, also has its tributary streams, by which communication is kept up by the coast natives with the interior.

Above the Aliaska peninsula the first stream is the Nashagak, in Bristol Bay, reported by the natives to connect by lakes and marshes with Cook's Inlet on one side, and with the Kuskokvim on the other. The Kuskokvim, entering Behring's Sea above Cape Newenham, has been explored by Russians and natives for about six hundred miles. Its course from the mouth up is generally northeast, but, like all the rivers of the region, it is very crooked. The Kuskokvim is navigable for light-draught steamers for a great portion of its length. Its current is moderately rapid.

But the great river of Russian America is the Yukon, or Kvihpak, which had long been a mystery to British and American hydrographers, and which was never fully explored by white men until the summer of 1866. It is the Mississippi of the Northwest. The Yukon rises in the mountainous region of Pelly Banks, in British America, and runs northwest until it enters Russian America in about lat. 64° N. It continues its northwesterly direction until it receives the waters of the Porcupine from the northeast. About seventy miles above the junction with that river it threads its way through a pass in the Big Beaver Mountains, then traverses a flat country for about a hundred miles, when it again cuts a spur of the Big Beaver Mountains, and enters the system of the great northern peninsula. From this point it runs a little south

of east until opposite the head of Norton Sound, when it bends abruptly to the south to lat. 62° N., where it again turns to the west and flows into Behring's Sea. From the junction with the Porcupine to its outlet in Behring's Sea, this river is navigable for steamboats, having a depth varying from one to ten fathoms, and a width varying from a mile to a mile and a half. Its course is very tortuous. There are four known mouths, the most northern of which is obstructed by a bar on which is a depth of four feet of water, the south channel having ten feet of water at the entrance. There are other streams of less importance entering Norton's Sound and Kotzebue Bay; and the Colville, which enters the Icy Sea and was long supposed to be the mouth of the Yukon, is said by the natives to be navigable for a considerable distance.

The course of nearly all the rivers is generally a little south of west. The mountain ranges from the south cease before reaching the Icy Sea, and the great peninsula above Cook's Inlet is traversed by a number of low mountain ranges running in a southwesterly direction. In the intervening spaces between those ranges the principal rivers find their way. As a general rule the rivers wash the base of the hills on the right side, the left banks being low, and at a distance from the river frequently swampy. The southern tier of hills is, however, nearly always in sight, and spurs from it occasionally jut out on the left bank. A peculiar feature of the country is the manner in which the affluents of the great rivers interlock, or are connected by lakes; so that, whilst the peninsula can be traversed from east to west by following the line of the principal rivers, it can also be traversed from south to north by short passes through the mountains, or by ascending the smaller streams that come through the gaps in the rocky banks on the right of the rivers, and then passing by lakes and short portages to the numerous rivers flowing north into the large rivers. In this way the natives and the traders pass from the Copper

River to Fort Yukon, and from Cook's Inlet to Kotzebue Sound.

The interior of the upper peninsula is well timbered to within about a hundred miles of the coast, on the line of the Kvihpak, or Yukon, and still nearer on some of the smaller streams. The prevailing timber and the most useful is the spruce, which is frequently of considerable diameter, and from seventy to a hundred feet high. Birch grows, but not in great quantity, as far north as the line of the Kvihpak. Poplar, alder, and willow are found along all the rivers in considerable quantity. On the Pacific coast the main-land and many of the islands are covered with dense forests of pine, — the most useful of all trees, — which reach the water's edge; and in the neighborhood of the Stikine, Sir George Simpson says, is a species of cypress, which, from its durability and lightness, is almost unequalled for boat-building. The Russians have neglected to turn this immense fund of wealth to account, being fearful lest their monopoly of fur-trading would be affected by the opening of a timber trade. The pine is of the largest size and finest quality, equalling in value the famous forests of Norway. Bongard reports pines and spruces on the coast having a diameter of seven feet and a height of one hundred and sixty feet.

Russian America teems with animal life. Its seas afford the finest fisheries in the world, its rivers are filled with fish, and its woods, hills, valleys, and plains support vast quantities of fur-bearing animals and valuable birds. The waters of the North Pacific, along the whole coast from Dixon's Strait to the end of the Aleutian Islands, swarm with cod and halibut of the largest size. In 1865, Acting-Surveyor Giddings, of Washington Territory, called the attention of the Secretary of the Interior to this fact. After describing the value of the fisheries in the Strait of Fuca, he said: "Farther north, along the coast, between Cape Flattery and Sitka, in the Russian possessions, both cod and halibut are very plenty, and of a

much larger size than those taken at the Cape, or farther up the straits and sound. No one who knows those facts for a moment doubts that, if vessels similar to those used by the Bank fishermen that sail from Massachusetts and Maine were fitted out here, and were to fish on the various banks along this coast, it would even now be a most lucrative business. . . . The cod and halibut on this coast, up near Sitka, are fully equal to the largest taken in the Eastern waters."

The Legislature of Washington Territory, by formal resolution, called the attention of the general government to the great value of the fisheries of the Russian American coast, and petitioned for the adoption of such measures as would obtain for Americans the right to fish in those waters. Lieutenant Pease reports that, on the passage up, the sea near the Kodiak group of islands was found to be full of cod, a barrel of which was caught with a line as the vessel sailed through. No attempt has been made to utilize those treasures of the deep, except by the Russians on the islands and coast, who fish for their own support and that of the Indians dependent on them. Whales are numerous in the North Pacific, and also in Behring's Sea, the whalers following them up to Behring's Strait.

The rivers, from the Stikine to the highest known on the great peninsula, swarm with fish, especially with the different varieties of salmon. In the Stikine the salmon and salmon-trout are plentiful. The red salmon, or "squoggan" of the natives, weighing about four pounds, is taken in July and August, and the sea salmon — the native "kase," weighing sometimes thirty pounds — is taken from the commencement of the fishing season until late in the autumn. The rivers of the upper peninsula abound in salmon of the largest size, white-fish in immense quantities, sturgeon, pike, and mountain trout. The natives catch pike, salmon, and white-fish by spearing them, using a long-shafted spear with a loose head attached to the shaft by a short line.

They launch this spear with great dexterity, and the head, when buried in the fish, is detached from the shaft by the shock, the short line allowing play to the fish, which cannot then twist itself free. Lieutenant Pease reports spearing salmon weighing forty pounds, and pike six feet in length. The natives dry the fish in strips, which, with dried reindeer meat, form their winter provisions.

The islands on the Pacific coast have been favorite haunts of the fur seal and the sea otter, and it was from this source that the Russian Fur Company obtained the greater part of their supplies. In spite of eighty years of war waged upon them by the hunters for this company, the numbers of the seal and the otter have not been seriously diminished. Above the Alaska peninsula, where they have been almost exempt from molestation, they are found in immense numbers. On the island of St. Paul are large numbers of fur seal, and seal of different varieties with herds of walrus swarm along the coast of Behring's Sea.

The animal life along the Yukon and its tributaries is reported by Lieutenant Pease and the late Major Kennicott to be in astonishing quantity and great variety, and the Russian explorers of the Kuskokvim and other rivers of the continent give similar reports. Among the fur-bearing animals that are found in great numbers may be enumerated the otter, beaver, mink, ermine, sable, martin, black and Arctic foxes, with some other varieties, large and small marmots, squirrels, — a red variety with very handsome fur being particularly noticeable, — lynx, wolverine, wolves, black, grizzly, and Arctic bears, muskrats, — of a different species from those found in the lower latitudes, — reindeer, and, north of the Yukon, the moose.

But, great as are the numbers and variety of these animals, the feathered life of the country is still more remarkable. The region which lies between the Rocky Mountains and Behring's Sea is the breeding-place of myriads of

birds that visit the lower latitudes during a portion of the year. The winged column that comes up the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains from the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico, and the column that comes up its western face and the Sierra Nevada from the lower latitudes of the Pacific Ocean, meet on this spot, feast on the berries that cover the ground in profusion, raise their broods of young, and start at the end of summer on their southern tour.

The food of the flocks of geese, ducks, and other birds that make this their breeding-place is chiefly the small Alpine cranberry, a fruit smaller than the common cranberry, and not so palatable until touched by the frost, when it becomes delicious; the bog-bilberry, a favorite food for bears and geese, which grows in greater perfection here than in more southern latitudes; the empetrum; the salmon berry, resembling a large yellow raspberry, but of insipid flavor; and a blue moss-berry, growing in great quantities on a small evergreen moss.

About the middle of April the feathered visitors begin to arrive. The snow-birds come first, followed by the ospreys, goshawks, eagles, and gulls. Then come the geese of every variety, the ducks, and the swans. The white and black geese keep on their course until they reach the Arctic Sea, and the others settle on the rivers and marshes of the interior. As summer advances, other birds arrive, and proceed at once to the work of nesting and raising their broods. Finches of various kinds, the American robin, the yellow poll, black and yellow warblers, the tree-bunting, and other small birds of numerous species, enliven the woods during the summer months, and become the prey of an endless variety of hawks. Swallows come in great numbers, stay a short time, and leave early in August. Our cherished acquaintance, the snow-bird, on its arrival from the south, puts on gayer plumage, and sings melodiously the whole season through, although utterly innocent of

musical execution when with us. We have before mentioned the discovery by Major Kennicott, in the vicinity of Fort Yukon, of the breeding-places of the canvas-back duck, previously a mystery to naturalists. On the margin of a marshy lake, having a depth of from fifteen to twenty inches of water, they had spread platforms of sedge, and on these deposited their eggs. Major Kennicott saw acres literally covered with these eggs. Lieutenant Pease says the natives reported that the marshes along the Yukon for hundreds of miles afforded breeding-places for these ducks.

All the birds fatten rapidly on the juicy berries so plentiful in the interior. The geese especially become so fat, that during the moulting season they are scarcely able to fly, and are knocked down with sticks by the Indian children, who speedily fatten, as well as the geese. It is a season of feasting from the Rocky Mountains to the Strait, from the North Pacific to the Icy Sea.

With the first indication of coming winter the summer birds take their flight, the birds of the Atlantic and of the Pacific slopes each taking the right direction with unerring instinct, leaving the ptarmigan, the spruce-birds, chickadees, and red-birds to keep each other company in the long winter months. With the first snows come the winter visitors, the Arctic owls, and a large white hawk, seeking refuge from the more intense cold of the polar region.

While animal and bird life abound, there is no dearth of insects. Mosquitoes are more plentiful than pleasant, and afford food for the swallows and other small birds that flock thither to prey upon them. Hard-winged insects, beetles of several kinds, are numerous, and several varieties of butterfly were seen by Lieutenant Pease and by Major Kennicott hovering over the flowers that abound among the long grass and on the river-banks. Neither snakes nor frogs have been reported on the line of the Yukon.

There is little doubt that the mineral wealth of Russian America is enor-

mous. The coast range of mountains that form the territory occupied from lat. $54^{\circ} 40'$ to lat. 60° is a continuation of the Sierra Nevada chain, in which lie the gold and silver mines of Nevada and California and of British Columbia. On the Stikine River gold has already been discovered, and miners are at work. The same formation reaches across towards Asia by the Aliaska peninsula, and sends a branch towards the Icy Sea. Indications of gold have also been found in the streams of the upper peninsula. Copper is known to exist in a virgin state, similar to that of Lake Superior, on the Copper River and at points along the Pacific coast. Lieutenant Pease found a copper-bearing rock at Cape Romanzoff, in Behring's Sea. Indications of lead were discovered by Lieutenant Zagoyskin in the lower part of the Kvihpak or Yukon. Iron has been found in several places on the Pacific coast, and worked by the Russians. Coal is known to lie in large beds on the northern coast. The natives report it in different parts of the interior. On the voyage down the Kvihpak, when two days' sail below Nulato, the natives pointed out a hill on the right, and told Lieutenant Pease that coal was found there, and that it had been worked to a small extent for native use. At Ounga Island, west of the Kodiak group, a bed of coal of inferior quality, about sixteen inches thick, is exposed on the hillside, and has been worked to a limited extent by the Russians. In the Kodiak group coal of better quality has been found, and worked successfully.

The climate of the Pacific coast is much more temperate than that of the same latitudes on the coast of the Atlantic. The observations of Baron Wrangell at Sitka, for a period of ten years, gave a yearly mean of 46.4° . This, in lat. $57^{\circ} 3'$ N., is a mean temperature four degrees warmer than that of Portland, Maine, in lat. $43^{\circ} 40'$ N., and six degrees warmer than that of Quebec, in lat. $46^{\circ} 49'$ N. Iluluk, on the Aliaska peninsula, in lat. $53^{\circ} 52'$ N., has a mean temperature of 39.7° , the same as that of

Williamstown, Vt., in lat. $44^{\circ} 7'$ N., and four degrees warmer than that of Copper Harbor, Lake Superior. At Sitka, it is said to rain nearly, if not quite, every day in the year. The harbor is always open, and there is not sufficient ice for the use of the inhabitants. Along the Aliaska peninsula, solid and clear ice is obtained for the supply of the markets of the Pacific coast. On Sitka and the islands of that group the valleys afford abundant grass for animals, and the settlers keep some cows and horses. Vegetables, such as potatoes, turnips, cabbages, and radishes, are raised with ease, and come to perfection. Potatoes are raised also at Cook's Inlet, in lat. 61° N., though they will not ripen at Kamchatka, ten degrees farther south, thus showing the great difference in temperature between the east and west coasts. At St. Michael, in Norton Sound, lat. $63^{\circ} 28'$ N., the occupants of the post cultivate a small garden, and raise turnips and radishes. The experiment has not been tried in the interior, but success would not be improbable, as the country abounds in edible roots. The temperature falls as the distance from the coast is increased. The yearly mean at Ikagmut, on the Lower Yukon or Kvihpak, in lat. $61^{\circ} 47'$ N., long. $161^{\circ} 14'$ W., about one hundred and fifty miles from the coast, was 24.57° . At Fort Yukon, about six hundred miles in a straight line from Behring's Sea, the yearly mean was 16.92° , in lat. 64° N. At Ikagmut mercury froze in February and March on several years. As the mean of ten years' observation, ice forms on the Kvihpak November 4th, and breaks up May 23d, the river being free of ice about June 2d. The average period during which the river remains closed is two hundred days.

In many places, if not throughout the main-land, "ground ice" is found at a varying depth. In winter the soil freezes solid, and in summer thaws out to a depth varying from a few inches to several feet, below which lies the permanently frozen subsoil to the depth of several feet. Zagoyskin relates that, in

digging a well at St. Michael, alternate layers of ground ice and a fatty clay were passed through; and Lieutenant Pease reports having dug at St. Michael, in August, to the depth of thirty inches, when ground ice was reached. At Ikagmut, Zagoyskin reports the soil thawed to the depth of seven inches only. In exploring a route for the Russian American Telegraph line in lat. 55° N., long. 126° W., Major Pope reports that ground ice can be found at any time of the year at a depth of six or eight feet below the surface, and the surface soil usually freezes to the depth of two feet in the winter, leaving an intervening stratum of unfrozen soil from four to six feet thick. The "ground ice" does not prevent the growth of vegetation. The roots of trees do not penetrate it, but spread as on the surface of a flat rock. In the frozen soil of Kotzebue Sound, in the mouths of the Kvihpak, and in Bristol Bay, are found large deposits of fossil ivory, similar to that found in Siberia, and a considerable trade has been carried on in this article of commerce.

The inhabitants of Russian America are estimated at five or six thousand Russians, mostly settled on the islands of the Pacific coast, and about fifty or sixty thousand Esquimaux and Indians. The natives are divided into numerous tribes, varying greatly in their habits and traditions. The Esquimaux occupy the coast and the lower part of the rivers having their outlet in Behring's Sea. Differing greatly from each other in many of their characteristics, they differ still more as a whole from the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions to the eastward of Russian America. They live by fishing, and hunting the reindeer. The natives of the interior, classed by Richardson as the Kutchins, and known to the coast natives as Koh-Yukons, and by other names, are of a totally different race, dressing more like the Indians of the lower latitudes, with an outer dress of furs for winter wear; adorning themselves with beads, which constitute their wealth; and building

their winter houses on the surface, instead of partly under ground, as do the Esquimaux. They live by the chase, and trade occasionally with the British factor at Fort Yukon, and, by means of the Ingalik, with the coast natives and the Russians. They have an enmity towards the Russians, and have several times surprised their posts and slaughtered the occupants. For this reason the Russians have not penetrated far into the interior. The Americans attached to the telegraph expedition found no difficulty in dealing with them, and Lieutenant Pease says he has left many friends among both Esquimaux and Indians.

On the Pacific coast and islands there are other tribes, those belonging to the Kodiak and Aleutian groups being allied to the Esquimaux of Behring's Sea, and the natives of the Sitka group and coast, the Tchilkats, being evidently related by language and habits to the tribes of the Upper Yukon. By long contact with the white settlers and the sailors visiting the coast, they have become degraded and debauched. The men are semi-slaves to the Russians, working for the nominal wages of twenty cents per day. The women are very dissolute.

By treaty made during the present year, the whole of the Russian possessions in North America are ceded to the United States, in consideration of the payment of seven million two hundred thousand dollars in gold, the cession including the islands in Behring's Sea, as also the whole of the Aleutian Islands, leaving to Russia only Behring's Island and Copper Island, off the coast of Kamchatka. By the terms of the treaty, all the franchises and leases granted to corporate bodies or individuals, of whatever nation, terminate on the transfer of the territory. The known wealth of the territory in fish, fur, and timber, and its probable mineral wealth, have already been set forth. To what has already been said may be added the opinion expressed in Blodgett's *Climatology of the Northwestern Districts*: "It is most surpris-

ing that so little is known of the great islands, and the long line of coast from Puget's Sound to Sitka, ample as its resources must be even for recruiting the transient commerce of the Pacific, independent of its immense intrinsic value. To the region bordering the Northern Pacific the finest maritime positions belong throughout its entire extent; and no part of the west of Europe exceeds it in the advantages of equable climate, fertile soil, and commercial accessibility of the coast. The western slope of the Rocky Mountain system may be included as a part of this maritime region, embracing an immense area from the forty-fifth to the sixtieth parallel, and five degrees of longitude in width. The cultivable surface of this district cannot be much

less than *three hundred thousand square miles.*"

The greater part of this valuable territory, on the main-land, belongs to Great Britain; but only about four hundred miles of the British possessions front on the coast. An outlet for the remainder was provided by the leasing from the Russians of the strip of main-land up to Cross Sound. Sir George Simpson, who, as Governor-in-chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, visited the coast up to that point, mentions the lease with great satisfaction, adding, that "this strip, in the absence of such an arrangement as has just been mentioned, *renders the interior comparatively useless to England.*" The Russo-American treaty of 1867 puts an end to the "arrangement."

AMONG THE COMEDIANS.

THE players are no longer "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time." The Associated Press, the telegraph, and "Our Own Correspondent" have usurped their functions in this behalf, and so far their occupation's gone. Yet we should not the less worthily bestow them; for where dignity, self-respect, and honor go hand in hand with genius in the person of the player, he still has claims akin to those of the poet whose passion, feeling, and humor he interprets.

We are not of those who hold that the stage is in its decadence; that all the great players went out about the time the grandfathers of the present generation ceased to frequent the theatre. There are many noble actors still upon the stage, and few have been more richly endowed with those talents which are the life and honor of the theatre, than the players who are altogether of the present time. There is an old fellow, garrulous as ourselves, occupying the adjoining desk

in our down-town office, whose mind is a storehouse of pleasant recollections of the players who fretted their brief hour upon the stage in his prime. "They are all gone now," he says, regretfully, as if all good acting and the glory of the drama had gone down into their graves with them. The Siddons, Kemble, and Kean delighted the town in his London days, but the name on which he lingers longest is that of "Old Jefferson," our own "Old Joe," whom he saw later, — a famous actor then, as any of the last generation of play-goers will tell you. Yet with all our memories of his excellence still fresh, and after carefully weighing all contemporary criticism, we are disposed to believe that his son, "Young Joe," is at least his worthy successor.

Those who contest the palm with him are Mr. John Sleeper Clarke, sometime pupil of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. John E. Owens, and William Warren, son of that great William Warren, manager and comedian.

The style of acting of each, if not always original, is marked by strong personal characteristics; and as regards Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Owens, they may be fairly considered from their impersonation of one or two characters. Whatever natural powers or acquired abilities they possess are best shown in the rendition of certain parts of vivid individuality which they have made peculiarly their own. Mr. Owens seems almost inseparably connected with Solon Shingle, and Mr. Jefferson may be content to allow his fame to rest upon his personation of Rip Van Winkle.

It is an accepted dogma in dramatic art, that whatever is presented on the stage must necessarily be measurably enlarged and exaggerated, or, as it were, looked at through a mental as well as a material lorgnette; that in no other wise can the fictions of the stage be made real to the senses of the spectator. In consequence of the actor's belief in this theory, he is apt to represent all shades and degrees of passion through the medium of exaggerated tone, stride, and gesture. And indeed it seems without the bounds of reason to suppose, that, should the tragedian speak the words of Hamlet in his ordinary tones of feeling, he would very adequately express the sublimity and weirdness of Hamlet's griefs, doubts, and struggles, or show, as in a mirror, the subtle depths of his nature. And yet, after witnessing the rendition of the character of Rip Van Winkle by Mr. Jefferson, we are disposed to think that, if he who enacted Hamlet possessed the genius of this comedian, he might show us such a portrait of the Dane as no one has seen since Betterton, without exaggeration of tone or robustious action, charmed the town in that part.

In the play of "Rip Van Winkle," the scant material of Irving, borrowed by him from the German, is cked out by the skill of the dramatist into a play of moderate excellence, but admirably adapted to display Mr. Jefferson's peculiar powers.

From the moment of Rip's entrance upon the scene,—for it is Rip Van Winkle, and not Mr. Jefferson,—the audience has assurance that a worthy descendant of the noblest of the old players is before them. He leans lightly against a table, his disengaged hand holding his gun. Standing there, he is in himself the incarnation of the lazy, good-natured, dissipated, good-for-nothing Dutchman that Irving drew. Preponderance of humor is expressed in every feature, yea, in every limb and motion of the light, supple figure. The kindly, simple, *insouciant* face, ruddy, smiling, lighted by the tender, humorous blue eyes, which look down upon his dress, elaborately copied bit by bit from the etchings of Darley; the lounging, careless grace of the figure; the low, musical voice, whose utterances are "far above singing"; the sweet, rippling laughter,—all combine to produce an effect which is rare in its simplicity and excellence, and altogether satisfying.

The impersonation is full of what are technically known as *points*; but the genius of Mr. Jefferson divests them of all "staginess," and they are only such points as the requirements of his art, its passion, humor, or dignity, suggest. From the rising of the curtain on the first scene, until its fall on the last, nothing is forced, sensational, or unseemly. The remarkable beauty of the performance arises from nothing so much as its entire repose and equality.

The scene, however, in which the real greatness of the player is shown in his "so potent art," is the last scene of the first act. It is marvellously beautiful in its human tenderness and dignity. Here the debauched good-for-nothing, who has squandered life, friends, and fortune, is driven from his home with a scorn pitiless as the storm-filled night without. The scene undoubtedly owes much to the art of the dramatist, who has combined the broadest humor in the beginning with the deepest pathos at the close. Here there is "room and verge enough" for the amplest display of the comedian's power. And the opportunities are no-

bly used. His utterance of the memorable words, "Would you drive me out like a dog?" is an unsurpassed expression of power and genius. His sitting with his face turned from the audience during his dame's tirade, his stunned, dazed look as he rises, his blind groping from his chair to the table, are all actions conceived in the very noblest spirit of art.

In a moment the lazy drunkard, stung into a new existence by the taunts of his vixenish wife, throws off the shell which has encased his better self, and rises to the full stature of his manhood, — a man sorely stricken, but every inch a man. All tokens of debauchery are gone; vanished all traces of the old careless indolence and humor. His tones, vibrating with the passion that consumes him, are clear and low and sweet, — full of doubt that he has heard aright the words of banishment, — full of an awful pain and pity and dismay. And so, with one parting farewell to his child, full of a nameless agony, he goes out into the storm and darkness.

The theatre does not "rise at him": it does more, — gives finer appreciation of the actor's power; it is deadly silent for minutes after, or would be, but for some sobbing women there.

After a scene so effective, in which the profoundest feelings of his auditors are stirred, the task of the comedian in maintaining the interest of the play becomes exceedingly onerous; but Mr. Jefferson nowhere fails to create and absorb the attention of his audience. One scene is enacted as well as another; and that he not always creates the same emotion is not his fault, but that of the dramatist. The player is always equal to the requirements of his art.

The versatility of Mr. Jefferson's powers is finely shown in the scene of Rip's awaking from his sleep in the Catskills, and in those scenes which immediately follow. Here he has thrown off his youth, his hair has whitened, his voice is broken to a childish treble, his very limbs are shrunken, tottering, palsied. This maundering, almost im-

becile old man, out of whose talk come dimly, rays of the old quaint humor, would excite only ridicule and laughter in the hands of an artist less gifted than Mr. Jefferson; but his griefs, his old affections, so rise up through the tones of that marvellous voice, his loneliness and homelessness so plead for him, that old Lear, beaten by the winds, deserted and houseless, is not more wrapped about with honor than poor old Rip, wandering through the streets of his native village.

Exactly wherein lies Mr. Jefferson's chief power it is not easy to show. With the genius inherited from "Old Joe," he possesses a mind richly stored, a refined taste, and that rare knowledge of his art which teaches the force of repression as well as expression. Mr. Jefferson is also a close and conscientious student. The words that flow from his tongue in such liquid resonance seem the very simplest of utterances. And so they are; but it would be interesting to know how many hours of study it cost him to arrive at that simplicity which is the crowning charm and secret of success. Why, in the very speaking of his daughter's name in the last scene, — in that matchless appeal to her for recognition, — "Meenie, Meenie," — there is a depth of pathos, tenderness, and beauty that charms like music, and attunes the heart to the finest sense of pity.

There is but one other artist within our knowledge possessing the rare facial mobility or expression of Mr. Jefferson, whose features are at all times the running commentary of the text. In the momentary pauses between sentences, or even parts of sentences, his face foretells the coming bursts of humor or pathos, as surely as the overcharged summer sky presages the lightning's flash. The wide blue eyes and the nervous, sensitive mouth are as illustrative of the artist's power as the utterance of the most sonorous passages.

This actor, whose every movement is full of an indescribable grace, seems never to attitudinize. Whatever he

does appears to be the one most natural thing for a man so situated to do. Indeed, we are disposed to think, after all, that the exquisite beauty and excellence of Mr. Jefferson's acting lie mostly in the fact that he has subdued it to the very complexion of nature. In *Rip Van Winkle*, he utters words which have the power to summon from the heart the profoundest emotion; yet they are spoken in no louder tone than any quiet gentleman would use at his own fireside. The voice is ever exquisitely controlled, and in its utterances there is that depth of feeling which makes it fit to be, as it were, the echo of "silver-tongued Barry," who long ago made the air of the theatre musical with the speeches of amorous Romeo.

While Mr. Jefferson is essentially an American actor, (and by that we mean imbued with the dramatic spirit of the new nation,) he has formed his style so thoroughly upon that of the best old English players, that he is almost the only young American actor retaining the excellence of that old school, whose followers were quiet, modest, learned gentlemen off the stage, and matchless actors on it. His range of characters is as wide as that of any contemporary comedian, embracing almost everything in comedy, from his exquisite delineation of the pathetic story of Caleb Plummer, in "*The Cricket on the Hearth*," to that of the broadest of broad farce, Diggory, in "*The Spectre Bridegroom*." And they are all full of that simple tranquillity, propriety, and freedom from exaggeration, which characterize the true artist. None other, however, is so marked by his peculiar excellence as his *Rip Van Winkle*.

In speaking of Mr. John Sleeper Clarke as the pupil of Mr. Jefferson, — as he was in the last seasons of the Old Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, — we are not certain that he will feel especially grateful for being so designated. Nor is he altogether Mr. Jefferson's, or any one's pupil, if by that he is understood to be merely a blind

follower of another's method. As an imitator or copyist of other actors he fails to disclose the extent of his abilities. When he relies entirely upon his own conception of character, he is always correct, admirable, irresistible. But when he attempts parts that Mr. Jefferson often played, during the seasons in which they were together, Mr. Clarke plays them only in such a manner as to show how inferior the imitation is to the original. Again, as *Toodles*, or as Dr. Ollapod, Mr. Clarke, amusing as he undoubtedly is in these characters, painfully reminds us of the late Mr. Burton, whose stage "business," dress, and manner the later actor reproduces to the minutest particular. But, however closely followed, it is not Burton, who was the drollest of comedians, whose figure was sacred to comedy, whose voice had unrivalled unctuousness of humor, whose face was Momus's mask in all its entirety. Fun of the deepest and broadest dwelt in his eyes, and played in every line about his generous mouth. Too broad the humor often was, bordering on coarseness, nor always stopping this side of vulgarity, — conveying often a double, foul meaning, with a leer that made the spectator laugh, even while he grieved for offended taste and decency. Mr. Clarke is never vulgar, never a buffoon; his voice lacks that rich flavor which was the charm of the elder actor. His face has not the other's breadth of expression, nor, in certain phases, its power. Burton's was not the face of a gentle, kindly nature, while Mr. Clarke's is a face suggestive of a frank and generous heart; and when a smile breaks over it, it becomes as pleasant to look upon as a broad summer landscape. This very refinement and tenderness in it are what will prevent him from ever successfully appearing in those parts of low comedy in which we have been accustomed to see Burton perform.

Mr. Clarke's power as a comedian chiefly lies, and is shown to the best advantage, in characters which he has solely created. Take, for example,

his rendition of Salem Scudder, Bob Tyke, Waddilove, and De Boots, — parts which, for his fame's sake and the public's entertainment, he plays less frequently than he should. The first of these impersonations is a pure creation of his genius, — and the same remark will apply equally well to the last two, — full of the finest conceptions, and played with such exquisite judgment and meaning as to place him among the first of living players. In that scene in "The Octoroon" where he has the struggle for life with the brutal overseer, whose knife he has wrenched from his hand, and whom he is pressing to the earth with his knee fixed on his breast, he rises above the ruffian the very picture of retributive justice. At first it seems right that he should kill the murderous scoundrel, and he tells him in those low, thrilling tones that he feels tempted to do it. "Then why don't you?" asks the surly woman-whipper. Nothing can be finer, fuller of dignity and repressed power, than Salem Scudder's reply, which is so spoken as to seem the protest of all mankind against the Devil's code of law, the bowie-knife and pistol: "Because," he slowly, almost regretfully, says, — "because the spirit of civilization within me won't let me do it." And as he says it, the spectator can see that "the spirit of civilization" is having a tough struggle with that wandering Yankee for the slave-driver's blood; but civilization conquers, and he removes his knee, letting the miscreant go. The whole scene is exquisitely rendered, and is worthy of the highest commendation. As Bob Tyke, another eccentric character, not strictly belonging to comedy, he displays throughout the same rarely beautiful traits of restrained power. But we are afraid that Mr. Clarke considers these characters beneath his care, and they are falling out of his *répertoire*; yet they are, as he plays them, portraits strong as a Titian drew.

As an instance of his quality in a different line of comedy, let us take his Waddilove, that wretched fat boy, bor-

rowed in all his loutish, sleepy entirety by the dramatist from Dickens. It has been said of Jack Bannister that he did not go out of himself to take possession of his part, but put it on over his ordinary dress, like a *sartout*, snug, warm, and comfortable. Sometimes, as we have hinted, Mr. Clarke puts on a character over his dress, and, peeping through it, we catch glimpses of the rare repose and quaint humor of Jefferson, or the broader action of Burton; but when he dons the baggy, buttony breeches of Waddilove, he is so encased, wrapt up, and buried out of sight in the character, — the actor's identity is so lost, — that his own mother would fail to recognize her son in that stupid, blundering fag of the school. Will any one who has been so happy as to witness this matchless performance ever forget that baggy, baddish boy on his return from his egg-stealing expedition, when, with that thick utterance and egotistic leer of triumph over the despoiled chickens, he recounts his exploits, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets to bring forth the plunder and the proofs of his valor, finds the eggs smashed to pulpy juiciness? Will any one who has seen that sorely driven fag, we ask, ever forget his face at that supreme moment of discovery, or how he drew his fingers slowly out, dripping, yellow, unsavory, his countenance for one moment blank as a sheet, unmeaning as the face of an oyster, then suddenly clouded with a look of dismay, of imbecility so absolute, so absurd, that to look at it was sufficient to bring the tears into our convulsing laughter? The expression of broad farce can go no further than this.

Mr. Clarke plays so many parts, and plays them all so well, that it is not necessary to enter into detail concerning them. He differs from Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Warren in that he has not the delicacy of conception, the quiet and exquisite force of execution, which distinguish the acting of these great artists. Mr. Clarke's humor is spontaneous, its effects are electric, while

Mr. Jefferson arrives at the same results from a mental review of the merits of the situation, by profound study of all its salient points, and, above all, through the medium of that something called genius, inherited from his father. Mr. Clarke, when not playing in imitation of others, is never still, his very ears and scalp are instinct with motion; he is never graceful, he is amusing out of the fulness of life, enjoying his own acting as keenly as his audiences do, and showing in his face and walk and gesture that he does so. Mr. Jefferson is always graceful, always unconscious of himself and of his audience, and only conscious of his author.

It is more years ago than we care to remember, since we crossed over into the east side of the city of New York, one night, to see a young actor, who was drawing vast crowds to the "Old Bowery," personate a noble fireman, named Mose, in a drama sacred to that classic locality and the temple of ever-dying Kirby. We are happy to say that the "noble Fireman" of that day—probably from his close resemblance to the "noble Savage"—has almost disappeared from the earth. We imagine that Colonel Wilson had a good deal to do with his extinction, and, so far, we are that gentleman's debtor. The drama was called "The New York Fireman," when played in that city, but it found a new name wherever the young actor in question was invited to produce it. The actor was John E. Owens, a favorite comedian with Baltimore audiences. The drama was altogether a very bad drama, not elevating in its tendencies even to the audiences of that neighborhood,—not largely calculated to raise either their dramatic taste or their morals; yet there was something in Mr. Owens's portraiture of the New York Rough, so excellent, natural, and marked, that there was no reason for astonishment in the crowds he drew to witness it. It might be a very bad specimen of a man, yet it was as true to its order as one brick from a Philadelphia house is

to the entire building. As he played it, Mose was a jolly butcher-boy, generous, impulsive, chivalric, somewhat addicted to waving the American flag, slang, running "wid de machine," and "going" with Elizer; in fact, he was as devotedly attached to that young person as Jacques Strop to Robert Macaire, or Harlequin to Columbine. Another thing to which he was addicted, and which slightly conflicted with his general nobility of character, was "free fights," in which he "put in big licks," and which, to use an expression of his own, not elegant but terse, he "gassed" about rather more than befitted a modest gentleman. He also affected a red flannel shirt, a black beaver hat—about which was a band of crape—jauntily perched over his left ear, and black pantaloons tucked into frightful boots. The fashion in which Mose wore his hair, very short behind the ears and very long before, was unknown to the barbers on the west side of the town. These forward locks were soaped, and he used them with peculiar emphasis, by twisting them around his fingers, whenever he desired to give weight to his utterances. In short, the Mose of real life was an unmitigated nuisance, whom it was well to abate, and in the drama he was never an agreeable character to us; yet for a number of years the announcement that Mr. Owens would appear in that part at the Bowery, or at any other theatre in the country, would attract audiences for months together.

On the night mentioned, when we went over into the Bowery,—having to fight our way to our seat through a surging mass of human beings who blocked up the corridors and the street without,—Mr. Owens also performed a broad comedy part in the farce of "The Wild Indian," which performance, we are compelled to say, was not a success. We had seen Mr. Burton in the same character only a few evenings before, and that stoutish gentleman, whose oily humor "larded the lean earth" as he walked, played it out to a different conclusion. But we said of Mr. Owens,

that night, "His is a true genius, real and strong, though just now it is groping in the dark."

A good many years passed away, and Mr. Owens seemed to have departed with them. Mose, Elizer, and Jakey grew to be only shadowy memories, even in the Bowery. The once noble fireman was dead and buried, — buried out of sight and mind, "deeper than e'er plummet sounded."

When Mr. Owens emerged again, it was not at night, before the foot-lights, but in the broad light of day. His audience this time were some Alpine guides, who, gathering about him, beheld the amiable comedian once more waving the American flag, after the fashion of the old Bowery days, but now from the highest attainable point of Mont Blanc. Having thus asserted his nationality, he came down again, and in concert halls showed us some well-painted pictures illustrative of his ascent, and, in a pleasant, gossiping way, told us how it was done.

But one night Mont Blanc, like Mose, failing to attract, Mr. Owens gracefully closed his remarks, and rolled up his pictures and buried them in a long, coffin-like pine box among the useless properties and rusty traps that fill the cellar of the old Front Street Theatre. And there they lie to this day.

But where was Mr. Owens? Was he buried along with the decaying pictures of Mont Blanc? No concert or lyceum-hall proprietor smilingly welcomed him, no manager announced his first appearance in blank years. Where was Mr. Owens? A great many curious people, hangers-on of the theatres and others, asked that question without eliciting any very satisfactory reply, until one day a rumor made its way up from the City of Monuments, that the comedian had retired to his farm for study, and had developed a rather eccentric affection for his overseer, an old fellow who served as a type of the shrewd Yankee farmer, drifted away from his moorings, down East, — a man somewhat partial to his ox-team, to apple-sauce, lawsuits,

and reminiscences of his grandfather, who had fought in the war of the Revolution.

Dropping into the Broadway Theatre one evening, in the winter of '65, we had confirmation of the truth of this rumor; for there, upon the stage on which the elder Wallack and a host of noble players had shone, we saw that same old Yankee ox-driver, descendant of Revolutionary sires. Perker was the name by which we knew him in the days of the Baltimore farm, but in the Broadway Theatre he was known as Solon Shingle. No matter what his name, however, it was Perker we saw, — Perker from broad-brimmed felt hat to the somewhat too large cow-hide boots. Ox-team, old white coat, tobacco, impertinent curiosity, queer speech, and all the rest of that old fellow's physical and mental fibre, were there reproduced before us. It was not the dress only that Mr. Owens had slipped on over his own, but he had crept into the very nature of the man, catching the trick of moving each spring and lever of his thought, habit, and feeling. In the same degree, and just as Mr. Owens's Mose was a living photograph of the noble fireman, as he existed in the eyes of the Bowery audiences, was Solon Shingle a literal translation into comedy of Perker, who was typical of the uncouth, litigious, maundering countryman. Both were marked by the same excellences; both were strong, fibrous developments of common nature, and characters such as no living American player but Owens could elaborate.

In "Solon Shingle" the groping genius of the comedian had found light. It was not, as we were forced to admit, a pure genius; the light was somewhat dim, and not unmingled with some grossness of conception and execution; yet for more than two years this character was in Mr. Owens's hands the delight of the theatre. "Solon Shingle" became a tangible reality, whose personal identity was gravely discussed by old and young, from the Points to the Avenues. Everybody went to see him, and

everybody admired the personation. New York had often seen finer displays of dramatic wit, and had not taken especial note of them either. New York had seen Charlotte Cushman, Burton, Blake, Matthews, Brougham, Walcott senior, Mark Smith, and Charles Fisher all together in "The School for Scandal," one of the most brilliant comedies of the theatre, and it had not crowded the house for one night as it did later for hundreds of nights to see the performance of a single artist, in probably the very worst-written play that was ever put upon the stage.

"Solon Shingle" was not an inspiration of art, but rather a faithful copy from a peculiarly marked original, and just so far was it an artistic triumph. Mr. Jefferson evolved and developed the character of Rip Van Winkle from a purely poetic conception, that had no existence except in the mind of the dramatist and in the genius of his interpreter. Its humor, pathos, and passion were, until Mr. Jefferson's rare talents moulded them into shape, dim and intangible as Irving's weird legend, or as the mists that enwrapped the sullen Catskills. With Mr. Owens it was different: he had the man he impersonated to sit to him for his picture, and the popularity and the merits of the performance rested upon the sure foundation of its wonderful fidelity to nature. As a copy, it was as exact as a photograph, or as a landscape thrown upon a blank wall by the camera obscura, and almost as cold. There was perfection alike in the dress, the uncouth action, the awkward, rolling gait, suggestive of following the plough and straddling furrows, the shrewd, inquisitive habit, and the quaint *patois*, as true to the original in the pronunciation of each syllable as in the whole. And to attain this fidelity of accent was a greater difficulty than Mr. Jefferson had to overcome in reproducing the guttural dialect of Rip Van Winkle. Mr. Jefferson had simply to adhere to certain well-known principles in following the peculiarities of the Dutchman's

language; but the oddities in Mr. Owens's case were all arbitrary; and consequently not only each word, but all its parts, became a matter of individual study, into which the entire performance resolved itself, — a profound study for the reproduction of the personal identity of one man standing as a type for many.

But excellent as the study was, justly admired as it was, there is one thing that will be remembered concerning it, — while it excited praise in abundance, it seldom shook the audiences of pit and boxes from their propriety by virtue of its intrinsic drollery. There were, indeed, some points that convulsed the house, yet they were confined to things not humorous in themselves, but in their frequent repetition and exaggeration by the comedian. As, for instance, his ever-recurring reference to that "bar'l of apple-sars," — his as frequent utterance of "Jess so!" — or his making that very peculiar ejaculation in sitting down. And the way in which this latter action was accomplished was one of the best assurances we saw of the actor's power. The slow drawing up of the dragging coat-tails, his feeble gropings for the arm of the chair, his letting himself down to within an inch of the seat, then, when the bent old legs would bend no more, his suddenly dropping into it like over-ripe fruit from a tree, — this action and the scene in the witness-box, often gross and in bad taste as they always seemed to us, were the finest points he made. The first he weakened by too frequent recurrence.

In the whole performance we recognized the same merits, and only those, which once made his personation of another character the delight of equally crowded houses for quite as extended a period. In both characters exactly the same rare powers of reproduction, the same excellences and defects, were elicited. And from these we conclude that Mr. Owens's talents lie exclusively in detecting and seizing the salient points of an individual nature, and producing

therefrom a copy faultless, "rounded, whole" as the original. It is not only bodily eccentricities that he copies,—for if his powers ended here, he would be simply a clever mimic; but he catches the very trick of the original's process of thought, and takes the measure of his entire mental capacity. His talents lead him no further. His wit is of that dry and saturnine sort which is provocative more of admiration than laughter: it does not tickle the heart, but appeals to the mind. There is in it nothing of the generous, broad spontaneity of Clarke, or the genial delicacy of Jefferson and Warren. The baggy trousers of Waddilove would smother him in their comic folds, the quaint humor and exquisite pathos of Rip Van Winkle would strike him dumb, while the courtly grace of Warren's Sir Peter Teazle could never be touched by him. In Mose, as in Solon Shingle, no mobility of countenance, no music of voice, was required, for there were no phases of passion to depict, no words to grapple tender pity or stir the heart to laughter; and happily so, for Mr. Owens's face is not expressive, and his voice is cold, unsympathetic. Of his features, his eyes alone are fine, and they are dark, quick, lurid. His powers are limited, but within that limitation they shine pre-eminent; though he plays only a few parts with even excellence, yet in those few he has no rival.

But while Rip Van Winkle, Waddilove, and Solon Shingle deluge the theatre with laughter, there is standing at the wing, soberly regarding them, and, let us believe, sincerely rejoicing in their triumph, an actor who has come down to us from another generation of the theatre. He is dressed to-night for the part of Sir Peter Teazle. No, he *is* Sir Peter,—the very living embodiment of that amorous, peremptory, irascible, kindly, courtly old nobleman. But, as we said, he belongs to a former age of the theatre; he is a living link connecting an earlier generation with the present, and an exponent of that rare old school of legitimate comedy,

which has left few followers, and no devotee so ardent as himself.

The youngsters of the theatre of to-day, wrapped about and blinded by their own success, say of that "old school," that it not only lacked inspiration, but decried it; that its teachings led its followers into a thousand errors of the head, while they permitted the heart to have nothing to do with the matter in hand; that it was cold, artificial, and, if not quite upon the stilts, only lately descended from them. As if we could forget that among the followers of this school were Rufus Blake and Charles Bass, and are John Gilbert, and he who to-night enacts Sir Peter Teazle! William Warren is son of that William Warren to whom the American theatre is more largely indebted than to any other actor, the contemporary of Cooper, Jefferson, Wood, and Francis,—founder, too, of the Wood and Warren company, which played "The Castle Spectre" before George Washington. In the days of that old school there were giants; and has this last generation any greater masters of our emotions than they were? Do any of our young men act from the heart more absolutely than Rufus Blake did? is there another such a Jesse Rural as he was? another such a "Last Man" as Charles Bass? such another gallant, courtly Lord Ogleby as John Gilbert? or such another Sir Peter Teazle as William Warren? Has the new school, which flouts the old, furnished any successors to them in these grand parts? If so, we have not seen them.

But Rufus Blake and Charles Bass are scarcely remembered now, though the grass has been green above their graves but a few years. Oblivion is the price the actor pays for his hour of triumph. No history embalms him; no poet sings pæans to his memory when he is dead and gone. We know some old players who once held the undisputed allegiance of the theatre, poor and neglected now, hanging like ghosts about the stage, haunting the scenes of their old triumphs, and taking eleemosynary benefits, now and then, to

lighten their load of years and poverty. And sorrowful enough it is to see these old fellows, who, in the fulness of their youth and strength, so often set the benches in a roar,—fellows of infinite jest once, but dumb now as the gibbing tongue of Yorick.

But of this sort is not William Warren, as honorable now in the character of Sir Peter as he was in his youth in that of Charles Surface. He is one of the four great comedians of the American stage; not the least of them, either, but introduced here at the end only because he is of a different method from those of whom we have spoken,—one of that class to which he, like Joseph Jefferson, is allied by birth, education, and tradition.

Until within a few years, the country was familiar with only the fame of this great artist; for the city of Boston, which absorbs genius as New York absorbs wealth, recognized his powers, and year after year kept him perforce. And measurably he was satisfied to remain, for his audiences were of that cultivated, critical character capable of appreciating his excellence, and liberal enough to reward it. Not only that, but they have a test of worth in that rather crooked city of notions that is not so widely recognized elsewhere in this country of universal equality. They estimate a man there by his moral and intellectual fibre, and, if he bears the test, he is alike honored, whether he be preacher or player. There, a man is not necessarily a social Pariah because he interprets the poets. The cleverest actor of a Philadelphia theatre recently retired from it in the meridian of his days. "Not that I do not love my profession," said he, "but because my family are socially ostracized on account of it." This gentleman, having studied law, is now satisfactorily respectable. In Boston he would not have been obliged to make the sacrifice.

Two years ago Mr. Warren made a starring tour among the principal theatres of the country, and his success was unbounded, and as gratifying to

the artist as it was complimentary to the taste of his audiences.

The crowds who gathered to witness his impersonations then will not soon or willingly forget his manifold excellences, nor fail to remember the rare finish, beauty, and felicity of his acting in such parts as Sir Peter Teazle, Dr. Pangloss, Dr. Ollapod, Paul Pry, Bob Acres, or Sir Harcourt Courtly. It was not alone the general perfection with which his art clothed these characters that made them so satisfying and pleasing, but there was in every tone and gesture, and in every article of his dress and make-up, such a conscientious study of detail, as to win for him the highest praise from the most refined and critical audiences. And these parts, it will be remarked, are, without exception, legitimate comedy, in which intelligence and feeling alone assist the artist to their proper development; in either of them mere farcical buffoonery would be only less than sacrilege. With two exceptions these parts are played by Messrs. Jefferson, Clarke, and Owens; but the last two gentlemen are impotent to grasp their subtle meaning and profound humor, or to turn them to wise results; and, indeed, even Mr. Jefferson, in whose acting the old-school excellence is so prominent a feature, does not approach Warren nearly enough in these characters to discompose the elder comedian.

In the name of the drama we wish here to record a virtue of this sterling actor: *he never mutilates a play*. There are some players, and Mr. Clarke is one of them, who, in playing certain characters, cut out all the brilliancies of dialogue from the parts of those who are on the stage with them, and thus shine more refulgently from the obscurity forced upon their fellow-artists of the scene. But Mr. Warren, sincere in his respect for the drama, secure in his strength, and "founded as the rock," gives to each actor the full measure of the part, curtails him or her of nothing, and yet shines pre-eminently above them all by the pure

light of his genius. It is this generous regard for others that secures him the esteem of audience and actors.

Outside of purely legitimate comedy, Mr. Warren has some specialties in which as an artist he stands alone and invincible, and these parts are often in the range of lowest comedy or broadest farce. And if they do not afford the same degree of intellectual pleasure that we find in his Sir Peter Teazle and kindred performances, they serve to stretch our laughter to the very "top of our lungs," and their whimsical oddities show us how generous and versatile a thing his genius is. His Sir Peter, with its dignity, repose, gentleness, magnanimity, and plaintive tenderness, is a portraiture satisfying, altogether finished, and complete. But as Jeremiah Beetle, in "Babes in the Wood," Mr. Sudden, in "Breach of Promise," Jonathan Chickweed, in "Nursery Chickweed," or as Mr. Golithly, in "Lend me Five Shillings," he stands apart from his fellows, and altogether inapproachable. He has all the exuberance and natural drollery of Clarke, all his farcical buoyancy, and to these he adds that traditional old-school finish, which stops nowhere this side of perfection, and which Mr. Clarke and Mr. Owens have not at all. Mr. Warren's audience cannot reason about the manner in which he plays these parts: they can only laugh and be merry over their exquisite funniness. In these characters there is the contagion of laughter in his face, gait, eyes, gesture, and voice.

But as if his genius were "general as the casing air," Mr. Warren, while he compels our admiration in these parts, forces us to acknowledge the breadth of his powers in a purely eccentric part,—that of the poor French tutor in "To Parents and Guardians." And here his French scholarship stands him in good stead. In this impersonation a genius that he seldom develops shines pre-eminent,—that rare genius which makes the actor master of our tears. The whole performance is so quiet, so thoughtful, so profound in

its pain and so subdued in its joy at the end, that, through all the old tutor's sorry blunders and eccentricities, we cannot laugh at the stupid figure; or if we do, tears underlie our mirth, and while the smile trembles on the lip, the eye grows dim with pity. So ample is Mr. Warren's power, and with such tenderness does he cast over Tourbillon's ludicrous side the mantle of the old exile's griefs and sorrows, that we can see in him, not the scoff and gibe of the school, but the sorely stricken parent, recovering at last his long-lost child. There is something beautiful in this performance, (lifting it up almost to the height of Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle,) and Mr. Warren has imparted to it a dignity and grace which only a profound genius could bestow.

In like manner he has taken from "Masks and Faces" a third-rate part, that of Triplet, and made it of almost the first importance in the play. No one who has seen it can forget the exquisite display of humor and pathos in this impersonation. And it is in such characters, where deep feeling alternates with whimsical oddity, that his rare facial expression has full scope. His voice is adapted with exact fidelity to the look, and to such perfection is this carried, that a blind man might almost know his expression from the emphasis of his words.

Whether in the grace and high-bred courtesy of Sir Peter, the cowardly bluster of Bob Acres, the pathos of Tourbillon, or the drollery of Peter Dunducketty, this great artist of the old school has no superior in the new one. Mr. Jefferson, in the assurance of a genius pure, steady, and true, may contest the day with him upon his own ground, and excel him off of it, but Mr. Jefferson's method is more than half composed of the same characteristics which altogether distinguish Mr. Warren's.

The talents of these actors are alike in great measure inherited, for their fathers in the early days of the American theatre contended, shoulder to shoulder

der, for the applause of the town, night after night, for long years. William Warren, comedian and manager, died in a hale, prosperous old age, almost in sight of the theatre, while old Joe Jefferson, his long-time comrade, true to his love for nature in the evening of his days as in their morning, turning his back upon the tinsel of the stage and the gloom of the city, took up his staff, and wandered away to where the fields were green and the birds sang; and so wandering, he came at last to a little village among the mountains of Pennsylvania, where rippled the blue waters of the Susquehanna; and there he rested for a while, died, and was laid away in a favorite corner of a little churchyard; and ten years after John Bannister Gibson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, came to the grave of his old friend, laid thereon a decent slab, and wrote for the

grand old comedian an epitaph, full of beauty and feeling.

We cannot take leave of these great artists, who, no less through their "so potent art" than through the daily beauty of their lives, lend honor to the drama, without expressing the profound sense of our obligation for the pleasure they have time and again afforded us; and in this we do but echo the voices of the many thousands whom they have delighted.

The comedians are of the true knight-errantry, — they correct all errors, reward all virtue, punish all wrong, between the rise and fall of the green curtain. They are good geniuses who scatter our cares, delay the coming wrinkles that threaten our brows, and out of the plenitude of their exuberant life so gild ours with laughter that we make friends with fortune and sit down with content.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Thrilling Adventures of DANIEL ELLIS, the great Union Guide of East Tennessee, for a Period of nearly Four Years, during the great Southern Rebellion. Written by Himself. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mosby and his Men: a Record of the Adventures of that renowned Partisan Ranger, John S. Mosby, etc. By MARSHALL CRAWFORD of Company B. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

The Shenandoah; or, The Last Confederate Cruiser. By CORNELIUS E. HUNT (one of her officers). New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

THE field is vast, yet we think it would be hard to find among modern publications three other books so foolish as these. They are all written in that King Cambyses vein which is agreeable to the sunny Southern mind, and which, for a few pages, amuses the Northern reader, and forever thereafter pitilessly bores him. The interest is perhaps longest sustained by Mr.

Crawford, whose aberrations of mind, of morals, and of grammar are in the end less tedious than the fourth-rate sentimentality and sprightliness of Mr. Hunt, or the unsparingly eloquent patriotism of Mr. Ellis. Mr. Crawford tells us that for seven years before the opening of the war he was a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. When the Rebellion began, he resigned before the oath of allegiance could be offered him, and he exults somewhat that, though other Southern-minded clerks took the oath, "their truculency [*sic*] did not save them." He went South, and got a place in the Confederate Treasury, — where, if the pay was insecure, there could not have been a great deal of work; and later he joined Mosby's command. He is not a man capable of writing the history he attempts, and his book is not an intelligible narration of events. It is nothing, indeed, but a confused reminiscence of the forays of Mosby and his men, — now upon helpless Union farmers, now upon small detached bodies of Federal troops, now upon

pigs and chickens. All events are alike important to Mr. Crawford, and he exults as much in a raid upon a farm-yard as in the capture of armed men. Whether the Mosby rangers fight or fly, they are, to his mind, equally valorous; and if ever they meet with a gallant foe, it is but to display a more heroic courage. The book is illustrated with the portraits of some of the eminent men celebrated, which form a rogues' gallery of such frightfulness that the reader instinctively buttons his pocket and looks to the fastenings of his window-shutters. These pictures have the characteristics of faithful likenesses.

Mr. Hunt is a writer of more intelligence than Mr. Crawford, but of nearly the same moral obliquity. Some small remorse he does feel now and then at the spectacle of burning whale-ships and merchantmen; but then remorse is a luxury in which the predatory frequently indulge themselves without the least interruption of their accustomed pursuits; and Mr. Hunt appears to throw in his expressions of regret as much for the sake of the poor literary effects he admires as from any real feeling. He has no doubt that the career of the Shenandoah, whose crew never brought her within view of an armed foe, and only used her as a means to steal chronometers and set defenceless vessels on fire, was a noble career; and he is quite unconscious what a pitiless comment on the whole shameful farce it is, that the commander of the Shenandoah should at last run away with her officers' money.

We regret these histories of Mosby and of the Shenandoah, because we think them calculated to do great mischief. They will go into the hands of a generation at the South which ought to be taught, if not repentance for the late Rebellion, at least a sense of what was truly heroic in the Southern people during the war,—their courage in the face of danger, their stubborn endurance, their devotion. There can be no hope for the South until it is ashamed of the cruelty, the rapacity, and the bravado which such books applaud.

We suspect that Mr. Ellis, the Union Guide of East Tennessee, did not himself write the story of his thrilling adventures, though it is told in his name. There is much in its general literary character which might lead us to attribute it to the historian of "Mosby and his Men," if the political tenor of the book did not so loudly forbid the supposition. If Mr. Ellis really wrote

it, and if his conversation in the private circles of refugee life at all resembled its style, we can only wonder that any fugitives under his charge ever came into our lines alive.

President Reed of Pennsylvania. A Reply to Mr. George Bancroft and others. February, A. D. 1867. Philadelphia: Howard Challen; John Campbell.

It is well known to the students of American history that during the political contests which arose from the adoption by Pennsylvania of a new constitution the character of President Reed was bitterly assailed. Foremost among the assailants was his former friend, General Cadwallader, who in an elaborate pamphlet accused him of an intention to desert the cause of his country in the critical December of 1776. In 1842 a new attack was made upon the memory of President Reed for the purpose of injuring his grandson, William B. Reed. This attack was made in the form of letters communicated under the signature of Valley Forge to "The Evening Journal" of Philadelphia, and bearing the names of General Smith of Baltimore, General Wayne, and Sergeant Andrew Kemp. Those letters, although proved to be forgeries, were republished in 1848 and 1856. The last edition contains a reprint of the Cadwallader pamphlet. Mr. John C. Hamilton, in his "History of the Republic of the United States," revives the accusations of the pamphlet, and Mr. Bancroft, in his recent volume, adds new accusations based upon a passage in the manuscript Diary of Count Donop. It is to meet these accusations that the pamphlet before us was written.

In this defence of his grandfather, Mr. William B. Reed enters into an elaborate examination of the Cadwallader pamphlet, relying in part upon the opinions of Washington and Greene, but chiefly upon evidence drawn from letters written by Cadwallader in 1776-77, which, contradicting the statements of his pamphlet, show that his memory had misled him upon some important points to such a degree as to raise grave doubts of the propriety of accepting it upon any; and also upon an affidavit of John Bayard, in which he expressly denies the opinions and statements attributed to him in the pamphlets. The answer seems to us complete.

The remainder of the reply is devoted to Mr. Bancroft. We shall not attempt an analysis of this part of Mr. Reed's publication, for we trust that every student of our Revolutionary history will read it for himself; but we will give below Mr. Bancroft's assertions, and the authority upon which he bases them. The Italics in the extracts from Mr. Bancroft show the passages which he prints with marks of quotation, as if taken from Reed's letters.

The reader will remember that in the summer of 1776 a question arose as to the powers of Lord and General Howe to treat with the Americans, and the propriety of endeavoring to ascertain the nature of the propositions the English government had authorized these commissioners to make.

Bancroft, p. 40.

"Reed, who was already thoroughly sick of the contest, thought '*the overture ought not to be rejected*,' and through Robert Morris, he offered '*most cheerfully to take such a part as his situation and abilities would admit*.'"

Reed's Letter.

"If it [Howe's communication] can be improved in any respect, either to gain time, or discover the true powers these commissioners have, or in any other way, I shall most cheerfully take such a part as my situation and abilities will admit, and *as may be directed*. . . . The Declaration of Independence is a new and very strong objection to entering into any negotiation inconsistent with that idea. But I fancy there are numbers, and some of them firm in the interests of America, who would think *an overture ought not to be rejected*, and if it could be improved into a negotiation which could secure the two points mentioned above, would think the blood and treasure well spent. . . . I have no idea, from anything I have seen or can learn, that, if we should give the General and Admiral a full and fair hearing, the proposition would amount to anything short of unconditional submission, but it may be worth considering whether, that once known, and all prospect of securing American liberty in that way being closed, it would not have a happy effect to unite us into one chosen band, resolved to be free or perish in the attempt."

It is from these passages that Mr. Bancroft has drawn the conclusion that Reed was "thoroughly sick of the contest," and

"offered most cheerfully to take such a part [in the negotiation] as his situation and abilities would admit." By what means he has arrived at such a conclusion it might be indecorous to say. We pass to the Diary, premising that the part which we have italicized has not been printed by Mr. Bancroft.

Bancroft, p. 229.

"The Donop Diary, which is remarkably precise, full, and accurate, alludes to Colonel Reed as having actually obtained a protection. This statement, though made incidentally, is positive and unqualified."

Donop's Diary.

"*The reports about the enemy were so confused that he would not listen any more to them.*" (It is apparently an aid or secretary who writes.) "*Nevertheless he would report that it was reported to him that, during his stay at Mount Holly on the 19th inst., 1,000 men via Haddonfield, and 700 via Morristown, had been marching against Mount Holly, for the purpose of attacking the two battalions at the Black Horse; [that] General Mifflin had advanced with one corps on the route leading to Morristown to the bridge three miles from Mount Holly, but had done nothing except to destroy the bridge entirely; [that] Colonel Reed, having received a protection, had come to meet General Mifflin, and had declared that he did not intend any longer to serve; whereupon Mifflin is said to have treated him very harshly, and even to have called him a damned rascal.*"

If the reader will bear in mind that none of the movements said in this report to have taken place on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of December did take place, he will scarcely doubt that Count Donop was right in saying, that "the reports about the enemy were so confused that he would not listen any more to them." By what process Mr. Bancroft has disentangled the web, and discovered that, at the point in which Reed comes upon the scene, the confusion becomes order, and the untrustworthy trustworthy, we shall not attempt to say.

We might extend our examination, and give even stronger proofs than these of the singular latitude which Mr. Bancroft assumes in the use of historical documents. But this subject has already been brought before the public in the pamphlet in defence of General Greene, and in Mr. Amory's de-

fence of General Sullivan. It is not by garbled extracts or contemptuous denial, that writings, based as these are upon documents of unquestionable authenticity, are to be met. If Mr. Bancroft's ninth volume is to stand as the true history of the decisive period of our Revolutionary struggle which it covers, he must give document for document, and proof for proof, for every point which has been called in question by each and all of the adversaries whom his undocumented assertions have raised up against him.

The clearness, precision, and good taste of Mr. Reed's pamphlet will commend it to the confidence of the reader. We are glad, too, to bear our testimony to the self-control with which he has spoken of his opponent. It is no easy task to give calm expression to warm feelings, or defend the sacred memory of an ancestor against charges of treason, without using harsh language. Mr. Reed has not used it.

A Historical Inquiry concerning Henry Hudson. By JOHN MEREDITH READ, Jr. Albany: J. Munsell.

AMERICANS are usually supposed to live in the present and the future, and to discard the past as a worn-out garment. But if the tide sets this way, there is nevertheless a strong undertow, which, from whatever cause it proceeds, is a phenomenon very marked and noteworthy. No people are more addicted than Americans to rummaging among genealogies, and tracing out the sources of surnames, as a very copious literature to be found on the shelves of historical and genealogical societies can attest. Moreover, a very large proportion of what little the country has achieved in literature belongs to the department of history. We have a profusion of histories of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, and "historical collections" without number, — many of them hasty, crude, and superficial, and some, too, evincing the most thorough accuracy.

The work which furnishes the text of these remarks is a most scholarlike and admirable example of a species of investigation which lies at the base of all accurate and trustworthy history. Its subject is a

discoverer who holds a conspicuous place in the early annals of this continent, but whose life has nevertheless been wrapped in an almost impenetrable obscurity. We hold it to be a duty, when so much that is trivial, crude, and superficial is daily thrust before the public, — often, too, in an imposing garb of elegant typography, — to call attention to a volume embodying the results of a genuine research concentrated on an object truly historic, and producing results of a real interest and value.

Those not versed in the secrets of surnames will be surprised at the derivation of Hudson's name, thus: "Many persons called Roger and Rogerous occur as tenants in Domesday. From it are formed Rogers, Rodgers, Rogerson, etc., and from its nickname, Hodge, we get Hodges, Hodgson, Hodgkin, Hotchkin, Hotchkins, Hotchkiss, Hodgkinson, Hockins, Hodson, *Hudson*. The Norman patronymical form is Fitz-Roger, and the Welsh Ap-Roger, now Proddger."

Mr. Read traces the descent of the navigator Henry Hudson from the eminent merchant of the same name who was the founder of the Muscovy Company, and one of the leading spirits in that course of mercantile adventure which, in the sixteenth century, resulted in discoveries so glorious to the British name. It was the effort to retrieve the waning commerce of England by finding a Northwestern or Northeastern passage to the riches of India, and by opening a trade with the then barbarous empire of Russia, that gave the first impulse to the vast maritime growth of England. With these schemes are connected the names of Willoughby, Davis, the Cabots, Frobisher, the elder Hudson, and — at a later period — his more famous descendant. Among those who invested their property largely in these bold schemes of commercial enterprise appear the principal nobility of the kingdom, assuming for the nonce the character of merchants, and setting at naught the feudal prejudice which held trade derogatory to the character of their order.

The most interesting part of the book is that which relates to the voyage of Hudson in the service of the Dutch East India Company, but we have no space to dwell upon it.